

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

*In
This
Issue*

*of the World's
Greatest Motion
Picture Publication*

The Movie Broadway

By RENNOLD WOLF

*The Picture Bat-
tle in Congress*

*THREE GREAT
SHORT STORIES*

Art Portraits

Personality Stories

Photoplay Criticisms

Plays and Players



Edna
Mayo

*April
15 Cents*



The Smoke of the U. S. A.

That snappy, spirited taste of "Bull" Durham in a cigarette gives you the quick-stepping, head-up-and-chest-out feeling of the live, virile Man in Khaki. *He* smokes "Bull" Durham for the sparkle that's in it and the crisp, youthful vigor he gets out of it.

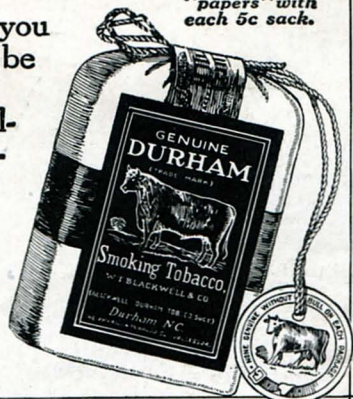
GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM SMOKING TOBACCO

"Roll your own" with "Bull" Durham and you have a distinctive, satisfying smoke that can't be equalled by any other tobacco in the world.

In its perfect mildness, its smooth, rich mel-low-sweetness and its aromatic fragrance, "Bull" Durham is unique. For the last word in wholesome, healthful smoking enjoyment "roll your own" with "Bull" Durham.



Ask for FREE
package of
papers, with
each 5c sack.



THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY



Whatever condition is keeping your skin from being attractive, it can be changed!

Copyright, 1916, The Andrew Jergens Co.

Your skin is changing every day!

This is your opportunity. Start tonight to make the *new* skin what you would love to have it.

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually changing. Every day, as old skin dies, new skin forms in its place.

This is your opportunity. By using the following treatment regularly you can keep this new skin so active that it will, gradually but surely, take on the greater clearness, freshness and charm you want it to have.

Make this treatment a daily habit

Lather your wash-cloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always be particular to dry your skin well.

Every day this treatment frees your skin of the tiny old dead particles. Then, it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. It is very easy to use this treatment for a few days and then neglect it. But this will never make your skin what you

would love to have it. Use the treatment *persistently* and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater loveliness which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings. A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere.

Send 4c for "weeks-size" cake

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of the skin treatment given here. For 10c the week's size cake of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Powder. Write today and begin at once to get the benefits of this Woodbury treatment for your skin. Address *The Andrew Jergens Co., 1825 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.* If you live in Canada, address *The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1825 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.*

Tear out this illustration of the cake as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today.



INCREASE IN RATE

Effective with issue closing March 12th (May) the rate for classified space will be increased to 15c per word. Place your order prior to March 12th for such issues as you contemplate using up to and including April 1917 issue and take advantage of the present exceedingly low rate of 10c per word.

Circulation over 250,000.

May forms close March 12th.

AGENTS

AGENTS—500% PROFIT; FREE SAMPLES; GOLD SIGN letters for store and office windows; anyone can put on. Metallic Letter Co., 414 N. Clark St., Chicago.

MEN NOT EARNING \$1,200 YEARLY SHOULD GET IN touch with largest Manufacturer of Transparent handled Knives and Razors in U. S. We will show you how to make more. Novelty Cutlery Co., 286 Bar St., Canton, O.

AGENTS—DELICIOUS SOFT DRINKS IN CONCENTRATED form. Always ready—just add water—economical—absolutely pure. Every housewife wants them—14 different kinds. Enormous demand. Big summer sellers—money comes easy. 250 other popular priced, fast selling, household necessities. We furnish free outfits. Write today—now. American Products Co., 4780 Free Outfits Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

PICTURES AND POST CARDS

16 PHOTOS OF FEMALE BEAUTIES TAKEN FROM LIFE for 10 cents. Kaye Co., Box 67, Ottawa, Ill.

OLD COINS

\$2 TO \$500 EACH PAID FOR HUNDREDS OF COINS dated before 1910. Send 10 cents for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. Showing guaranteed prices. It may mean your fortune. Get posted. Clarke Coin Company, Box 127, Le Roy, N. Y.

WILL PAY \$5.00 TO \$50.00 FOR LARGE CENT DATED 1799. We pay cash premium on all large cents, eagle cents, etc., and all rare coins to 1912. Thousands of coins and bills wanted. Send 4c for our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. May mean large profits to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 75, Ft. Worth, Tex.

PATENTS

WANTED IDEAS. WRITE FOR LIST OF PATENT BUYERS and Inventions Wanted. \$1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our four books sent free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Patent Attys., 763 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

TELEGRAPHY

TELEGRAPHY—MORSE AND WIRELESS—ALSO STATION Agency taught. R. R. and Western Union Wires and complete Marconi Wireless Station in school. Graduates assisted. Marconi Co. employs our wireless graduates. Low living expenses—easily earned. Largest school—established 40 years. Investment, \$25,000.00. Correspondence courses also. Catalog Free. Dodge's Institute, Peoria St., Valparaiso, Ind.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

WEDDING INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, ETC. 100 in Script lettering, including inside and outside envelopes, \$2.50; 100 Visiting Cards, 50 cents. Write for Samples. P. Ott Engraving Co., 1059 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BUSINESS CHANCES

ADVERTISE—20 WORDS IN 100 MONTHLIES, \$1. COPE Agency, St. Louis.

TYPEWRITERS AND SUPPLIES

LARGEST STOCK OF TYPEWRITERS IN AMERICA—ALL makes: Underwoods, Oliviers, Remingtons, etc., one-fourth to one-half manufacturers' prices, \$15.00 up; rented anywhere, applying rent on price; free trial; installment payments if desired. Write for Catalogue 65, Typewriter Emporium (Estab. 1892), 34-36 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.

WE HAVE SEVERAL MAKES OF TYPEWRITERS TO SELL at once. \$10.00 to \$15.00 shipped on trial. Northern Office Equipment Co., Dept. 6, Northern Office Bldg., Chicago.

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS 3 FOR \$1.00. CARBON PAPER, \$1.25 per hundred sheets. Guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. Typewriter Specialties Company, Providence, R. I.

PHOTOPLAY TEXT BOOKS

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS—FILM COMPANIES PAY \$10 TO \$100 for each play accepted. Constant demand. No correspondence course. Our book tells all, sample play, list of companies buying plays, etc. Write today for free details. Atlas Pub. Co., 394 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

HOW TO WRITE PHOTOPLAYS BY C. G. WINKOPP, 287 Broadway, New York City, 25 cents postpaid. Contains model scenario.

MAKE BIG MONEY WRITING MOVING PICTURE PLAYS in spare time. No correspondence course. Our easy, up-to-date "Book of Instructions" tells how. Contains sample play, list of companies buying plays. Send for free details. Special offer now. E-Z Scenario Company, X609 West 127th St., New York.

TYPEWRITING

PHOTOPLAYS, MANUSCRIPTS OF ALL DESCRIPTION, corrected and typed—one carbon copy. This work a specialty—10 cents each page. Lewis Elliott, West Bedford, Mass.

PHOTOPLAYS NEATLY TYPEWRITTEN 10c PER 300 words, carbon copy included. Earl Benson, 63 27 Ave. S. E., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

I TYPE SCENARIOS, SHORT STORIES, ETC. 10 CENTS typed page with carbon. Stella V. Smith, Greeley, Colorado.

HELP WANTED

LEARN AT HOME EASY LESSONS, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S hairdressing, marcel waving, manicuring, beauty culture. Many earn \$18 to \$50 weekly. Pleasant work. Large illustrated book free. Elizabeth King, 69 D, Station F, New York City.

HELP WANTED BY U. S. GOVERNMENT. \$75.00 MONTH. Vacations, steady work. Common education suffice. Pull unnecessary. Write immediately for free list of positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dep't G218, Rochester, N. Y.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS OPEN THE WAY TO GOOD Government positions. I can coach you by mail at small cost. Pull particulars free to any American citizen of eighteen or over. Write today for Booklet CE-1449. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO TRAVEL, DEMONSTRATE and sell dealers. \$25 to \$50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 59, Omaha, Neb.

DISTRIBUTORS WANTED—OF ADVERTISING MATTER Everywhere. (GOOD PAY.) Send Dime for Application Contract. (NONE FREE.) Address Oliver H. Barkley, Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania.

LADIES TO SEW AT HOME, FOR A LARGE PHILADELPHIA firm, good pay, nice work, no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Company, Dept. 77, Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS PAY BIG. GET PREPARED for coming examinations by former Government Examiner. Booklet free. Write today. Patterson Civil Service School, Box 3917, Rochester, N. Y.

REAL ESTATE

REAL ESTATE—DESIRABLE THEATRE SITE—66 FEET front—live city. J. Lynch, Rome, N. Y.

GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

PLAYS, VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, DIALOGUES, speakers, minstrel material, jokes, recitations, tableaux, drills, entertainments. Make up goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 76, Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS

JOIN THE UNIVERSAL CORRESPONDENCE CLUB FOR pleasure and profit. Get letters, postcards, photos, from photoplay lovers everywhere. Registration 10c. Charles Selfert, Rudy Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

Copyright, 1916, by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago

VOL. IX

No. 5

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1916

Cover Design—Edna Mayo
(From a Photograph by Matzene, Chicago)

Pictures of Popular Photoplayers

Florence Reed, S. Rankin Drew, Truly Shattuck, Thomas Meighan, Jane Novak,
J. Barney Sherry, Olga Petrova, Anna Luther, Jack Standing, Stuart
Holmes, Rosetta Brice, Wheeler Oakman, Nell Craig,
Arthur Hoops, Jose Collins.

Griffith, At It on a New One	<i>Frontispiece</i>	
Her Grace and Francis I	William M. Henry	27
Ford and Cunard; the royalists of photomelodrama.	<i>Photography by Raymond Slagg.</i>	
The Picture Battle in Congress	George Wentworth	31
A transcript from the attempt at national movie vivisection.	<i>Illustrated by E. W. Gale, Jr.</i>	
The Girl on the Cover	Johnstone Craig	36
A Mayo mélange of impression and fact.		
In This House Mary Pickford Was Born		40
Photographs of Miss Pickford's premier dwellings.		
The Shadow Rebel	George Vaux Bacon	41
The power of Powell, Shadow-shooter		
A Film Newspaper in the Making	Alfred A. Cohn	44
All about the canning of events <i>alive</i> .		
Getting An Answer	Edward Earle	48
An actor's advice to the Writeous.		
To Have and to Hold (Fiction)	Elwell Lawrence	51
A right royal love story, quaintly told.		

Contents continued on next page

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO., 350 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
EDWIN M. COLVIN, Pres. JAMES R. QUIRK, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.
ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Sec.-Treas. JULIAN JOHNSON, Editor.
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.50 in United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$2.00 to Canada; \$2.50 to foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order.

Caution—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., as Second-class mail matter

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1916—Continued

The Movie Broadway	Rennold Wolf	59
Turning sunshine into the most famous Electric Street.	<i>Cartoons by Herb Roth.</i>	
"Close-Ups" (Editorial)		65
Marooned in London	Harry C. Carr	68
What English Cinemas are like.	<i>Illustrations by Robert Kearfott</i>	
Pete "Props"	Kenneth McGaffey	71
Further adventures of the peerless piano-pusher.	<i>Illustrations by E. W. Gale, Jr.</i>	
Investing in the Movies	Paul H. Davis	74
When to pull your purse strings tight.		
"Beauty and Brains" Contest—Closed.		77
Seven thousand entrants; winners announced May 1.		
Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky (Photograph)		80
Why Aren't We Killed?	Randolph Bartlett	81
Fatty and Mabel linger among us, after all.		
The Eternal Easter Hat	Lillian Howard	85
Queens of the lens in charming chapeaux.	<i>Photography by McClure.</i>	
More Babies, God Bless 'Em! (Photographs)		88
A quartette of early "rehearsals."		
Her God (Fiction)	H. R. Durant and Vingie E. Roe	89
The passion-flower that grew in a Mexican garden.		
Jacquelin, Alias Jackie	I. S. Sayford	97
Also, Miss Saunders, alias Mary Sunshine.		
The Shadow Stage	Julian Johnson	99
A department of photoplay review.		
Plays and Players	Cal York	106
National news from the shifting shadows.		
Here Are Moores (Photographs)		112
Mrs. Moore and her four-leaved shamrock.		
The Stepping Stone (Fiction)	Mrs. Ray Long	113
One who dared invade Paradise, and what he found.		
Celluloid Silhouettes		122
Fantastical marriage of Art and Action.		
Hints on Photoplay Writing	Captain Leslie T. Peacocke	123
Frame your scenario along these lines.		
Star of the North	Frank Williams	127
Near the tremendous climax.	<i>Illustrations by R. Van Buren.</i>	
Seen and Heard at the Movies		138
Brief bits of playhouse humor, by our readers.		
Lillian Walker's Deep Tragedies	Jack Shaw	139
She would have her dimples wells of tears.		
Photoplay Title Contest		142
Number III, complete in this issue; fourteen cash prizes.		
Questions and Answers		145
Periods for all your little interrogation points.		

GUARANTEED
FOUNTAIN PEN**\$1.00**
(**\$4.00**
Retail
Value)The
Great-
est
Foun-
tain
Pen
Value
Ever
OfferedNumber
A 20.14K. Solid
gold, iri-
dium dip-
ped pen.
Genuine
ParaRub-
ber barrel
and cap.
Perfect
coin and
clip self
filler.
**NAME
IN
ENAMEL
WITH
GOLD,
FREE.**
We guar-
antee
free re-
pairs for
one year.
Special
factory
price—**\$1.00**Send
for
this
Pen
NOW,
OnlyWrite
Now
for
Free
Dia-
mond
Book**\$1.00**
(**\$4.00**
Retail
Value)**GENUINE PERFECT CUT**
DIAMONDS **\$97.50**
Per Carat
Send Now for Your copy of our Beautiful Diamond Catalogue
Have us send you any Article for your Free Inspection**YOU SAVE 35%**

At the world's competition-smashing price of \$97.50 per carat for genuine perfect-cut diamonds, we give you \$150.00 per carat retail value. Our direct importing methods together with our "many sales and small profit" plan, gives you your only opportunity to buy your diamonds at less than wholesale!

**SEND NO MONEY
WE SHIP FOR YOUR
FREE EXAMINATION**

We invite you to inspect any diamond at our expense! We ship any diamond for you to examine thoroughly—without it obligating you and without it costing you one cent. If you don't think that the diamond we send you is the greatest value you have ever seen, simply return it at our expense.

**MONEY-BACK
GUARANTEE**

Nothing equal to this ironclad, protecting guarantee in the whole diamond business. It makes loss or disappointment impossible. It is a legal contract to refund in cash full price less 10% should you for any reason wish to return the diamond anytime within one year. Also allows full price in exchange at any time. Contains written statement of carat weight, quality and value of diamond. "See that your diamond is Basch guaranteed."

**BEAUTIFUL 1916 DE LUXE
DIAMOND BOOK FREE**

We will forward you a copy of this book, postpaid, upon receipt of your name and address. It is complete and authoritative; shows thousands of illustrations of diamonds and jewelry, etc., at money-saving prices. Gives expert facts about diamonds and jewelry that enables you to buy intelligently and safely. This book will make a valuable addition to your library—mail coupon or write us a letter or postcard for your free copy NOW!

A32. Guaranteed pocket-knife. German silver;
2 blades; 1 nail-file. Engraving free
Special factory price. **\$1.00**A21. 1/2 c.
\$21.25A22. 1/2 c.
\$48.75A23. 3/4 c.
\$71.25A24. 1 carat
\$101.25A25. 1/2 c.
\$30.50A26. 21 blue white
diamonds complete \$48.75A27. Gold tie-clasp. 1 diamond
\$1.00A28. 14K baby ring
1 diamond. \$2.85A30. Gold
lovet.
3 diamonds
\$8.75A29. Gold
lovet.
1 diamond
2 pearls
\$4.35A31. Gold
scarf-pin
1 diamond
\$3.951/2 Carat
\$8.251/2 Carat
\$17.501/2 Carat
\$31.251/2 Carat
\$45.001/2 Carat
\$56.251/2 Carat
\$67.501/2 Carat
\$86.251 Carat
\$97.501 1/2 Carats
\$146.25**FREE
BOOK
COUPON**Please mail me
FREE, without ob-
ligating me, 1916 Basch
De Luxe Diamond Book.

Name

Address

L. BASCH & CO.

Dept. X2520

State and Quincy Streets

CHICAGO, U.S.A.**L. BASCH & CO.**

Dept. X2520

State and Quincy Streets

CHICAGO, U.S.A.

How Hollister Discovered the Secret of Youth, Health, Energy and Success

By W. W. WASHBURN

I HAVE friends who travel a great deal more than I, but who have apparently no greater number of friends than I possess, yet they tell me it is very seldom they take a long trip without meeting some friend on the train, while I, as a rule, never meet a friend while journeying.

The other day, while making a hurried trip west, I met with an exception to my usual experience; and what a wonderful exception it was! The fact is, I cannot help telling about it.

I had no more than boarded the train than I met my old friend Hollister, of Kansas City. Way back in 1890 we were interested together in the elevator business. When I sold my stock to Hollister it was after a long period of worry for both of us. Business had been bad and the going to the wall of one of the largest banks of the state of Missouri made us financially, and in every other way, shaky. I was none too well, but Hollister was "all in," as is the saying. He was unable to think, he could not sleep, he was nervous, he had brain fag, he could not digest his food; there was not a function he could perform with any satisfaction or success; no doubt he believed he was losing his mind. I, in my own heart, believed that Hollister was

slowly dying. I was not alone in this belief that he could not live another three months.

When, therefore, I met him the other day, looking better in health and better in physique—in fact, an unusually virile man as well as in a most exuberant state of mind and body, as though he had been reborn (he is past sixty years of age) I could not help asking for the secret of his renewed youth.

It took Hollister but a minute to say, "I owe my regeneration and life to Swoboda, who, through teaching me the simple principles and secret of evolution and how to use them, has recreated me in body and mind, and made me better in every way than I had ever been in my youth, and all this after I had been told by specialists that nothing could give me health."

Said Hollister, "When I think of my physician telling me to travel and to quit business, which, by the way, was going to the wall because of my inability to run it in my poor state of mind and body, and when I think of thus being practically sentenced to complete ruin, so to speak, and when at the same time I realize my present condition of rejuvenation, I awoke to a greater and greater appreciation

of Conscious Evolution and its wonderful possibilities for the human race."

He said, "Swoboda taught me not only how to rebuild myself, but also how to continue my life and evolution where nature left off. In my case he improved upon nature, and I have since learned that he has done as much for thousands of others—men and women of every age and condition."

Continuing, Hollister said: "It was a red letter day in my life when I heard of Swoboda from the publisher of the largest newspaper in Missouri—a friend who had learned from experience, as well as from others, of the wonderful success of Conscious Evolution."

As can be seen, Hollister could not say enough in praise of the renewer of his life and fortune. Naturally, I became interested, for I am getting along in years and have, mistakingly, like most human beings, come to expect weakness as inevitable, in consequence of gaining in years.

When my friend assured me I could, through Conscious Evolution, be made young again, I indeed became interested and eager for the demonstration. I took Alois P. Swoboda's address, which, by the way, is 1909 Aeolian Building, New York City, and obtained his booklet by mail a few weeks ago. I at once started to use his method, and now can comprehend why Hollister was so enthused with delight in the new life, for I, also, am growing younger, stronger, happier, more energetic, and more virile by leaps and bounds. It is a fact that one must experience this new and better life which is produced through Conscious Evolution, if one is to comprehend what is being missed without it.

When I met Hollister on the train it was an unusual trip and a wonderful day for me. It was a wonderful day for Hollister when his newspaper friend led him to Conscious Evolution, and I need but hint to the readers of PHOTOPLAY. Let this be a wonderful day for you. Get in touch with Swoboda and obtain his booklet—it will cost you nothing, and may start you on the road to a new and better life. Swoboda will send this booklet to anyone for the asking. I know it is his aim to help as many as possible. This booklet explains his new and unique theory of the body and mind, and, no doubt, it will prove interesting to everyone as it did to me. It gave me a better understanding of myself than I obtained from a college course. It startled, educated, and enlightened me. It explains the human body as I believe it never has been explained before. Moreover, it tells of the dangers and after-effects of exercise and of excessive deep breathing.

What Hollister said to me seemed too good to be true. What I say, no doubt, seems too good to be true, but Swoboda has a proposal which everyone should consider and thus learn that nothing which is said about Conscious and Creative Evolution is too good to be true.

In concluding this statement I cannot refrain from mentioning the fact that I now have pleasure in work and in a strenuous life, and I whistle, hum and sing; where formerly I always wore a frown (according to the evidence of my family) I now, as my friends say, always wear a smile.

*The address of Alois P. Swoboda is
1909 Aeolian Bldg. New York, N. Y.—adv.*



PHOTO BY GILBERT AND BACON

The H.W. Gossard Co.,
Chicago, Ills.

Gentlemen:--

My new Gossard has proven to be the most wonderful and altogether satisfactory corset I have ever worn.

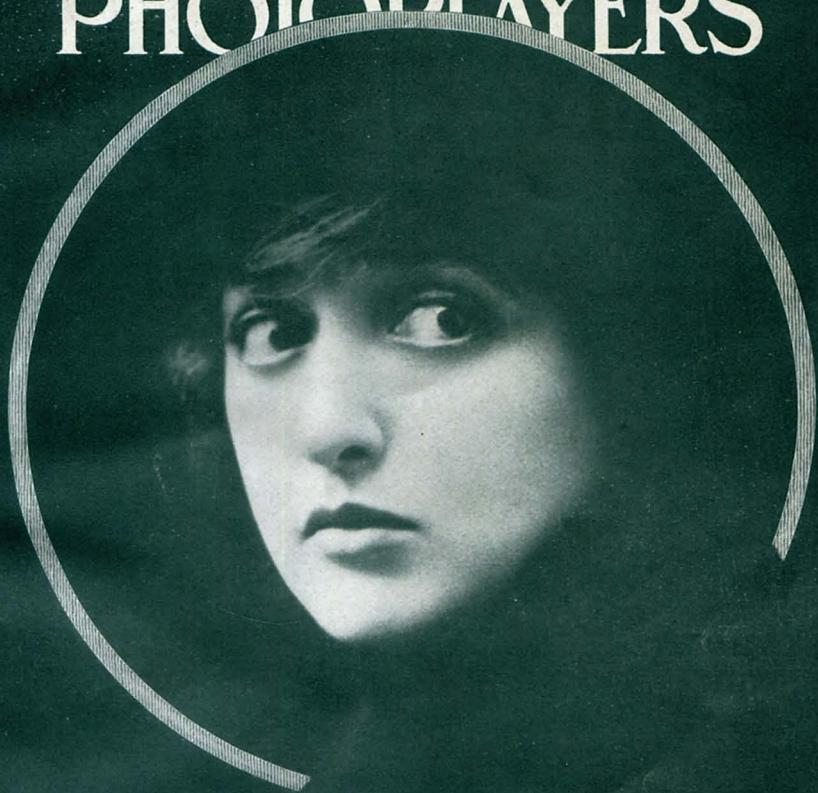
It is so easy to put on, so comfortable and stylish, that I would never be satisfied to appear on the screen without it.

Yours very truly,

Ethel Clayton

ETHEL CLAYTON
Lubin Studios

POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS



FLORENCE REED

Her father was Roland Reed, a remarkable comedian, so she naturally veered to the stage, where among other roles she created the lead in "The Typhoon." Miss Reed is now with Pathé.



S. RANKIN DREW,

the son of Sidney and a nephew of John, was born in New York City twenty-five years ago and went into vaudeville with his father soon after leaving school. He also appeared on the legitimate stage in a number of productions but his excellent reputation as a player is based on his Vitagraph activities of several years. He is also a director,



TRULY SHATTUCK,

before her footlight debut in 1893, was known as Clarice Etrulia de Bucharde, which was discarded because it took up too much program space. In private life, Miss Shattuck is Mrs. S. A. Douglas. Her birthplace is San Miguel, Cal.; time, 1876. She has been prominent in light opera, musical comedy and vaudeville. She recently returned to the latter after a year in Ince photoplays.



Witzel Photo

THOMAS MEIGHAN

His parents wanted him to be a physician but he chose the footlights. In Mr. Meighan's early career on the stage, he appeared with Henrietta Crosman, Grace George, David Warfield and many other notables. In Lasky pictures he has played the lead in "Kindling," "Blackbirds," "Armstrong's Wife," "The Immigrant," and others. His wife is Frances Ring, of the stage.



JANE NOVAK,

despite the European suggestion in her name, was born in St. Louis, the year of the "big wind," 1896. She was in musical comedy before trying the silent drama with Kalem. Then it was Vitagraph and now she calls Universal City her home. She has been featured in photoplays with Herbert Bosworth. She is now Dorothy in "Graft."



J. BARNEY SHERRY

Although he was born in Germantown, Pa., Mr. Sherry is a pioneer resident of Inceville, Cal. He received his dramatic training on the legitimate stage and made his first appearance on the screen as a Vitagraph player. He was there a year and was then annexed by Ince. He was seen to advantage in "The Green Swamp," "The Conqueror" and as Enid Markey's father in "Between Men."



OLGA PETROVA

"The Vampire," "The Tigress," and "My Madonna," all Metro photoplays, were her chief starring vehicles since Miss Petrova quit the dramatic stage for the screen. She was born in Warsaw, Poland, about 30 years before the Kaiser took possession, and is Anglo-Polish, her mother having been a native of that land. She was educated in France, is five feet six inches tall and has red hair.



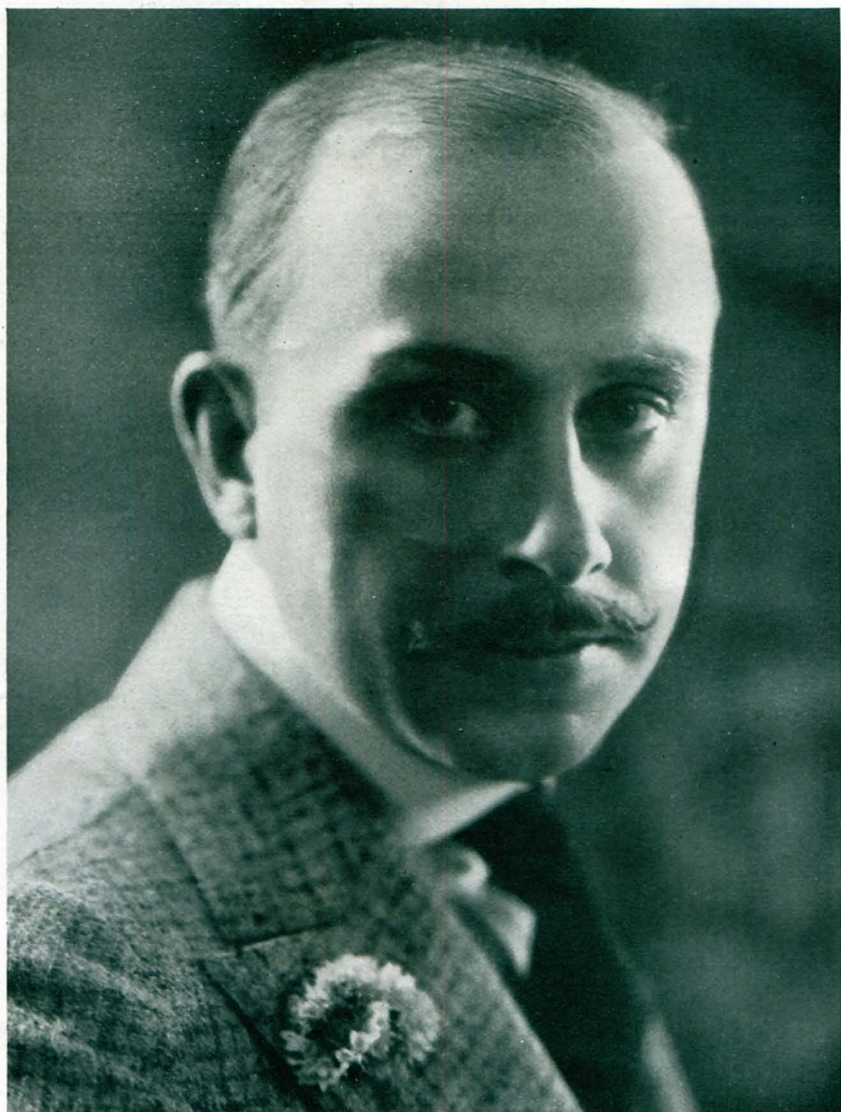
ANNA LUTHER

used to be an artist's model—the blue eyes and auburn hair don't show here—and has never looked at an audience from behind the footlights. First it was with the Reliance, then Lubin and Selig, but now she enjoys the restful life afforded by an engagement at the Keystone. Miss Luther is something over 20 and a native of Newark, N. J.



JACK STANDING,

one of the seven sons of the veteran English actor, Herbert Standing, was born in London and began his camera experience with Lubin, where he spent four years. Then he went to Pathe and later appeared in the Famous Players' "Fanchon the Cricket." At present he is under contract with the Ince forces. Mr. Standing was on the legitimate stage long before he faced the camera.



STUART HOLMES

The artistic expression is probably due to his chief recreation—painting. He is also an amateur sculptor. He began his stage career with Henry E. Dixey and before appearing in Fox photoplays, was with Biograph. He has supported Betty Nansen and Robert Mantell in all of the latter's screen plays. He is five feet seven in height, has dark hair and light brown eyes.



ROSETTA BRICE

Perhaps it is because she was born in Sunbury, Pa., that her hair is red—"real titian" she says. Miss Brice played in stock at Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia after completing her education in Washington. She is 21 years old, of English descent and unmarried. She has been seen on the screen only in Lubin photoplays as she began her camera career with that company in August, 1913.



Photo © Selig

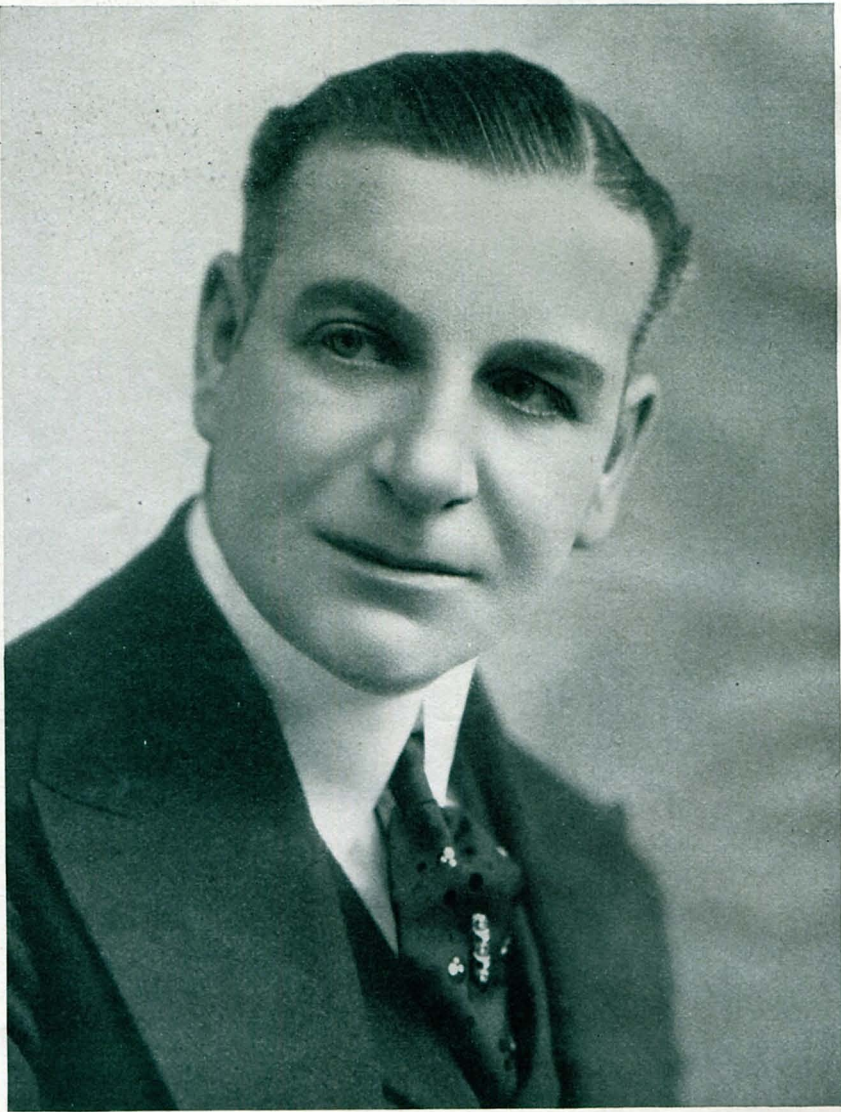
WHEELER OAKMAN

Four years in the photodrama has given Mr. Oakman the right to designate himself a veteran, although he is not quite 26 years old. He appeared on the stage in "Checkers," "Strongheart" and other plays before joining Lubin, and has been with Selig more than three years. He attained stardom in "The Ne'er-Do-Well." Mr. Oakman is a native of Washington, D. C.



NELL CRAIG

Like the well known inventor of "watchful waiting," Miss Craig hails from Princeton, N. J., although she did not remain there long enough to become a college widow. She is nearly 23 years old, has black hair, dark brown eyes and weighs 130 pounds. She joined Essanay after a brief stage career, two years in Lubin pictures and a year with Pathé. Now she lives in Chicago.



ARTHUR HOOPS

A long and successful stage career preceded the advent of Mr. Hoops into screendom. He played under the Frohman management in support of Virginia Harned, Nat Goodwin, Sol Smith Russell and other noted stars. Before the camera, he was with the Famous Players in Pickford productions, with Fox in "The Song of Hate" and is now with Metro. He is a native of Chicago.



JOSÉ COLLINS

A recent recruit from the musical comedy field, Miss Collins made her first screen appearance in a World production and it is more than likely that she will remain on the shadow stage. She is in her early twenties and is the daughter of Lottie Collins, who will be remembered for having made the entire nation sing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" more than a score of years ago.



GRIFFITH, AT IT ON A NEW ONE, AND QUITE UNSUSPECTING

D. W. G. was snapped in California the other day at his own studio by Photoplay Magazine's pussy-footed bulb-hound. The master kneels in the left foreground, giving Mae Marsh a final exhortation on emotion. At the right "Billy" Bitzer, the world's most famous cameraman, perpetuates the expression. What's the photoplay? Probably "The Mother and the Law," though all of Griffith's dramas are first named Mystery.

PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Her Grace and Francis I

THE ROYAL PAIR OF PHOTO-MELO-
 DRAMA, AN UNSINKABLE CUNARD
 AND A FLIVVERLESS SPEEDSTER

By William M. Henry

Photography by Raymond Staggs.



She had a French father, an American mother, was born in Paris, and grew up in Columbus, Ohio. What do you make of this, Watson?

THE names of Ford and Cunard were known to fame a good long while before the Oscar II and Atlantic submarinings brought them freshly to the public's notice.

Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are the king and queen of movie melodrama. From the filming of the "Lucile Love" serial down to their latest triumph, "The Broken Coin," one melodrama after another has added to the fame of Ford and Cunard.

And the most remarkable melodrama, or adventure, or whatever you wish to call it, in which Francis Ford and Grace Cunard have been mixed up is the story of how they, comparatively unknown to fame, met each other, formed a partnership and sprang into the calcium at one bound.

Way back, five years ago, when the movies were still feeding out of the bottle, Francis Ford had the distinction of being the youngest director, in point of service, with a well known film corporation.

Upon his shoulders fell an unwelcome task. When the head of the company saw an actor or an actress whom he thought might be a star, said candidate for the hall of fame was shoved off on Director Ford for a try-out.

Inasmuch as about nine-tenths of the candidates were flivvers, Director Ford's pictures suffered; likewise his genial disposition. The fact that when one of the candidates did make good he or she immediately graduated into the company of one of the older directors did not help matters any.

Then one day came Grace Cunard. She proved to be a real find and Ford's picture

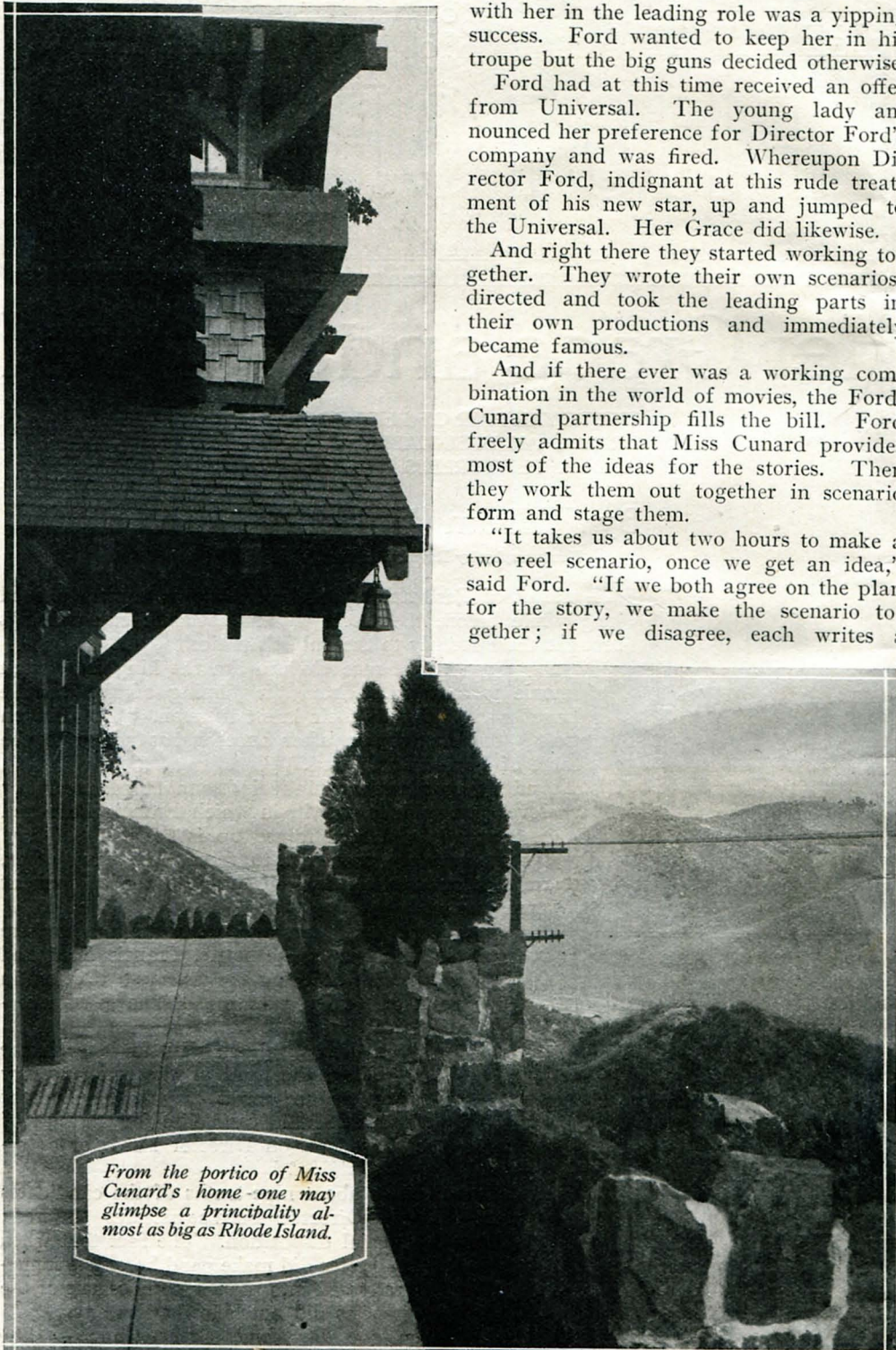
with her in the leading role was a yipping success. Ford wanted to keep her in his troupe but the big guns decided otherwise.

Ford had at this time received an offer from Universal. The young lady announced her preference for Director Ford's company and was fired. Whereupon Director Ford, indignant at this rude treatment of his new star, up and jumped to the Universal. Her Grace did likewise.

And right there they started working together. They wrote their own scenarios, directed and took the leading parts in their own productions and immediately became famous.

And if there ever was a working combination in the world of movies, the Ford-Cunard partnership fills the bill. Ford freely admits that Miss Cunard provides most of the ideas for the stories. Then they work them out together in scenario form and stage them.

"It takes us about two hours to make a two reel scenario, once we get an idea," said Ford. "If we both agree on the plan for the story, we make the scenario together; if we disagree, each writes a



From the portico of Miss Cunard's home one may glimpse a principality almost as big as Rhode Island.

scenario and then we either take the best one or combine the two."

Miss Cunard has a decided preference for a sort of a Lady Raffles roles. She thinks ingenue parts are insipid. Ford fills in either on the male lead or as the heavy, preferably the latter.

The Ford-Cunard Co. is just about the greatest time saver that a movie magnate could desire. They always have two cameras and about half the time Ford is off in one corner of the Universal "lot" taking scenes in which he appears while Miss Cunard is off on a location with the other camera taking scenes in which she and not Ford, appear.

It can readily be seen that, working by such methods, it takes intensive co-operation to make the scenes dove-tail, and yet it is seldom that retakes are necessary.

Both Ford and Miss Cunard are able to write, direct and act with equal brilliance. Just a few weeks ago Miss Cunard was ill and Director-General Davis of Universal City was chatting with Ford, lamenting the fact that nowadays directors had to have a company of about thirty or more to take any kind of a picture.

Davis mentioned that in the old days

Miss Cunard says her premier consideration in life is a home. Here is the spacious, book-and-art filled living room of a very real one.

were considered plenty for a picture. Ford took the hint and just forty-eight hours later turned in a complete one reel picture with just two characters. It is called "The Dumb Bandit," with Ford and Edna Maison as the complete cast.

From a cast of two to casts of five and six hundred seems a long jump, but Ford handles both without a quaver. Some of the big scenes in the "Broken Coin" serial had six hundred and more to be handled and directed.

When Ford is detained or ill, Miss Cunard goes right ahead and directs in his place, so that no time is lost. They are said to be the hardest working and the fastest directors in Universal City.

Although it has been in serial pictures that Ford and Miss Cunard have made their biggest hit, these extended affairs are far from being their favorite line of endeavor. Mr. Ford thinks that two reels is about right if you have to play and direct at the same time. In a longer play than this the part gets on one's nerves, according to him.

As stated in the foregoing, Mr. Ford and Miss Cunard form an efficient team.

"It's not that either of us are Von Hindenburgs alone," says



When Ford is detained or ill, Miss Cunard goes right ahead and directs in his place. They are said to be the hardest working and the fastest directors in Universal City.



Ford, "but when we get together on a story we do manage to make things hum." And five years of successful partnership seems to bear out his statement.

Miss Cunard inherits her name from a French father and her independence of spirit from an American mother. She was born in Paris, something like twenty-five years before

dodging Zep bombs became the favorite outdoor sport in that city, but most of her early life was spent in Columbus, Ohio. Her stage career began at the age of thirteen in "Dora Thorne," and she played the title role at that.

Her next appearance was in "Princess of Patches" in New York and elsewhere, followed by a considerable period in stock. Oh, yes, she also toured with Eddie Foy before "going into the pictures."

Mr. Ford is a native of Portland, Maine, and is in his early thirties. After looking over the field he discovered that there was little chance to begin a stage career in that vicinity so he came west—to New York. He landed his first job in a company then starring Amelia Bingham.

Then followed a string of stock engagements and a vaudeville tour. His first photoplay work was with the once well known Nestor Company.



It has been in serial pictures that Ford and Miss Cunard have made their biggest hits.

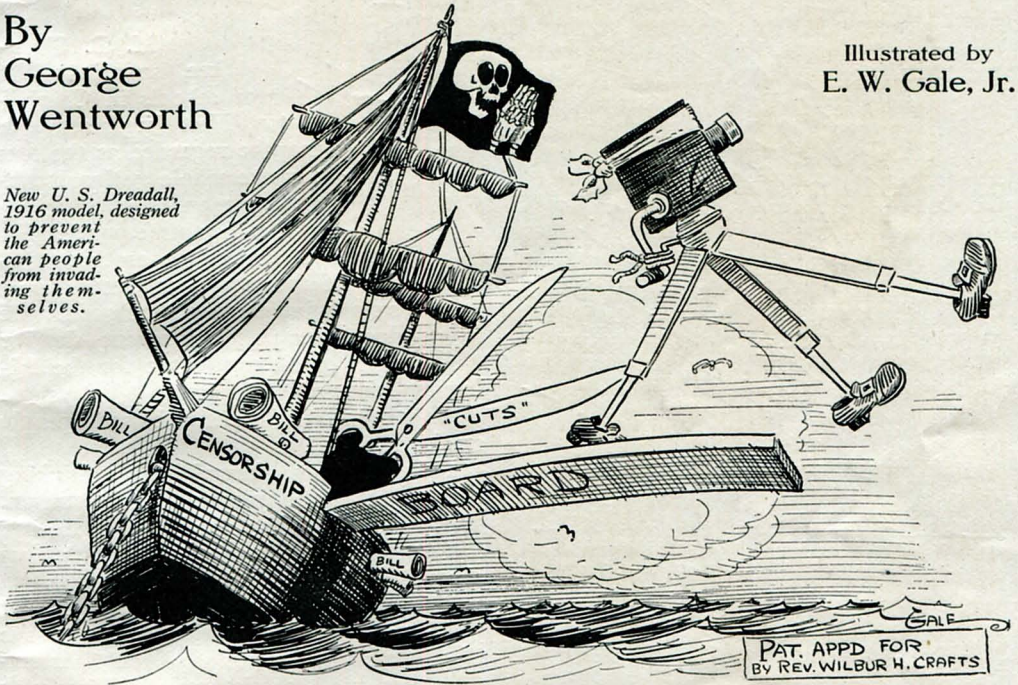
The Picture Battle In Congress

OUR VARIEGATED SOLONS HEAR BOTH SIDES
AND THE MIDDLE OF FEDERAL CENSORSHIP

By
George
Wentworth

Illustrated by
E. W. Gale, Jr.

*New U. S. Dreadall,
1916 model, designed
to prevent
the American people
from invading them-
selves.*



REV. WILBUR H. CRAFTS is a reformer. He reforms either as a retailer or in job lots. What worries him right now are the movies.

It is Wilbur's voice that is crying out into the wilderness for a national board of censorship. He invented censorship. He wrote the Hughes-Smith Bill, including the clause allowing the head censor a paltry remuneration of \$8,000 a year. It is probable that he could not conscientiously dodge the appointment as head censor.

At the recent hearing of the Hughes-Smith Bill (providing for the creation of a national board of censors), before the House of Representatives Committee on Education, the Rev. Mr. Crafts was the whole thing. He used up eight million

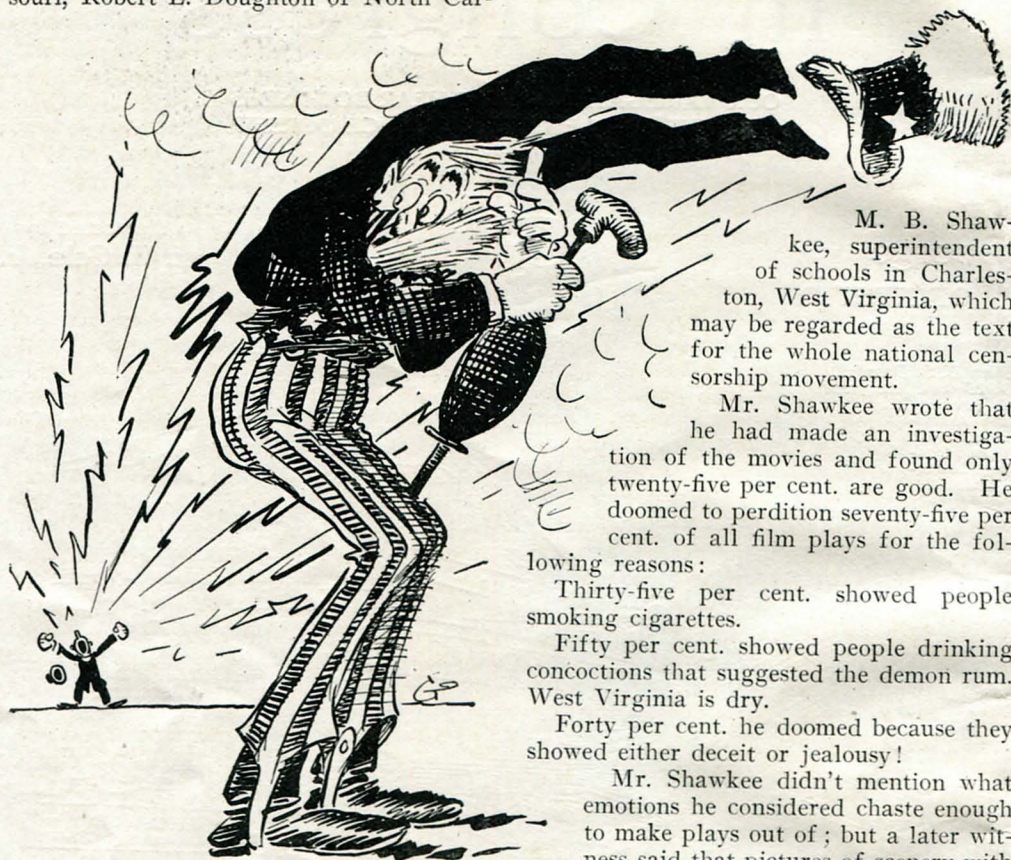
feet of film. The formal hearing lasted six nights, and like many six reelers the "punch" came at the end of the last reel. No one who starts to read this epic can afford to get up and go out before the last reel.

Pat Powers of the Universal, John R. Freuler of the Mutual, Commodore Blackton of the Vitagraph, Walter Irwin of the Vitagraph-Lubin-Selig-Edison combination, Fred Herrington of the Motion Picture Exhibitors, P. A. Parson of the Pathe Freres, W. M. Seabury, attorney for the Motion Picture Board of Trade, and J. W. Binder, secretary of that board, appeared in defense of the movies. You may ask who appeared for the Paramount, Lasky, Equitable, World and Metro com-

panies. Ah, you have to wait for the last reel.

The Congressmen who sat in judgment on the movies were: Dudley M. Hughes of Georgia, William M. Rucker of Missouri, Robert L. Doughton of North Car-

The Rev. Mr. Crafts took charge of the works the first night. He modestly mentioned that he was the man who wrote the bill that killed off the films of the Johnson-Willard fight. Then he read a letter from



No, it is not Germany nor Mexico that is disturbing the atmosphere. It is merely a Reformer who is unanimously in favor of accepting the job of censoring the morals of the United States—at \$8,000 a year.

olina, John W. Abercrombie of Alabama, Claudius Stone of Illinois, John A. Key of Ohio, William J. Sears of Florida, Benjamin C. Gilliard of Colorado, Caleb Powers of Kentucky, Horace M. Towner of Iowa, Edmund D. Platt of New York, Simeon D. Fess of Ohio, Frederick W. Dallinger of Massachusetts, S. Taylor North of Pennsylvania.

Of these the only Congressmen who took a prominent part in the hearing were Mr. Powers (of Gov. Goebel fame), who was an outspoken friend of the movies; Mr. Fess, who is president of Antioch College, and Judge Towner.

M. B. Shaw-
kee, superintendent
of schools in Charle-
ston, West Virginia, which
may be regarded as the text
for the whole national cen-
sorship movement.

Mr. Shawkee wrote that he had made an investiga-
tion of the movies and found only
twenty-five per cent. are good. He
doomed to perdition seventy-five per
cent. of all film plays for the fol-
lowing reasons:

Thirty-five per cent. showed people
smoking cigarettes.

Fifty per cent. showed people drinking
concoctions that suggested the demon rum.
West Virginia is dry.

Forty per cent. he doomed because they
showed either deceit or jealousy!

Mr. Shawkee didn't mention what
emotions he considered chaste enough
to make plays out of; but a later wit-
ness said that pictures of scenery with
a lecturer from the Geographical Society
were about his notion of picture propriety.

To the great disgust of Pat Powers, the
Rev. Mr. Crafts read with solemnity and
horror from the Universal Weekly an arti-
cle signed by Carl Laemmle in which the
latter said he had made a canvass of the
exhibitors and the majority of them pre-
ferred smutty plays to clean ones * * *
for business reasons.

Later that first evening at Powers did a
little testifying, and they asked him about
Laemmle's statement.

"If the Universal has made a smutty
film, name it!" he shouted at the alarmed
Wilbur.

"Your partner says—" began Mr. Crafts.

"I don't care what Mr. Laemmle says
or what his hired press agent says: if we

have made a smutty film, name it." The Rev. Mr. Crafts did not name it.

Pat Powers really did not intend to take the stand. It was this way: The congressional committee began asking a lot of questions about the National Board of Censorship and Mr. Binder found that extraordinary body a little hard to account for. He was trying to stammer out some kind of explanation, glancing nervously at the two or three members of the board present and who were gazing self consciously at the chandelier. Suddenly Powers' chair went rasping back and Pat jumped up and said confidentially to the Congressmen:

"Gentlemen, I'll tell you about the National Board of Censors. They are a nice lot of people who sort of wished themselves into a job. They came around to us and asked us for a contribution. We thought it would be a good deed to help good people. We are perfectly capable of censoring our own films. The public are censors."

"You don't seem to have a high opinion of the National Board of Censors?" suggested Judge Towner.

Pat smiled engagingly: "Well, they can have any kind of opinion of themselves they want to. Even Mr. Crafts can have any kind of opinion of himself he wants to * * * going around censoring the morals of the United States!"

Mr. Powers took a look at the Rev. Mr. Crafts, who stood with his specs on the end of his nose and his hands clasped in an attitude of Christian resignation. A slight snicker ran around the room.

That night and during the following evenings, a great many witnesses testified on both sides. Rev. Mr. Crafts landed on the movies with Howard Clark Barber, the successor of An-

thony Comstock. The movies countered with Cranston Brenton, president of the National Board of Censors. The movies produced Rabbi Simon and the Rev. Mr. Crafts retaliated with the Rev. William Sheaf Chase of the New York Civic League, Prevention of Crime, etc. Every night both sides read letters, Rev. Mr. Crafts from social service workers and reformers, the other side from authors like Thomas Dixon, Jr., and Rufus Steele and well known producers like Thomas A. Edison, Oliver Morosco and D. W. Griffith.

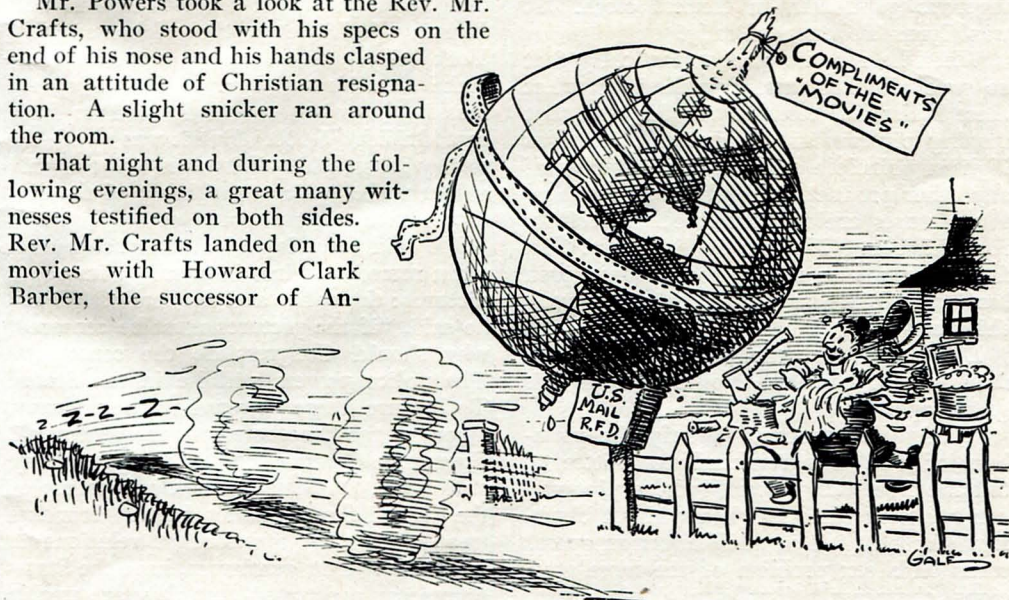
Finally one night, the Rev. Mr. Crafts turned up missing. It was announced that this was to be ladies' night. Mrs. Wilbur Crafts had charge of the prosecution. She produced a whole roomful of ladies.

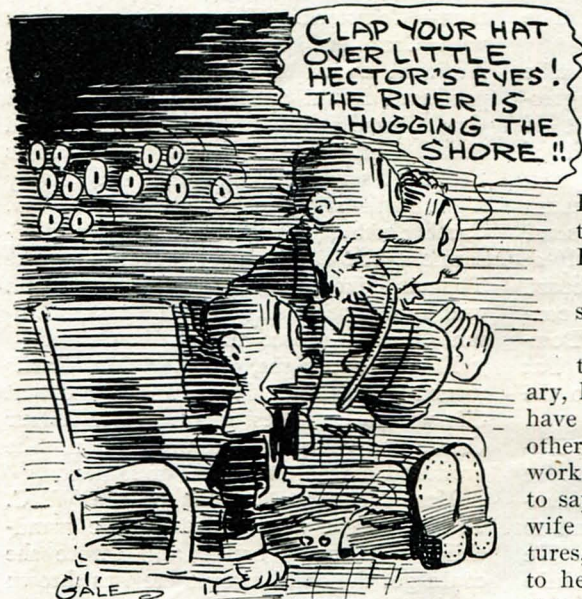
Mrs. Margaret I. Ellis of the W. C. T. U. said she went with her little grandchild to a movie house, and before she could get the child away there was thrown on the screen a prize fight.

Another lady said that when she and her husband went to the moving picture shows her husband always held his hat ready to thrust in front of grandchild's face in case it got too awful.

The most harrowing testimony, however, was that of Mrs. Wilbur Crafts. She said that very week she had attended every moving picture show in Washington.

"Moving pictures," said Cyrus Townsend Brady, "have brought the world to the farmer's wife."





One woman testified that every time she goes to a movie house she makes provision for a total eclipse of the sun upon an instant's notice.

"Gentlemen," she said in a terrible voice, "I saw nothing but trickery and infidelity." Her voice rose to a wild cry of dismay and protest: "Gentlemen, I felt soiled all through me!"

There was a terrific comeback against these church ladies. At the end of the speakers' table sat a middle aged, decidedly vigorous gentleman in clerical cloth. It was Cyrus Townsend Brady.

When he rose he said sarcastically that he was shocked and appalled at what these ladies had testified to. He said that moving pictures are produced by men as high in principle as the manufacturers of any other product. "But," he said, "moving pictures are not produced exclusively for children. Neither is literature. In fact it is a wise man who does not even hand the Bible in its entirety to young children."

Dr. Brady said the movie is the poor man's motor car, his trip to Europe, his grand opera.

"And," he pursued, "I defy the members of this Congressional committee to tell me five grand operas whose plot you can relate in plain English without blushing. At least one of the Wagnerian operas turns on a sex problem of the most atrocious character. But you don't censor

grand opera."

Dr. Brady warned the committee that if it established this board of censors "you will be pressing in the thin edge of censorship which will inevitably extend to every agency that makes an appeal to humanity. It will not end short of censorship of the press, the theaters and the operas. Even Congressmen will be censored." "They are now every two years," said Congressman Sears feelingly.

Dr. Brady said that, as a priest of the Episcopal Church and a missionary, he could say that the moving pictures have done more to help morals than any other human agency. "I did missionary work in the West," he said, "and I want to say that of all lots that of the farmer's wife is the most pitiful. The moving pictures," he said, "have brought the world to her: the great actors, the great literature, the great cities, the great world in all its splendid effervescence. Don't blot this out for her; as by a national censorship board you will be in danger of doing, for the great financial interests back of the pictures will not continue to invest money in an industry that is under this shadow."

Dr. Brady closed a remarkable address by declaring that the American people will never consent to have Church and State joined by any such legislation as this.

Another high light in the hearing came the last night when D. W. Griffith sent Martin W. Littleton, the celebrated New York lawyer and former congressman, to make an address. Mr. Littleton's speech lasted ten minutes and is said to have cost Griffith \$5,000. But it was worth the money inasmuch as Littleton was the only speaker who went to the heart of the real objection against national censorship.

He said there is and always has been a plain remedy against immoral or improper pictures: the police and the courts. "But," he said, "if the pictures must be censored, why should Congress do the censoring? The police powers still lie in the States. To be sure, these powers have been drawn through the knothole of the Interstate Commerce Commission, but the powers are still there. The Federal Government of the United States has its duties. It makes treaties and has its foreign relations to look after. But, gentlemen, have the States become so prostrated that they are unable

to look after their own morals? Are the States deaf and dumb? Have we gone as far as that from the government of our Constitution?"

When Mr. Littleton sat down the men at the moving picture table and a couple of hundred exhibitors, movie actors and others who sat out in the audience, turned a withering glare at the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts. It was as much as to say, "Will that hold you for a while?"

But this is where the sixth reel opens. The Rev. Mr. Crafts had a card up his sleeve. As he rose to open his final appeal to the Congressmen, he raised his eyebrows inquiringly at a young man sitting behind the press table, and said: "Did you wish me to grant you five minutes time, Mr. Lasky?"

The young man said he was not Mr. Lasky, but he would accept the five minutes. And it was some five minutes! It was like running onto a floating mine.

The young man proved to be Attorney Arthur S. Friend of New York, representing the absent Lasky, Paramount, Metro, World and Equitable companies. He made a brief speech in which he practically gave the assent of his companies to the passing of the Hughes-Smith Bill.

He said: "If Congress will give us a good, sane commission, it will be all right."

He said they were in favor of regulation. They were willing that the censorship be either over the plays in scenario form or after they had been filmed. "A proper commission," he said, "would solve many difficulties for the producers."

To tell the truth, his testimony knocked the movie men into a shuddering heap. As Mr. Friend went back to his seat, Secretary Binder of the Motion Picture Board of Trade challenged him to show his right to represent the Metro company. Mr. Friend promptly produced a letter from the president of that company. Mr. Binder looked at it, muttered "Thanks," and sat down.

Afterward Mr. Friend stated to a representative of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE that the companies he represented felt that censorship was inevitable and thought they might as well submit gracefully.



A later witness said that pictures of scenery with a lecturer from the Geographical Society were his notion of picture propriety.

Mr. Seabury said he was convinced that these opposing companies have been furnishing the sinews of war (I quote him literally) for the Crafts prosecution of the censorship bill.

A droll little incident happened while Friend was giving his testimony. He was almost through his five-minute speech when, as though by an afterthought, he said something to the effect that he thought the board of censors ought to get bigger salaries. He said his companies would be loath to be censored by officials paid so poorly. Whereupon the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts promptly got up and, with an air of patient resignation, consented that the salary he hopes to be drawing be raised from \$5,000 to \$8,000 a year.

During the long hearing some of the sharpest and seemingly most hostile questions had been asked by Judge Towner of Iowa. But it appears that he was trying to cross-examine out the real facts. Within two days of the hearing he had introduced a substitute bill, which provides for the punishment of moving picture men who try to send immoral films from one State to another, in the same way that violators of the interstate commerce laws are punished. This law would be satisfactory to the moving picture interests.



She weighs 117 pounds, and dieting doesn't bother her.

The Girl on

THE NOT-STRANGE CASE
RESULTFUL, AND FULL OF
TIONS AGAINST LOVE, AND

By John-

THE purpose of these columns is to tell you about people; not what they ought to be or might be, but what they are; not what they might have said, but what they did say.

Edna Mayo is an elusive, brown-haired mouse. I have a very distinct impression of her, and I'm wondering if I can convey that impression of the real girl to you. I can do no better than to verbally photograph one of her impulsive flashes on a recent day at the Essanay studio on Argyle street, which bisects Chicago's mid-north.

They were cranking in their current serial. It was a psychosis episode for Mary Page, and the tightly drawn little set of gray wall-wings represented a hospital room. It was perfect in its bareness. It almost *smelled* hospital. But it was minus one wall, and here a camera nestled between iron-posted arcs like a machine-gun in a bright silver forest. Above, the cold blue fire of the Cooper-Hewitts ran in straight lines. The combination of lights was literally horrible, for in addition to its blinding intensity it burned the girls' lips to purple and their faces to a scary new tint which we might name dissolution-green. The director had vociferated his stentorian "Camera!" From a distance Henry Walthall looked on meditatively, leaning against the wall; the nurses tucked the wandering Mary into her cot of white fire, and a bent little property man—a cousin, I believe, of Mr. MacGaffey's delectable Pete—gave a final adjustment to a crooked picture on the wall. He limped as he stepped out of range of the celluloid shrapnel.

"Just a moment!" called Miss Mayo, quite suddenly, holding up her hand for a moment's pause. "Joe," she continued, addressing the property man, "how's your foot?"

the Cover

OF MAYO PAGE; BUSY,
PRETTY-GIRL RESOLU-
ALL THAT SORT OF THING

stone Craig

"Oh, pretty good now, ma'am, thanks!" answered Joe, quite startled.

"Sure?" asked Miss Mayo. "For if it isn't, I know something awfully good for it. I hurt my foot that way, once."

Joe insisted that he was traveling fast down recovery's Broadway, and disappeared.

"I've been so worried!" exclaimed the star to the director and the camera-man. "Joe dropped a box on his foot the other day while he was fixing a scene for me, and I hadn't seen him since."

Then the play went on, and in.

Thinking about other people in a quite unstarish way seems to be a Mayo characteristic. At least this or a kindred sentiment has made the Mayo company at Esanay like a little family.

She lives at an apartment building on Sheridan Road, a thoroughfare full of fine homes and lake adjacency and longer than several women's minutes. In fact, it stretches from the end of Lincoln park almost to Milwaukee, and is exhibit A when you ask a Chicagoan to send up his silver-plated residence street. It is less than a mile from the Mayo apartment to the Esanay emotion cannery. Sometimes she walks it. At other times she drives over in her car.

Any society girl in your town or any other town leads a life of scandalous dissipation compared to the Mayo round of sleeping, waking, eating, working. Probably you have lots more excitement than she. Certainly no motion picture player works harder or more incessantly.

Edna Mayo's only companion is her mother, Mrs. J. Mayo of Philadelphia and New York. Mrs. Mayo has an apartment in New York, but she spends much time with her Chicagoed daughter—who is her only child.

"I rise about 7 every day"—here speaks



Photo © Ira Hill

"I spend almost everything I make on my clothes."

the queen of the seraglio of toil — "and eat a very light breakfast. I come immediately to the studio, where I work until noon, or thereabouts. My luncheon is a bowl of soup, or a chicken sandwich—maybe two chicken sandwiches—maybe something else I fancy, but anyway nothing very heavy. I work all the afternoon. About 7 in the evening I eat a very good dinner. You should see my scandalous appetite then! I go early to bed—and that's that day, and practically all my other days. Isn't that thrilling?"

She is only twenty-two, and as for appearances: if you haven't seen her, take a look. It would be a wretched bet to wager that you haven't seen her screen personality many, many times.

"At first," she continued, in answer to one of the usual fool questions commencing "Don't you miss—" "At first I used to fret dreadfully because I couldn't go to parties and dances; but now—well, I've got into my little way of doing things, and I'm quite contented. I don't believe that any girl who wants a career can attempt society in any degree whatever. She's got to bring to the studio every morning a new load of pep for that particular day, and she certainly can't scatter her charm before the camera and under the stars at the same time.

"I do go to the theatre.



When her mother is in New York she finds some consolation in Fluffy, her prize Pomeranian.

That's my one evening dissipation. I think it's a part of my work to see good plays."

We fell to talking of beginnings, and all that. She's the wakefulest girl who ever came out of Philadelphia, for that's where she was born in 1893, and there she graduated from The Girls' College, an exclusive preparatory school, in 1909. Despite the theatrically celebrated name, none of her people are of the stage, or ever have been.

Her stage career, though short, was decidedly successful, for she played leading parts in a range of pieces including "Madame X," "Excuse Me," and "Help Wanted."

She went into photoplays via Pathe, and through Famous to Essanay, which company she joined about a year ago. Her first picture was "The Rajah's Diamond," and among her Famous Players dramas was "Aristocracy," in which she

was Tyrone Power's leading female support. In the studios she has never been anything else than a leading woman, so the chronicler must look in vain, where she is concerned, for the oft-told tale of premier struggle. She does not like theatrical atmosphere, but she does like the ways and the associations and the intensely active life of the studios.

She plays the piano and has a distinct artistic accomplishment in her sculptural



An early rehearsal; not a motion, but perhaps an emotion picture.

ability. She has had several things done into marble from her models of "plastolene," which she uses instead of the old-fashioned modeler's clay.

Her companion is her mother, but when her mother is in New York she finds some consolation in the attentiveness of Fluffy, her prize-winning Pomeranian.

From her woman's eyes she sees lots of lack of detail in the equipment—both scenic and costuming accompaniments—of current photoplays. This is her paramount complaint about the picture-drama of the era. She sees other people's photoplays as often as she can.

"They must understand that the camera registers every detail, and that incorrect furniture or bad walls and doors may negative any acting in the world. This is particularly true about dress. I spend almost everything I make—and I mean every cent, too—on my clothes. Nothing 'makes over' successfully. The women will get you every time on your repeats. You've seen 'Aristocracy'? And you remember it? Well, did you realize that I had seventeen changes in that five-reel play?"

I didn't. I was properly abashed and astonished.

"The only things that one can make over are black satin and black net. Do you remember"—she laughed heartily—"the motion picture days when a lace curtain made a vampire?" I did recall that one. You do, too.

A famous modiste gowned her throughout for Mary Page. She sat by me, between scenes, in a kimono hastily thrown over a modish robe d' nuit of pink glove silk, with little rose-buds at its breast. She wore stockings of white silk—you see it seems to be pictorially correct to sleep in

one's hose—and her feet were hidden in slippers of pink satin with huge matching pom-poms as fluffy as the Pomeranian. Her whole get-up was literally taking Style to bed.

Edna Mayo is 5 feet 5 inches in height, with light hair and blue eyes, and as she only weighs 117 pounds dieting doesn't bother her—yet. She says that the sliding weight on her home scale might be locked down the way the government inspectors lock boiler safety valves. Perhaps her summer swimming, of which she does a great deal, makes her weight permanent—both ways.

Her favorite play to act is any play of sincere and strong emotions. Comedy by itself doesn't especially interest her, and neither does sheer wild melodrama. Better than anything she has done, she fancies "The Misleading Lady," a web of satire and emotion in which she was very fine.

Bye and bye two chattering opposite sexers will skirmish around the love topic. We did, and I asked her if Cupid had ever turned his Mauser-full of sweet poison in her direction.

"No," she laughed; "further, I'm wearing armor. I wouldn't marry in the profession—I'm definite on that, I'm quite sure—and as for marriage in any event, it's something I haven't thought of at all. Honestly, I don't think I'll ever marry. I'm so happy working, and leading my quiet little life between apartment and studio, and apartment. I don't want to be upset and made unhappy—even by happiness! Do you see?"

I said I did.

But as George Bernard Shaw and about seventy million others have volunteered: you never can tell.

Will It Be Too Late?

THE uncertainty, at this writing, concerning the future activities of Charlie Chaplin, recalls an incident which occurred in Los Angeles, a few months ago.

A well known theatrical man sought to induce the film comedian to accept a year's vaudeville engagement.

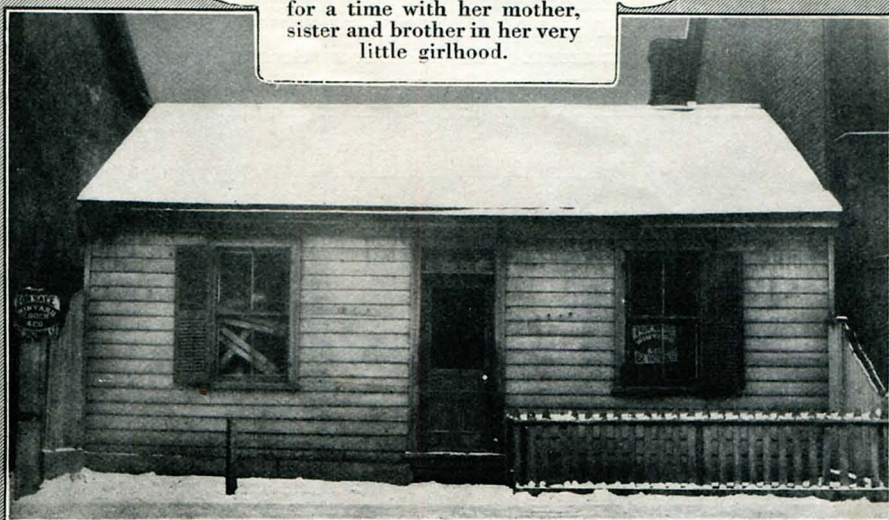
"There'll be a million dollars in it," declared the manager enthusiastically.

"I like the sound of that million," slowly drawled Chaplin, with one of his rather wan smiles, "but not just yet. One more year in pictures; then I'll do it—if it isn't too late."

In This House Mary Pickford Was Born



—twenty-two years ago. The house is on University Avenue, Toronto. Below is the house at 81 Walton Street (Toronto) where she lived for a time with her mother, sister and brother in her very little girlhood.



The Shadow Rebel

HEREIN HIS REBELLION IS EX-
PLAINED AND SOMETHING OF
HIS CAREER IS SET FORTH

By George Vaux Bacon

SHADOWS! . . .
Triangular shadows, round shadows, shadows in the shapes of rhomboids, parallelograms, parallelepipeds: square shadows, octagonal shadows; shadows of fair women, shadows of men, dogs, cats, candelabra, tables and grand pianos. Blue shadows; black shadows; fretted shadows caused by a light shining through moving tapestries of lace.

Who is more symbolic, more fascinating, weirder than Shadow?

Yet from the beginning, even until now, he has been the *bête noire* of the director, both of the stage and the screen. Generation after generation—army after army, one might say—of directors has waged war on mystic, intangible Shadow. At first they attacked him with the short-range arquebuses of candle footlights in the days when Moliere was amusing the King of France and flirting with the ladies of Versailles. Then with kerosene lights the indefatigable enemies of Shadow pushed him a little further back into the wings.

When shrapnel and long-range guns began to come into operation on Europe's battlefields, electric lights,—foots, bunches and borders—were all fired at poor Shadow, and he was driven from the stage for good and all—or at least so folks said. When the movies came, and the studios were lit with nitrogen gas lamps, mercury vapor tubes and flaming arcs, assisted whenever possible by that grand old illuminator, the sun himself, the original maker of shadows and now harnessed to

eliminate his own creation, Shadow was beaten.

But in the very moment of victory over him, a dissension arose in the ranks of the directoral army. One Frank Powell, a director of years of experience of both studio and stage, in this country, England, France and elsewhere, uttered traitorous words. He did more than talk.

*Frank Powell
is a native of
Hamilton,
Ontario, but
has since be-
come a natu-
ralized Ameri-
can citizen.*



He was one of the pioneer crusaders who brought Shadow back into being and helped to harness Shadow to the triumphal car of Moviedom's march along the Ap-pian Way of successful artistic production. Shadow is still eliminated on the stage, but in the movies he has come into a kingdom of his own when least expected. Frank Powell was one of the motion picture argo-nauts who instituted the wholly artistic, though rather expensive movement by which natural settings were substituted for the artificial "props," the hand-me-down scenery inherited from the legitimate stage, the spread of which has revolutionized the filming of photoplays.

Frank Powell is a native of Hamilton, Ontario, where he was born thirty-six years ago; but he has since become a naturalized American citizen, and is in every respect a wide-awake, aggressive, clean-cut, capable young man of the type of which we Americans love to boast, and which represents our best industrial and artistic ideals.

He was a stage director for various producers in America, and then went to Eng-land, where he held the same position with Miss Ellen Terry's company for two

In all these real interiors, Shadow has his place. This is a night scene in the local room of a Chicago newspaper—The city editor at work.

very strenuous and successful years.

His first movie experience was, as has been the case with so many who have risen to fame in the pictures, with the Biograph Company in 1910. From them he went to France with Pathé, arriving finally, as a leading director in the forces of William Fox.

At present time he is with the Equit-able.

Powell is a man of ideas. He noted quickly the curiously artificial look which every "set" gives an interior scene in a photoplay, no matter how cleverly the scenery may be built. There is always something to denote that it is not real. He arrived at the conclusion that he would make full capital of the fact that in the movies it is literally true that "all the world's a stage." He decided that he would use only real interiors in his pic-tures.

It was while with William Fox that he was first enabled to put this idea into prac-tice. In "The Fourth Estate," for in-stance, the scenes of the interiors as well as the exteriors are laid in Chicago—in a policeman's home, in a questionable hotel, in a first class hotel, in a residence on the Lake Shore Drive and in a newspaper office. The finished picture shows an actual scene taken in a Chicago police-





man's home on the West Side; other scenes were taken in a certain second rate hotel on the South Side; the home of a wealthy beef-packer on the Lake Shore Drive was requisitioned for still other scenes, and the Hotel Sherman and the offices of the Chicago Herald furnished the scenes in the first class hotel and the newspaper offices.

In all these real interiors, as in all the others he has taken and is now taking for the Equitable, Shadow has his place. He is not allowed to be as heavy and black as he would like to be and is, under ordinary circumstances; but he is there. The result is effective in the extreme, and what is more, by dint of much study given to the subject Powell has made his shadows subtle means of expressing the motifs of his various stories.

He is now in the Bahamas with Emmett Corrigan, Gerda Holmes and others taking the seafaring and tropical scenes for Richard Le Gallienne's "The Chain Invisible."

Frank Powell is a capital director, and

When Powell wants to show you a certain kind of setting he gets the real thing. This is a scene made in a second rate hotel.

what is best, he is what our cousins and good haters the English Johnnies would call "a ripping good fellow."

I met him the night before he and Emmett and the company left for the South. We had dinner and a delightful chat. He is a man of wide mental scope, and extraordinarily accurate understanding of human nature.

And best of all, Frank Powell is a married man who loves his wife just as devotedly as she loves her handsome husband; and in spite of his achievements in the world of Shadows, is never really happy, as I had reason to find out (he always has time-tables around) until he is out in the bungalow at Bayside, Long Island, with her he loves the best, and who is in his case, as some "she" should be in every man's case, the cause, inspiration and reward for his work and achievements all rolled into one.

Four Superb Short Stories, Splendidly Illustrated,
In the May Issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, on Sale April 1st.
Also: The Thrilling Conclusion of "Star of the North," the greatest novel of motion picture life yet written.



Editor Lucien Wheeler of Selig Tribune

A Film In the

HOW NEWS IN MOTION IS
RUSHED THROUGH THE NATION

By Alfred

THERE are a number of reasons why the film "newspaper" is here to stay. The first one is that it is a big moneymaker. The remaining reasons do not count.

The daily newspaper, purchased for one, or two, or probably five cents, is read and thrown away. There is nothing quite as useless or unsaleable as yesterday's paper. The film newspaper is seen by the city folk today. Tomorrow the people of the suburb see it, and next week those residing in cities farther away scan its contents. And it keeps going out farther and farther, for as long a period as 90 days, the rental to the exhibitor ranging from about twelve dollars a day in first-run houses to one dollar in isolated regions.

It began as a weekly. There are now several semi-weeklies, and it is generally conceded that the film daily is but a short distance away—editorial, advertising sections, and all.

A total of a half dozen news films issued by the various "programs" now keep the people of the



Editor L. W. Hall of Hearst-Vitagraph

Newspaper Making

GATHERED, ASSEMBLED AND
FOR READERS IN THE DARK

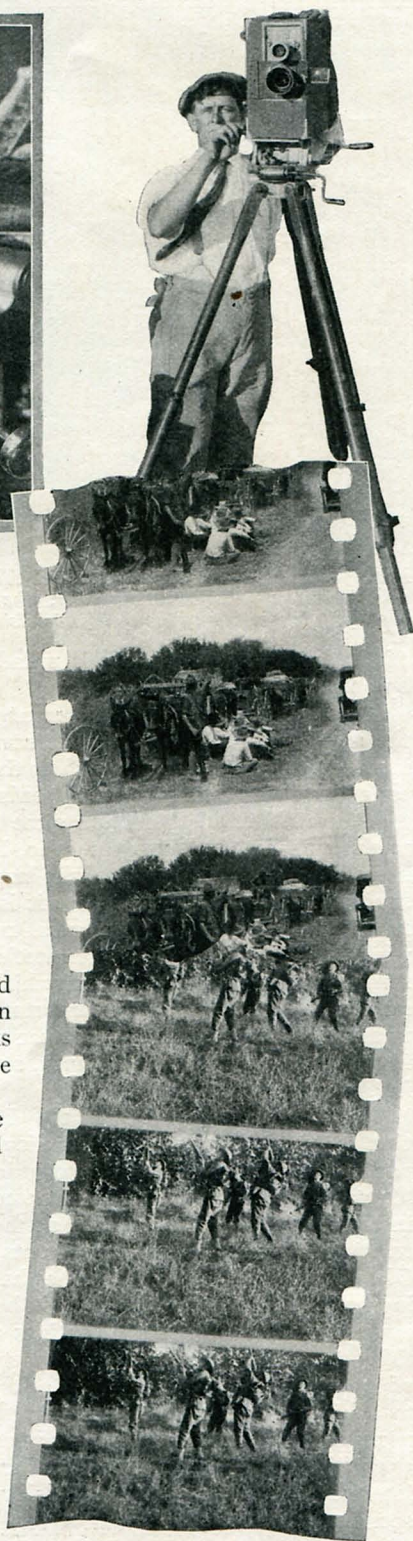
A. Cohn

nation informed pictorially of passing events, and from an educational standpoint the news film is an unsurpassed medium of intimate information. It is intensely interesting; it is ocular information. The spectator *sees* the news.

But this article has to do with the making of the film newspaper rather than proposing a critical analysis of the same, its past, present and future.

With the coming of the news film has sprung up a new tribe of newsgatherers—the camera reporters and the camera correspondents. The newspaper reporter has always stood for aggressiveness, persistence and “on-the-jobness.” Multiply him by three and you have the camera reporter.

As an instance, take the reporter assigned to “cover” a murder, riot or any other sort of violence story. He goes to the place of happening and readily paints a word picture of the occurrence from information gathered among witnesses. In many instances he does an even better story with data gathered thus than if he had been a witness





Four years ago this man, Herbert C. Hoagland, originated the first film newspaper, the "Pathe Weekly," progenitor of the optic journals of today.

of the incident, because he is uninfluenced by actual contact.

But the camera reporter *must* be on the scene, and not alone on the scene, but in the midst of it. He must *show* the readers of his film paper actual happenings, not tell them about it. And the same applies to the camera correspondent, who, like the newspaper correspondent, works largely on space pay, although in his case it is designated "footage." The camera reporter works on salary, usually in connection with some newspaper in the city in which he is stationed. All of the camera staff work under the direct supervision of the managing editor of the film newspaper, stationed in Chicago or New York.

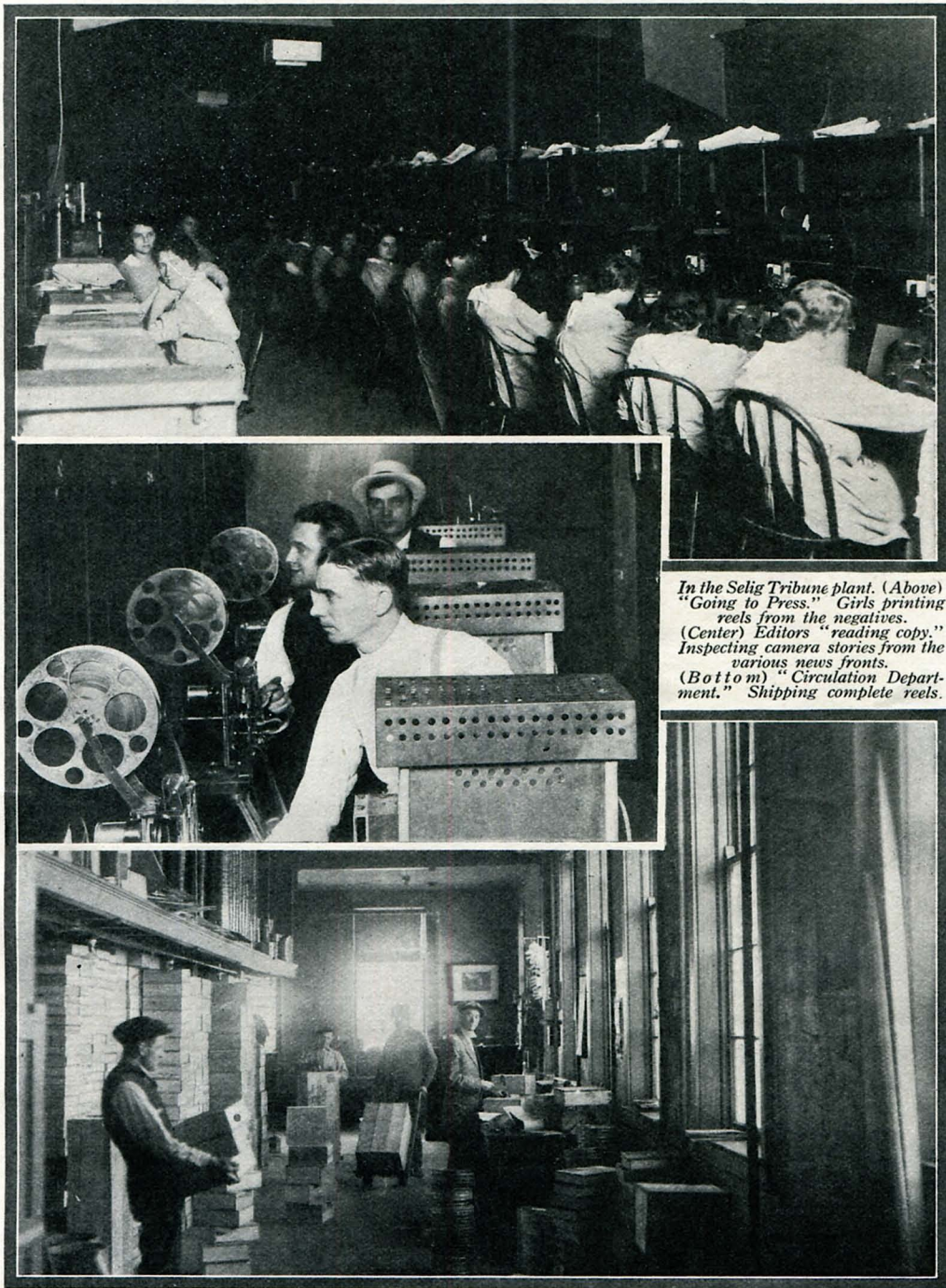
The editor has a strenuous job. In addition to directing the general policy of his paper, he must keep personal contact with his staff of cameramen all over the country, in the European capitals and, at the present time, at the various battle fronts of the Old World. He must supervise the "editing" of the negative as it comes in by every express, the writing of the captions or subtitles, the making up of the completed reel of 1,000 feet, and the shipment of the reels to exhibitors in the most expeditious manner. Also he must keep his staff informed as to "futures"—coming events of national interest in each camera reporter's or correspondent's territory.

For the purpose of illustrating the immensity of this task, take a glance at the Selig-Tribune organization. It has salaried camera reporters in Chicago, where the celluloid newspaper is published; in New York, Washington, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Boston, El Paso, Tex., Portland, Ore., New Orleans and Atlanta. Two unattached cameramen are held in reserve to be sent out from the main office on big assign-

ments, such as a flood story in the Mississippi valley, or a race riot in Ohio. In addition, there are fifty camera correspondents in as many other cities, and foreign correspondents in London, Paris, Berlin, Petrograd and at the various fighting fronts.

Herbert C. Hoagland, general manager of the Selig Polyscope company, who is credited with being the originator, four years ago, of the film newspaper—the Pathe Weekly—occupies a position similar to that of the printed-newspaper's publisher. The editor is Lucien C. ("Jack") Wheeler, who directs the staff and "gets out" the paper. Mr. Wheeler has a wide acquaintance with the public men of the nation and the country itself because of the years he spent in the Secret Service. He was in charge of President Taft's bodyguard four years and traveled more than 136,000 miles with him in his various "swings around the circle."

The Selig Tribune sprang into existence the first of this year. At that time L. W. Hall, another big man in the news film world, who had been editor of the Hearst-Selig Pictorial, became the editor of the Hearst-Vitagraph, one of the other big semi-weekly celluloid newspapers, which is published in New York, operating largely through the Hearst chain of newspapers. One of the innovations created by the Selig Tribune probably will be copied by its rivals, or improved upon. This is the flashing of a table of contents of the news



In the Selig Tribune plant. (Above) "Going to Press." Girls printing reels from the negatives. (Center) Editors "reading copy." Inspecting camera stories from the various news fronts. (Bottom) "Circulation Department." Shipping complete reels.

reel prior to showing the news pictures, in the form of a newspaper front page containing briefly written news stories, headlines and all, which are picturized a moment later. The same page is printed on posters

and is used to advertise the current news film. Another innovation is the printing of these news briefs and picture titles in German and Italian, as well as English.

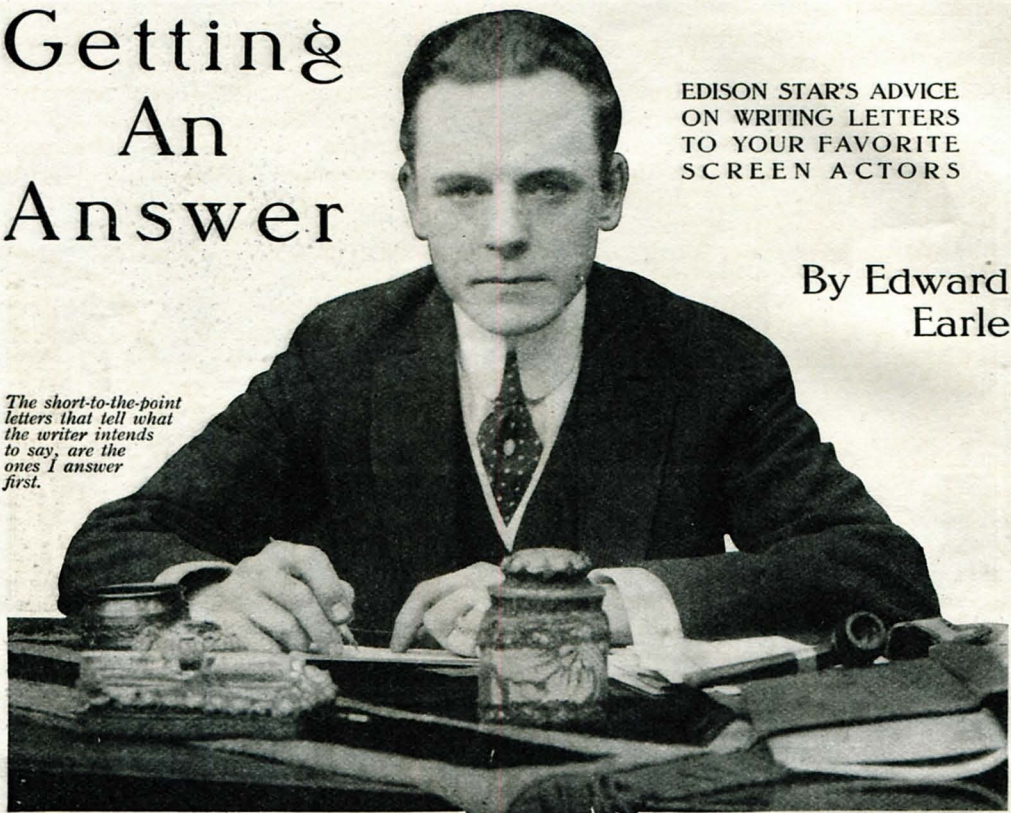
(Continued on page 152)

Getting An Answer

EDISON STAR'S ADVICE
ON WRITING LETTERS
TO YOUR FAVORITE
SCREEN ACTORS

By Edward
Earle

*The short-to-the-point
letters that tell what
the writer intends
to say, are the
ones I answer
first.*



THE chief motive that prompts the average person in writing to an actor or actress is the desire for a reply.

Of course there are the exceptions—those who merely wish to express their liking for something the performer has done or conversely their displeasure at some bit of acting or business. The latter sort are rare exceptions. When the average film devotee is displeased with the work of an actor he merely shows it by remaining away from the theater when it shows future pictures of the star who did not please. It would probably be better for the profession if this class of moving picture patrons did write even at the risk of striking a blow at the vanity of the performer.

But about getting the reply.

There are no hard and fast rules for writing letters to the people of the films. No one has ever devised a "Perfect Letter Writer" for them and it is a pretty safe bet that no one ever will because the sort of a letter that would please an ambitious

actor, eager for honest, intelligent criticism of his work, would be received as an affront by others of the profession, if it happened to contain an adverse criticism.

Personally I consider that these letters are the sort that help me most in my work and I much prefer them to those which lavish fulsome praise.

I would hardly be human if I did not like also the letters that tell of the appreciation of the writer for my work. The screen player is much farther away from his public than his brother of the legitimate stage. There is no responsive applause to tell him when he has done well nor the reverse when he has failed to "get across." Whatever an actor's private opinion of the public he cannot disregard the only source of direct communication between himself and that public—the letters from the people, who, in the aggregate, provide the stuff that fills our weekly pay envelopes.

For this reason, and because it gives me genuine pleasure to maintain this relation with the public I feel deeply indebted to

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for the opportunity to hand out a bit of advice to the great army of letter writers.

There is only one fixed rule that all may follow. It is:

Be Brief.

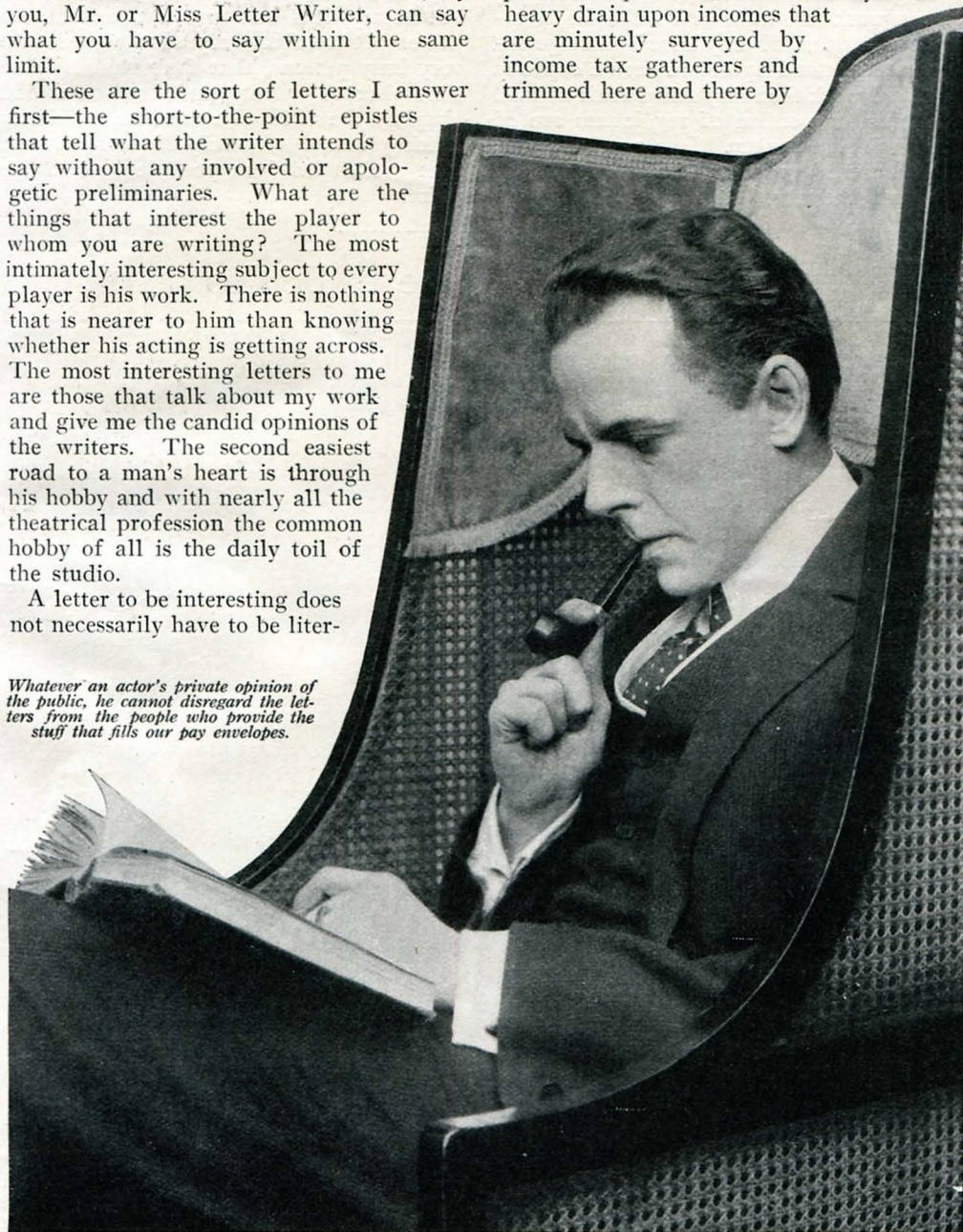
A great editor—an apostle of brevity—once said that the story of the Crucifixion could be told in 200 words. Certainly you, Mr. or Miss Letter Writer, can say what you have to say within the same limit.

These are the sort of letters I answer first—the short-to-the-point epistles that tell what the writer intends to say without any involved or apologetic preliminaries. What are the things that interest the player to whom you are writing? The most intimately interesting subject to every player is his work. There is nothing that is nearer to him than knowing whether his acting is getting across. The most interesting letters to me are those that talk about my work and give me the candid opinions of the writers. The second easiest road to a man's heart is through his hobby and with nearly all the theatrical profession the common hobby of all is the daily toil of the studio.

A letter to be interesting does not necessarily have to be liter-

ary, and in fact some that have held my attention longest and received the greatest consideration have been simple, straightforward letters which were evidently written with considerable effort by persons very much unaccustomed to writing. I endeavor to send a photograph to everyone asking it, and as every player knows from painful experience, it is a very heavy drain upon incomes that are minutely surveyed by income tax gatherers and trimmed here and there by

Whatever an actor's private opinion of the public, he cannot disregard the letters from the people who provide the stuff that fills our pay envelopes.



war taxes and other Democratic forms of deficit stoppers. In the last few months, probably as much through the efforts of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE as anything, most of the requests have been accompanied by the proverbial two-bits which defrays practically all expense and these, of course, receive immediate attention.

A great many ask advice about entering screen work and to these I make the invariable reply that if they have had stage experience to stand upon and have a capacity for hard work then they stand a fair chance.

A fair proportion of my letters are of the mash-note variety. I do not like them. I have fairly good eyes and prefer to do my own choosing but I try to give them

all a reply that will show my appreciation.

The public is very courteous and generally I receive a reply thanking me for the photograph and expressing appreciation, and I attribute the fact that some do not acknowledge them to mere carelessness or lack of time.

Letters from our friends are next in importance only to the envelope that brings the salary, and no one need hesitate to write. Remember only that players are very busy persons, that their mail is spare time pleasure or duty, and that you should simplify the work as much as possible by writing readable, straightforward letters that are as brief as possible and to the point.

No Cheer in These Bottles



No, this is not a scene from a prohibition play. The studious looking individual pictured above is engaged in making beer bottles out of plaster of paris. The bottles, after being labeled appropriately, are used in Universal comedies. Draped over the human head they are not nearly so painful as glass bottles.



*That crew of traitorous scum was well paid, and we were soon crushed by the mere weight of numbers.
Then Carnal, his pretty face triumphant, had us haled below and chained to the mast.*

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD*

A MARRIAGE IN HASTE THAT HAD NO
SEQUEL OF REPENTANCE AT LEISURE

By Elwell Lawrence

Produced by the Lasky Feature Play Company

WE had known each other just a half an hour, my wife and I, and yet there we stood as completely married as though our troths had been plighted in our cradles. Never, thought I, was there so strange a wiving as mine! And yet, looking about the public Green of Jamestown, capital of His Majesty's Colony in the Virginias, that afternoon, I knew that ere sundown there would be stranger.

Parson Jeremy Sparrow, a mighty man of men as well as of God (as you shall hear), blessed us and we turned away.

Jocelyn Leigh, she had whispered her name, and 'twas, I thought, a name as lovely as the fair young face, a little frightened and pale now, that looked out from beneath her hood.

Captain Ralph Percy, gentleman adventurer, server of kings, and at present lord of a plantation up the river James, I had described myself. Thus intimately we knew each other as we paced to the landing where my sailing boat was moored. And each of us was silent with dread of the thing we had done.

It had been the strangest day ever known

* From the photoplay, which, in turn, was adapted from the novel of the same name by Mary Johnston.

in Jamestown, for with the morning mists, up the river had sailed the good ship *Bonnie Bess* laden with London maidens come out to the Virginias in this year of our Lord 1621, to marry. Sir Edwin Sandy's "Doves" they were called, ninety in number, and expected, by Heaven! to save the Colony by increasing it.

Zounds! what a reception they got. Flags flew, cannon boomed, the Governor spoke, and when the damsels themselves came from the wharf to the Green between lines of soldiers, there was such tumult and horse-play you would have thought there was to be a hanging. But the maids were worth a dozen hangings. Some laughed, some wept, some shrank affrighted, and others answered ribaldry with ribaldry—vultures among the doves.

I handed Jocelyn Leigh—nay, Mistress Percy—into my boat, and loosing the sheet, set sail. The afternoon was drawing in, and the reaches of still water were molten gold between dark green banks.

For long we rode in silence. Then:

"I have to thank you, sir," she said coldly, "for saving me from that beast upon the Green."

A fellow of the foppish ilk, whom I knew for a rogue, had handled her roughly there, and I had made him eat his words. 'Twas then, in truth, I had seen her first, and learned the wonder and glory of her beauty. And 'twas then I had offered her my sword and name.

"Beasts but vary in their coats," I said, shortly. "Perhaps 'tis so with men. Thank me not—yet."

"Nay," she faltered, "there be—gentlemen, and if I know them—you—"

I laughed shortly, not to be cozened, and answered nothing.



"Lady Jocelyn Leigh!" he cried and came towards her. "By the

Darkness had fallen when we left the boat and walked up the bank towards the long, low house of slabs and hand-hewn beams I had built upon my acres. At the gates my servants held torches, and Jocelyn Leigh seeing their cut-throat faces (they were London scum), shrank back.

We have in our great forests a plant that shuts its petals and folds its leaves when it is touched. Such was she now as she came into the careless disorder of my house and felt its rough male atmosphere. As I pointed out my poor possessions she hung back in miserable frightened loneli-



Lord! my quest is finished where I thought it had only begun!"

ness, which, of course, was only natural.

At her retiring room I lifted her little cold hand and kissed it, but she looked at me with such noble disdain that I drew back puzzled even in my anger. Who was she and what did she here, I asked myself for the thousandth time. Surely she was no common maid, as the others of her ship's company plainly were.

At supper matters grew no better, and we made headway backwards, thus:

"Mistress Jocelyn, I have sent the servant out because his looks displease you; will you pass me the bread?"

"So you are the kind of husband who starts at once making a servant of his wife!" Spearing the long loaf with the bread knife she offered it to me.

"Would you have me running about the table like a lackey?"

The lovely face framed in its golden hair lifted, and the violet eyes looked into mine.

"I care absolutely naught what you do."

She had courage, the courage of blood and breeding; yet so had I, and when we rose from the table I sought to discover the true value of our relationship. Stepping close to her quickly, I took her soft, rounded arms in my hands. But at that touch she flamed and sprang away.

"No! Wait!" she cried breathlessly, "let us understand each other now at the beginning. I am not what you think me. You went to town for a wife this morning expecting certain obediences, but those I cannot give you. I am here, but I was not of that ship's company by choice." Her blue eyes had widened and the swift, vivid color had leaped to her cheeks. I stood back with folded arms and curling lip.

"I am Lady Jocelyn Leigh," she went on, "the ward of His Majesty King James. I fled here because he had decreed that I should marry Lord Carnal, his favorite, and I would not. Changing with my maid I took her place upon the *Bonnie Bess*. I married you today because in all those wild drunken faces yours only gave hope of gentleness and honor. Oh—!" she wrung her hands and turned away for a moment. Then suddenly wheeling back she flung herself at my feet.

"I am at your mercy!" she cried, "friendless and alone. Is there no such

thing as chivalry in this barbarous land?"

Well, what would you? For a long moment I stood sneering down into that pleading face. Then I went to the wall and took from it a dagger, and returning lifted her up and placed it in her hand.

"You are safe with me," I told her. "I want no unwilling wife, but I shall protect my own." And I took her to her chamber and left her. Then, standing by the disordered table, I laughed bitterly to myself; not at her, but at fate, which, in sending me a wife had sent me a veritable Pandora's box of troubles.

The King's ward desired by the King's favorite and I married to her! And who was I, a plain gentleman of fortune, to dispute the desires of the great? I shrugged. And yet, if it came to that, dispute them I would, for in all these happenings I saw the hand of fate.

It befell thus. A week before, when first I heard of the *Bonnie Bess* and her glorious cargo, in a moment of bravado I swore I would leave my destiny to the will of the dice.

"If I throw aces," I said, "curse me if

We were caught in a great storm and driven upon a desert island!

I don't marry a wench!" And I threw, and three aces came most marvelous. And 'twas then I thought I saw the hand of fate, which it was, and a rough hand too, methought then.

II

IT WAS strange that next month to have her ever there about me. It was as if she lent a radiance to my rough house, and oft times as I sat casting my accounts, I could hear her singing among the roses in the garden, like a captured bird growing accustomed to its new nest; though between us was naught but the commonest of courtesies.

Then one day came Parson Jeremy Sparrow, that doughty man of God, with tidings that I had been elected to the Assembly to sit in Jamestown, and was ordered thence immediately by the Governor.

We three sailed down together in my little boat (for Lady Jocelyn feared to stay alone on the plantation), and as we rounded the last bend and swept down upon the wharf, we all, of a sudden, cried out together; for there, with sails half reefed and yards awry, lay a great ship





just arrived from good old England.

Rounding her high poop we landed, and had just achieved the pier when my Lady gave a strange little cry and shrank back, gazing affrighted at a gentleman who stood before us, very elegant, flicking his hands with his lace handkerchief.

"My Lord Carnal!" she muttered. Then he saw her and stood stock still. Swift amazement flashed across his pale contemptuous face.

"Lady Jocelyn Leigh!" he cried and came towards her. "By the Lord! my quest is finished where I thought it had only begun. Have you no welcome for me?"

Instantly I was between them.

"Sir, you are speaking to my wife."

He started and looked long at me. Then at her, and at last said coolly:

"The King will make a divorce easy and profitable for the gentleman."

I ground my teeth at his insolence and, stepping forward, flicked him across the face with my glove. On the instant our swords were out and then for a moment it was fast work, steel on steel. But presently, by an old trick, I disarmed him, and thus laid the train of all our future troubles.

Five minutes later, surrounded by the

On the quarter-deck I fought the fox himself, while below, in the waist of the ship, Sparrow did prodigies.

men-at-arms, we were on our way to the Governor's house, the Lady Jocelyn's hand nestling timidly within my arm.

There events moved fast. My Lord Carnal demanded that Jocelyn be returned to England at once. But the Governor (my good friend, as you shall see), told him, that, since she had come under Sir Edwin Sandy's protection, only by his word could she be sent back.

"Then we will have that word," said my lord. "Imprison them both until I have heard from England."

And now because I was of the Assembly and my Lady of gentle birth, Sir John, the Governor, would not send us to the common gaol, but ordered that we be taken to the abode of Jeremy Sparrow in company with that godly man, for he had stoutly defended us before all. There we were thrust into a room and guards were set about the house and at the door.

There presently my wife, who had grown pensive, came to me with downcast eyes.

"Sir," she said gently, "I wronged you first when I married you, and to-day I have wronged you still more. Leave me now

and go free of all this while there is yet time. You must know that in opposing the King's favourite you oppose the King."

Then, looking at her there, so beautiful and gentle, all that had been growing in me this last month burst forth, and I knew that I loved her. Picking up a cup of wine that stood on the table I bade her touch her lips to it, and when she had done so, I did the same. Then drawing her gently to me I lifted the cup and made

As soon, then, as darkness had come, we threw back the front door of the house, catching our warders off guard, and attacked them; our plan being to speed across the Green to the river's edge, and then away in my boat.

But they made some defence before we cut them down, and the noise of the affray came to the ears of my Lord Carnal himself who was daintily taking the evening air along the quay near his ship. Catch-



"Nay," she faltered, "there be gentlemen, and if I know them —you—"

with great solemnity, this pledge:

"We drink of the same cup," I said. "You are mine, to have and to hold, forever."

She looked up at me a moment trembling, but said no word; and presently slipped from my arm and went to the window where she stood long.

Then Sparrow, who had been this long time upon his knees, rose and drew near us.

"I have wrestled long in prayer," he growled in his great whisper, "and I have taken this matter to God. He has answered me as I thought. To-night we must escape from this place to foil Carnal's plan."

I was never one to dispute the will of God, so our preparations were soon made.

ing the import of the struggle, he called a pack of his ruffian sailors, and, as we ran along the dock, they met us with torches and gleaming cutlasses.

Then were we indeed hard pressed. For a little all was clashing and grunting as we worked under that murky glare, with occasionally a coughing curse as the steel went home. And then, in the midst of it, that happened which set me, as it were, among the gods.

My Lord Carnal, in the melee, had secretly worked around until he was at my back, and now while I engaged two villains in front, he sought to clear the path to his desire by one foul stroke. But the Lady Jocelyn, seeing his intent, cried a warning, and flung herself before me as a

shield, saving my life. 'Twas bravely done, and as I thanked her with a glance, I saw that in her face which made of me one who could have conquered a hundred.

The next moment, taking advantage of the diversion, we set on once more, with such fury that the craven hirelings gave back and we cut our way through to the boat. And as we did so, Sparrow, disarming Carnal, seized him and flung him first into the vessel. Then, while I held off the

for his like to lead them again; how, appearing suddenly before them, I assumed his qualities and slew their three best swordsmen in support of my claim; and how, my captaincy assured, I gathered up my party and for weeks sailed the sea under the Jolly Roger.

All these things I must pass and reach a day when our fox at last showed his teeth. Perhaps, because my eyes had been blinded by the glory of my love, I had not

Captain Ralph Percy and Lady Jocelyn Leigh hear the King's decree.



pack, the others cast loose. A warning shout from Sparrow as the boat moved away, and I turned and leaped into it. We were free.

III

LOOKING back now I laugh wonderingly at the folly and mad courage of youth. Free! Yes, as fowls are free with a fox hidden among them! Such a fox was Carnal. * * *

I cannot tell all that next occurred: how, sailing south, we were caught in a great storm and driven upon a desert island; how, searching for water, I discovered a pirate ship hidden in a cove and her crew burying their captain and cursing

been properly watchful; at all events, of a sudden, one day after dinner, Carnal touched into flame the revolt he had long been laying among the crew.

It was all over in ten minutes. On the quarter-deck I fought the fox himself, while below in the waist of the ship, Sparrow did prodigies. But that crew of traitorous scum was well paid, and we were soon crushed by the mere weight of numbers against us. Then Carnal, his pretty face triumphant, had us haled below into the hold and chained to the mast. My Lady Jocelyn, of course, went free and unharmed, for it was she he wanted.

How many hours we lay in that evil hole groaning and helpless, I know not; but when it seemed as if all hope was gone,

suddenly there came a soft sound close to me, and then her voice, tender and low.

"Ralph, my wondrous brave knight!"

Her two hands framed my bruised and sweat-stained face like compassionate bird wings, and in her eyes were such unspeakable things as made my hurts and my defeat exquisite joys. For a sweet moment we stood so; then, bowing her head upon my shoulder, she said, sorrowfully:

"This is the end. To-morrow you will be free—and alone." A sigh. "I have promised my lord to return to England."

"Jocelyn!" I cried, unbelieving. Then I saw the truth in her face. "And you have done all this for me! But no! I will not have it so. Never shall it be said that I purchased my freedom at any woman's cost, though they take my life for it."

"Oh, and that they will! He swore it. He has made love to me already, and the thought of you maddens him."

"Then let them kill me. No man can be wholly unhappy who dies with honor."

She clung to me sobbing bitterly. "You have rescued me often from sore distress," she wept, abasing herself, "and it has only brought you sorrow. I have cost you dear enough already; you will not let me be your death!"

But I would not yield, and after a little, she left me heartbroken.

In the morning there was no doubt of it that my lord was set on murder. Released from chains at last, I was haled on deck and given my choice either of accepting a divorce from her I loved, or death by the plank after the barbarous pirate fashion. Looking on her there, white, pitiful, and yet lovely as the day itself, my heart nigh burst within me; yet I could not yield. Did I act the craven, how then would she ever have loved me?

"Bind him and make ready," said my lord, anxious to have done.

Two of his villains were binding me again, and half a dozen others running a stout plank outboard from the bulwarks, when suddenly from the rigging came the cry, "Sail-ho!" The next minute the morning fog had blown aside revealing a deep-bellied merchantman standing towards the coast under full sail.

"A prize! A prize!" howled that bloody crew, and ran for pikes and cutlasses.

"My orders!" shrieked Carnal. "Slay

this man. You'll swing else, all of you!"

But he had as well sought to order the wind to blow. Regardless of him sails were hoisted and we stood away in pursuit of the prize, raising the Jolly Roger at our mast head.

"The works of Providence are many and wonderful!" growled Sparrow devoutly in my ear, rolling up his sleeves to show arms thewed like a bullock. (He had been brought on deck unbound to see my miserable end.) "He has lighted our footsteps before, and eftsoons, He may do so again. Watch!"

By this time the merchantman, with all sails set, was wallowing desperately towards shore, at this spot a maze of uncharted reefs and rocks. And we were after her at our best pace. Presently we let go our bow-chaser, but the ball fell short.

There was no reply from our quarry and a hoarse yell went up as the pirates realized that she was unarmed except for the blunderbusses which could be seen gleaming in the hands of her men.

But we were not gaining and the fellow at the helm thought by cutting inshore to get within gun range. We came about and stood in.

All this time, you may be sure, my eyes never left my Lord Carnal. Helpless before the will of his booty-lusting scoundrels, he paced up and down the quarter deck gnawing his moustache and white with fury. And I knew that he would yet try to compass my death. Sparrow and I, unarmed, stood together our backs against the poop, while my Lady, I knew, had taken refuge in her cabin.

By now we had come within range and our next shot cut their shrouds. But now, too, we had come dangerously near the reefs, and as the thought came, I heard the hoarse whisper of Sparrow in my ear.

"The Lord God hath delivered our enemies into our hands," he exulted. "The time is come. But let me reach the wheel and—"

I caught his meaning and drew a great breath of joy, for here was man's work to do! I pointed to two of the pirates who stood before us oblivious of all but the chase, and the next instant we had felled them with a blow each and seized their cutlasses.

(Continued on page 172)



John Drew and Chauncey Olcott now pass through Broadway unmolested; Francis Bushman scarcely dares step out of doors without a chaperon.

The Movie Broadway

LETTING A LITTLE MORNING SUNSHINE
INTO AN ELECTRIC STREET

By Rennold Wolf

Cartoons by Herb Roth

EDITOR'S NOTE:—"Broadway" is not only Manhattan Island's great crooked artery; around the world it is a synonym for the stage, its people, its enterprises, its dreams, its tragedies, its gossip and its love-making. There are more actors and actresses on Broadway or its adjacent streets, working or "resting,"—which is the theatrical person's comforting synonym for non-employment—than anywhere else on earth. Rennold Wolf, author, librettist and dramatic commentator, is Broadway's foremost chronicler. Herein he tells of its right-about-face; of actors who once knew sunrises only by reputation and now see them every day—in brief, of the march of the army of the theatre into the camps of photoplay.

STANDING on the curb at Broadway and Forty-fourth street in front of the Vitagraph Theatre, Fred Lennox is greeted by a friend.

"Working, Fred?" asks the acquaintance.

"Yep, got two jobs at benefit performances," replies Lennox ironically.

"Why don't you try the movies?" continues his friend.

"Did," says Lennox laconically.

"Well?" asks the other.

"No good," retorts Lennox. "First day I had to carry 'Fatty' Arbuckle off the

battlefield, and I'm no ambulance."

Again Mr. Lennox is standing on the curb at Broadway and Forty-fourth street. In fact, Mr. Lennox is always standing there, that point of vantage, sheltered by the Vitagraph Theatre's carriage canopy, being officially designated his "office" wherein all the accessories are satisfactory except the acoustics. And again Mr. Lennox, who, you must know, was a famous comedian a generation ago but who is devoting this generation to "resting," is greeted by a friend.

"Heard you were in the movies," says

one of his old-time Broadway friends.

"Nope," replies Lennox, "don't pay enough. In the movies now the actors are paid by the floor—\$1.50 a floor. To make a good day's salary a guy's got to fall from the roof of the Woolworth Building."

Mr. Lennox is quoted because as Broadway's most persistent pedestrian, he represents the Rialto of today. To catch the current flavor of Broadway, listen to its badinage. Would you know the trend of things theatrical, eavesdrop on any gossiping group of actors. They never talk anything but shop and only the sort of shop that is in the ascendant. Therefore, when you know that Fred Lennox, one of Broadway's most prolific open-air jesters, derives his inspiration from the movies, then, if you have studied diligently the main thoroughfare from Thirty-fourth to Fiftieth streets, you will surmise that films, and not footlights, are supreme on the Rialto.

With no less than fifteen formerly legitimate theatres in the Longacre section now housing motion pictures, is it any wonder that the complexion of Broadway has changed? Why shouldn't Joe Weber, for instance, undergo a change of faith when he passes into his little music hall, once the scene of all that was riotous and jovial, and comes face to face with a series of pictures revealing the workings of "Twilight Sleep?" The only sleep known in the old days of the Music Hall was daylight sleep.

Passing on up Broadway, Mr. Weber discovers himself appearing on the

screen in the once exclusive Knickerbocker Theatre, where he, because he was low comedy in his methods, never had been permitted to put foot on its stage.

Times have changed. The palmy days on the Rialto are now the filmy days. Once the monarch of all Broadway was the long-haired "legit" who exuded blank verse in ordinary conversation, and crossed himself when he passed Daly's Theatre. Alas, even the sacred Daly's now houses pictures, and at ten cents the admission. Next came the supremacy of the vaudeville actor, made arrogant by his unexpected prosperity, and in his turn the cock o' the walk.

But vaudeville, contracting fatty degeneration from its adiposity of prosperity, has gone the way of Shakespearean drama so far as proving a cosmetic to Broadway's complexion, and that street of streets now wears a hectic flush suffused by rays from the movie machines. No more is the movie actor the despised of his craft. No more is he hailed as the Ford of the theatrical profession. He has money in his pocket and credit at the Claridge; he meets his landlady's gaze squarely and calmly; he has a contract for service which contains no reference to a half-salary Holy Week and no ominous clause about a fortnight's notice of dismissal.

On Longacre in the regular season, or at Long Beach, New York's Summer Rialto, your movie actor is the town beau, the conspicuous citizen, the matinee idol of the moment. When one encounters a movie leading man now, one feels toward him as did Mark Twain when he was presented to Lord Cumberland in London. "Bless my soul," exclaimed Mr. Twain, "I've been wanting to speak to you for ten minutes, because I was certain you must be somebody in particular."

John Drew and Chauncey Olcott now pass through Broadway unmolested; Francis Bushman scarcely dares step out of doors without a chaperon. No small boys now cry on the street, "Hey, fellows, dere's William Faversham;" but let a certain well know star of the films appear on

Joe Weber is now shocked when he approaches his little Music Hall and sees over the door, "TWILIGHT SLEEP," a motion picture.





Every morning one may witness the paradoxical spectacle of Frank Daniels, dinner pail in hand, hurrying to the subway, where he completes his toilet.

a side street, and listen for the shout, "Pipe William Farnum." A favorite indoor sport has always been that of spotting theatrical celebrities at Broadway's first-nights. Julie Opp or Blanche Bates' entrance into a box was invariably the signal for general agitation. Now Miss Opp or Miss Bates might parade up and down the centre aisle without arousing a flutter. But let Mary Pickford, Hazel Dawn or Theda Bara step into view, and note the buzzing, the nudging and the fusillade of opera glasses. In 1912 when Mary Pickford made her appearance in David Belasco's "The Good Little Devil," not ten persons in the audience recognized her. One night recently she took her seat in a box at a prominent theatre and a thousand onlookers spoke her name.

Two years ago I attended a World's Championship baseball game, the estimated attendance at which was 40,000 persons. Bourke Cockran, Prof. Brander Matthews, William A. Brady, Sam Bernard, James J. Corbett, James K. Hackett, District Attorney Whitman, Mayor Mitchel and other celebrities received

mere passing attention as they took their seats. The game started. The tension was terrific. Exactly 79,999 eyes—"One-eyed Mike" Donovan sat in the bleachers—were focused on the diamond. Then from the far end of the stand there came a shout, next a rumble, low at first but gradually swelling until it became the thunder of 40,000 voices. John Bunny had entered the grounds, and for fully a minute those feverish, maniacal baseball enthusiasts completely forgot the fascinating sport that had drawn them to the Polo Grounds, and cheered the motion picture comedian.

Mention has been made of Long Beach. That resort was the Newport of movies actors last summer. Until you have mortgaged your soul to gain admittance to a Boardwalk cabaret, pledged your watch with the restaurant captain in exchange for a table and finally left your motor car in lieu of payment of the dinner check, you can't comprehend what a summer's outing at Long Beach costs. Yet the screen actors were there, and in abundance. They were the life of Long

Beach. With them the season was one round of "parties," and a "party" in the Rialto sense is any gathering of more than two which gets past the cocktail stage of refreshments.

Robert Warwick was a regular. His address almost any hour of the night was Castles-by-the-Sea, and he was always sure to be the centre of a group of men and women celebrated chiefly because they photograph well. George Beban remained at the Beach for the entire summer. Pearl White dropped in frequently, and Mary Pickford and Adolph Zukor were always in the thick of a Famous Players delegation. Arnold Daly, Lillian Lorraine, Antonio Moreno, Hazel Dawn, John Barrymore, Pauline Frederick and Howard Estabrook were other notables from the field of films who helped to make the Summer of 1915 the liveliest Long Beach has ever known.

Long Beach is but the hot weather reflection of Broadway. In social activities, in restaurant and cabaret life nowadays the movie actor pays the bill. The annual Screen Club Ball is a more lavish display than the famous French Ball of old. As these lines are being written a committee is perfecting plans for the Screen Club Ball of 1916 in Madison Square Garden with an attendance of 18,000 in prospect. The White Rats and Comedy Club, social organizations of vaudeville players, are satisfied with one-fourth that number.

This change in the complexion of Broadway has not been accomplished painlessly. The treatment has not been altogether pleasant. The Rialto's schedule has undergone revision—radical, startling, unbelievable revision. Many actors now breakfast at seven in the morning!!! Here's hoping that the shades of the lamented Dan Daly and Peter F. Dailey who formerly locked up their respective ends of Broadway regularly at six A. M. never learn this scandal.

These same actors, many of them, retire at midnight. In the "Ziegfield Follies" of 1914 little Anna Pennington, portraying a Forty-second Street favorite of the flapper variety, was wont to lament, while protesting against a threatened one-o'clock closing law, "Why, I shouldn't know where to spend my evenings." Imagine then, hundreds of Miss Pennington's nocturnal associates of a year ago now spend-

ing the "evenings" in their little beds.

Photography, you know, requires sunlight. Studios open for operation at nine o'clock, and most of them are far, far from Broadway, and to be reached only by subway, ferry and trolley. Fancy, if you can, the effect upon a temperamental actor who has been reporting all his life at eight o'clock in the evening being obliged suddenly to begin labor twelve hours earlier. When he should by all the rules of Jack's restaurant and the Sixty Club be falling into bed he is being pulled out of it. His friend, the milkman, whom he was wont to accost in the early morning hours, he never meets any more. Even the policeman on the beat is strange to him, because he knew only the midnight shift. Why, hang it all, it's a matter for the Actors' Equity Association to take up and adjust.

And now for the most astonishing revelation it will ever be the privilege of this humble pen to make—Frank Daniels goes to bed at eleven o'clock. At night, mind you; not morning. There are many of Mr. Daniels' friends of the comic opera days who will not believe this statement. Fortunately I have the solemn word of the entire membership of the Lambs Club in corroboration. Naturally Mr. Daniels is ashamed of himself for this evidence of back-sliding. It only goes to show that a temperamental actor will sacrifice anything for his art—when the terms are right.

For thirty-five years Frank Daniels' regular closing hour was five o'clock in the morning. Once a friend remarked about the glorious sunrise he had beheld that day, and asked Daniels if he too had seen it.

"Why, no," replied the comedian, "I seldom stay out quite that late."

His regular hour for rising was four o'clock in the afternoon. He couldn't discover anything to do before cocktail time. About a year ago in an evil hour he signed a motion picture contract. Now he retires regularly at midnight and rises at seven A. M. Because of this breach of the by-laws he is in dread of being suspended from the Actors' Union.

Every morning at seven-thirty, one may witness the paradoxical spectacle of Frank Daniels, dinner pail in hand, hurrying into the subway, where he completes his

deferred toilet. Mr. Daniels' is a No. 14½-size stature, and he is frequently trampled on in the early-morning rush of day laborers.

At Borough Hall, Brooklyn, Mr. Daniels detains and transfers to the Elevated, whereon he is conveyed several miles to a point not far from Coney Island. Again he alights and walks half a mile to a studio, where he poses for pictures all day, returning at six o'clock to Times Square.

Until the moving pictures became a craze, opening up a new field for actors, the various theatrical clubs were virtually

long hill to the old Biograph Studio, and labors all day in the support of Billie Burke. Harry Weaver, who played Simonides in "Ben-Hur" for so many years, is another member of Miss Burke's company.

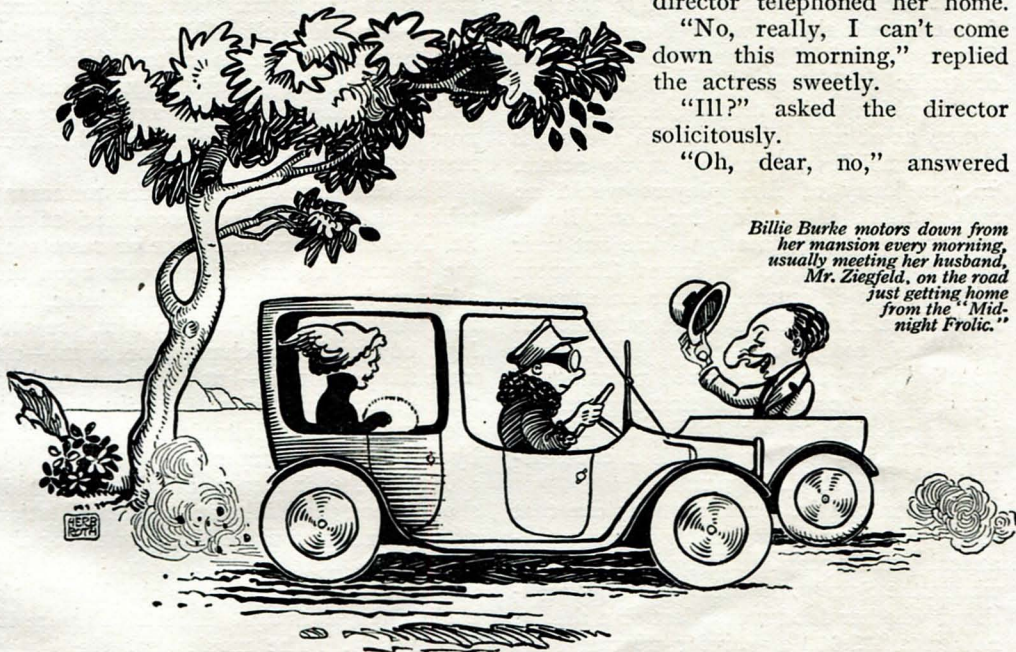
As for Miss Burke herself, she motors down from her mansion at Hastings-on-Hudson every morning, usually meeting her husband, Mr. Ziegfeld, on the road just getting home from his "Midnight Frolic" at the Danse de Folies. That is, Miss Burke as a rule makes the early-morning journey. One day last week she had not arrived by ten o'clock, and her director telephoned her home.

"No, really, I can't come down this morning," replied the actress sweetly.

"Ill?" asked the director solicitously.

"Oh, dear, no," answered

Billie Burke motors down from her mansion every morning, usually meeting her husband, Mr. Ziegfeld, on the road just getting home from the "Midnight Frolic."



deserted at the normal breakfast hour. For years J. Clarence Hyde, general press agent for Klaw and Erlanger, coffee-and-rolled alone in the grill room of the Lambs Club, Mr. Hyde by the rigid rules of his office as laid down by the alleged "Octopus," being obliged to report at nine o'clock. That made his first meal of the day in the club an exclusive ceremony. Now a dozen actors sit by him each morning—all recruits to the films.

At daybreak you may see hurrying from the Lambs Club, William Roselle, addicted on the screen to "dashing juveniles." He takes the subway to 177th street, snatches a hasty breakfast at a delicatessen shop in the Bronx, climbs a

Miss Burke, "but two of my chauffeurs are, and we are short, only three of them being available."

Before she entered the movies Miss Burke worried along with two chauffeurs. The increased travel and revenue resulting from her film engagements now make five indispensable, according to her luxurious calculation.

The increase in the number of motor cars owned by the theatrical profession generally is an unmistakable sign of the enhanced prosperity among playerfolk since the advent of the movies. In the old days few members of the acting classes except vaudeville headliners and Ziegfeld chorus girls were able to afford cars.

There was, for instance, Carter DeHaven's Touring Delirium Tremens, a limousine model of an Aurora Borealis color scheme; Al Reeves' 6-cylinder circus chariot, bearing his name on the door, with his familiar inscription, "Give him credit, boys;" and Annette Kellermann's pure white runabout, which afterwards she sold to the Sun's dramatic critic, Wallace Ham, and which Mr. Ham subsequently was compelled to abandon because the car manifested an irresistible tendency to plunge headlong into every river, lake and watering trough it passed.

But the rank and file stuck to the surface cars and the subway. Now it is different. The chief factor in the congestion of traffic at Broadway and Forty-second street, which makes crossing there as dangerous as at any point in Fifth avenue, is the automobiles driven by movie actors. The majority of film players would no sooner think of starting for Long Beach or Arrowhead Inn in any vehicle but their own touring car, than James Thornton would think of entraining for an engagement in a Prohibition State without his bottle of cough medicine. Why, even "Stuffy" Davis, the reformed press agent, out of the proceeds of his first engagement in the picture, "Does It Pay to Advertise?" purchased a car. It is a one-half-cylinder Robert H. Ingersoll.

Mention of Mr. Davis reminds one that the movies have proven a big boon to theatrical press agents. Harry Reichenbach, who in the Summer months sometimes wondered whether food was a fact or a theory, now gets \$15,000 a year for creating news about the Equitable. Campbell MacCulloch, who in turn tried newspaper reporting, theatrical advance work and Christian Science, is now the National Publicity Representative for the Triangle. Whitman Bennett, after a stormy experience in the Shubert office, now does his mimeographing for the Jesse L. Lasky Company. These men who formerly groveled at the feet of dramatic editors bow coldly to them now. They reserve their cordiality and their favors for the editor of the moving picture department.

Perhaps you have read of the "chorus girl famine." It actually exists. It is not, however, millionaires' sons or ptomaine poisoning that has depleted the supply. 'Tis the movies. The proud, languid show

girl, and the fluffy, irresponsible chorus girl are rapidly disappearing from the Rialto. She is present, of course, but in another incarnation. She is now a lady of the films. She never spoke lines anyhow, and so the absence of speech in the movies does not deter her.

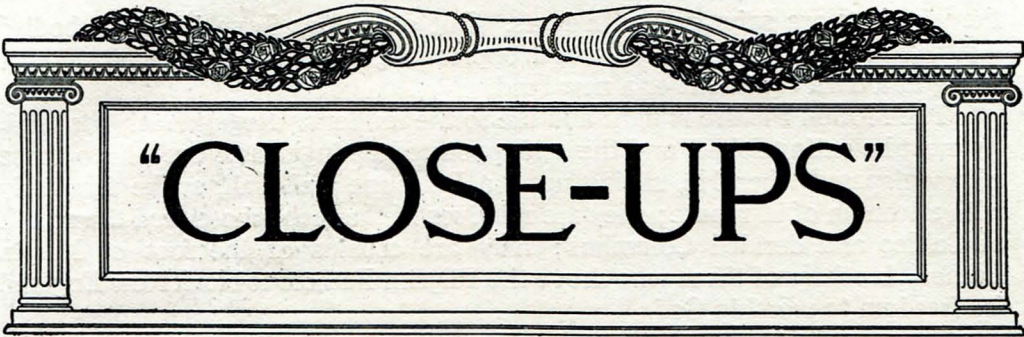
One doesn't have to think back very far to recall Janet Horton, stately, buxom and brunette, in the show girl division of "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." She is now a queen of the studios. Grace Washburn, considered by many the shapeliest of all the Ziegfeld ornaments, has made a notable success in the films. Vivian Blackburn, who once told Julian Mitchell, when he had summoned her to a ten o'clock rehearsal, that she "wouldn't get up in the middle of the night for any manager," now has her name in electric lights over many a picture house portal.

The conversation around the restaurant tables, in the Domino Room and at the St. Nicholas Rink, all popular resorts of the chorus girl, no longer bears upon the advance in price of broiled lobster, the rise and fall of the Winter skirt, the college boy and the champagne agent—all mere flapper topics—but upon "cut-backs," "close-ups" and "stills." Verily, even the dialogue of the Rialto is being rewritten by the cineamatograph.

Again the influence of the movies is shown upon the Rialto in the rehabilitation of the men that make lithographs for the theatrical profession. No business was suffering quite as much as the lithograph trade three years ago. Theatricals were in a bad way. The movies got the blame from the producers, and the latter inaugurated a system of economy in which the lithograph was first to be sacrificed. The lithograph salesman, in the palmy days the Beau Brummels of Broadway, began to take on a frayed and decadent aspect. Joseph Tooker, the most debonair of the lot, appeared in the Knickerbocker grill three days in succession wearing the same waistcoat. Walter J. Moore, the volunteer tenor of the Friars and promoter of the Rotten City Quartet, in which Sam H. Harris sings bass, became too downcast to utter a note.

Then, presto, what a change! The movie men, alert to every innovation that might increase their revenues, waged a

(Continued on page 162)



"CLOSE-UPS"

The Bondage of Expression

LIKE the armies in Flanders, the Congressional friends and foes of Federal Censorship have dug themselves in, and there is no telling how many months may elapse before a drive from the committee, or a drive into it, may clear the air and possibly end the war. At this writing only waitful watching is in order.

It is not the purpose of this column to exorcise the pious spirit of the professional reformer, to bellow about smug hypocrisy and endowed morality, to ponder on the sphinxlike ways of those filmers who suddenly raised the professional reform standard, or to rehash the old stuff of censorial charge and countercharge. The views of Photoplay Magazine on Censorship are, or should be, well known to all its readers. It aims to give the news, and accordingly, a fair account of the Congressional hearing up to the time of its committee-room inurnment will be found elsewhere in this issue. Later than this account, however, comes word of the progress of the throttling propaganda toward the speaking stage. A censorship of verbal drama has been "proposed," and by no means timidly. Books, newspapers, and periodicals next. Welcome, darkest Russia!

It may not be out of time to show that this ponderous wrestling for photoplays untrammelled by anything save the police, national enactments, state law, civic ordinances and common decency is not any new contrivance of the narrow-minded. The bondage of expression is as old as the world. From age to age men have struggled to be themselves, and to tell their real thoughts to others—and have not been permitted to do so. There has not been an art or a religion for which men have not died. Now that it is no longer *au fait* to kill the body, the descendants of the haters of progress endeavor to kill the soul.

Every age faces problems which seem to be different from the problems of any other age—because they are new phases of the old problems.

To stultify, to debase, perhaps to nullify that mighty art which is exclusively of the Twentieth Century is the self-appointed task of the Scribes and Pharisees of 1916. Our ancestors fought for the people's Bible, and got it; for common scientific knowledge, for the right to popular education, for the right to representation wherever taxed or governed, for the right to worship God as they chose, for the right to make and print books, for the right to circulate newspapers—they fought for every privilege above those of the swine. All these things are won, now. They were won in blood, by sorrow, and the memories of

the winnings are saturated with tears. But eternal as hope is the embodied miasma of spiritual and intellectual oppression; forever vanquished, forever rising in a dark continent or a new land.

The Motion Picture is light and life to the millions. Regulate it? Its vitality must be extinguished, and the self-appointed extinguishers are kin to those who whispered when He, sitting upon a Palestine well-wall, spoke familiarly with a woman of ill repute; they are relatives of the men who closed the mouth of Galileo and derided Columbus; they are cousins of the foes of Martin Luther—brothers of those who drove the Pilgrim Fathers to bleak New England for freedom to worship God.

These matters are only the reiteration of history in its eternal, proverbial round, and so they should be no cause for despair, for sorrow, or even for great perplexity. We are facing what our grandfathers faced, but our problems are no stranger than theirs would have been to their own forebears.

Man's supreme superiority lies solely in his faculty for creative expression. And to the spiritual *bourgeoise*, creative expression is something that cannot be understood or extended sympathy. Therefore it is something to be suspected. Therefore it is under the ban.



Our
Art

EVERY age has found an art-form, and these forms have progressed from country to country.

Babylonia's art was mural.

Egypt's was in its mighty mausoleums.

The Greek wedded his chisel with virgin marble.

The Roman made an art of Empire—and absorbed all

the other arts.

In latter times England gave birth to the king of drama, Italy bore *bel canto*, the Teutons made the orchestra supreme, and the painters of France can never die.

And America—

Is not America destined to perfect and perpetuate the peerless new art of The Shadow that Lives?



Motion
Picture
Poverty

ONE of the characters in George Bernard Shaw's play, "Major Barbara," declares that poverty is not a calamity but a crime, and, further, the only crime. Robbery, murder and kindred personal infringements—he insists—are petty vices; poverty is the evil universally dreaded, and the monster by whom none of us desire to be overtaken.

While Shaw overpaints for emphasis, as usual, the underlying reason in his comparative drawing is sound. And there is nothing so stupid, so criminal, as average motion picture poverty.

We confess to a total inability for sympathy with the slatternly housewife whose kitchen is in disorder, whose attire and hair match her surroundings,

whose face is a sculptured whine. We feel like laughing at the bulge-eyed slob who comes home to his family crying.

We have seen in life really pitiful poverty and genuine want, but the thing that touched our hearts was not fallen plaster, an untidy bedroom, a sloppy woman or a whimpering papa—nor even fat, dirty children.

Here are some of the things that drove the iron into our mean soul—and turned it around: a neat, clean little room with the winter sun shining brightly on its spotless destitution; a clean-shaven fellow, overcoatless in a zero blast but smiling, biting through his lips to keep his chin still, his threadbare suit neatly brushed, his patched shoes spotless; a girl brave under a summer hat of gay straw in a snowstorm; a child, empty-handed and sad-eyed, gazing at a world of pretty things and playthings its little hands might never hold.



*"Off Again,
On Again,
Gone Again—"*

THE attitude of Finnegan, laconic section foreman who reported a slight railway accident in the above telegraphic terms, seems to be the American municipal viewpoint where motion pictures are concerned. The ridiculous edict is all too readily passed, and then, when popular clamor or popular laughter proves too much for a stentorian bureaucracy, comes the wholly ridiculous recall.

Chicago furnished a gold-plated example during the past month in the city council's solemn disbaring of moving pictures from schools and churches.

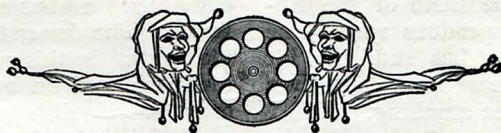
There was strenuous labor union objection, apparently because in churches and schools non-union operators might get a chance to crank.

A much larger objection was the danger of fire in portable booths—alleged.

The ordinance was reported, and filed. A determined minority brought it forth—and once more it was filed.

From the re-file it was at length dragged to the light, and was passed with the proviso making all but slow-burning film illegal.

Quite right. Better no dissemination of pictorial knowledge than obliterating disaster. But why, when proper safeguards were at hand, bar the great optic educator, the great visualizer of religion, at all? Why the months of vain councilar thunder?



Marooned In London

ANEMIC ENGLISH FILMS CAUSE
CRAZE FOR U. S. PICTURES;
CHAPLINITIS IS EPIDEMIC

By Harry C. Carr



WE were marooned in London. Cully was a New York linen merchant trying to coax a shipload of table linen through the English blockade. I had been with the German army and had come to England in the hope of seeing a Zeppelin raid. Neither the Zep nor the shipload of linen seemed in any hurry about coming.

One day Cully discovered that I was a movie fan. About the same time I discovered that Cully was a movie fan. After that we didn't care if we had to stay in London forever. Life, for us, was just one movie after another. We looked them over rather thoroughly.

There is a lot doing in the movie business in London. "The Birth of the Nation" is having a stupendous run. The Charley Chaplin fever has suddenly hit the village and it is the worst attack I ever saw any city have over anything. And I have witnessed some severe attacks. Not the least exciting of the events in the London movie world is a periodic attempt to boycott American films.

They were having mass meetings to dis-

cuss the horrible outrages perpetrated by the American film companies when I arrived in London.

It all came up over Charley Chaplin. As I say, London is mad over Chaplin. I saw every musical revue in London and I didn't see one revue that didn't have at least one actor dressed up to take off Charley Chaplin.

In one revue, there was a whole chorus of Chaplins. These take-offs, by the way, were very clever. English actors are good at that sort of thing.

On the Strand, every theater that could possibly grab one was showing one of Chaplin's old worn out films. Two rival houses near Charing Cross were showing "By the Sea" and "The Tramp." The best house in London, when I left in November, was advertising as a "coming attraction," Charley Chaplin in "Tilly's Punctured Romance."

And here came the row. The Essanay refused to let the London managers have the Chaplin films unless they would take the whole Essanay program. The managers raised a terrible yell and tried to cut out American films entirely. Their boycott failed. The demand for Chaplin films was too great. In this rebellion they were cordially cheered on by the English producers. The English producers have a grouch of their own against American films.

The last budget imposed a heavy tax both upon films imported in a raw state and finished film ready for production. As most of the film used in English studios comes

from America, both the English producers and the American releasing companies have suffered by the tax. But the Englishmen claim they got the worst of it.

"These films that are sent to England have all paid for themselves before you send them over. Anything you get over here is what you call, in America, 'velvet.' So you can afford to pay this tax. We can't."

Producing is still in a crude state over there. There are two or three financially powerful companies; but one of the magnates told me that he was going to import a bunch of American directors to put his plays on. He said they knew the job better. It is to be feared that some of his American importations are peddling old stuff to him. One day, at breakfast, Cully picked up a newspaper and simply shrieked. He pointed out an advertisement of a "great novelty." It was a scenario contest. All the rules for writing the things were solemnly and judiciously set forth.

The English films are by no means bad, however. All except the comedies. They are extremely dismal affairs.

I remember seeing one British photoplay called "The Faith of a Child," that was very well done. It was a government affair in connection with Lord Roberts'

moving picture actors than as fighters. The British Indian troops haven't proved to be such demons of battle as we have been led to believe from the Kipling stories. But anyhow, their picture was a good one.

The few British comedies we saw were inclined to be ponderous. One, for instance, concerned the adventures of a young lady who dressed in boy's clothes and got a mean old miser to contribute to a charity fund by pretending to hold him up. She got into his house by hiding inside an old chest, etc. Punk stuff!

With all the historic buildings of London and the picturesque sea coast towns and the great country estates, there are wonderful chances for "locations," but they don't seem to make the best of them. At the present time, of course, travel around English sea coasts is decidedly restricted. One of the finest known methods of getting shot as a spy is to mess around one of the English seaport towns with a camera.

One of the difficulties in taking outdoor pictures in England is the shortage of sunshine. So much of the year the sky is hazy and overcast. The English producers told me, however, that when they get the light it is peculiarly white and strong.

We noticed in London that the actors were not featured as we feature them. I have on my desk a London paper containing several movie house advertisements. In only two instances are the names of the film actors mentioned—Francis X. Bush-



Indian Fund. The picture, with the exception of four or five principals, was acted by British-Indian troops. There were Rajputs, Dogras, Pathans, Sikhs, and Gurkhas. Judging from what the British officers told me, these troops were more successful as

Judging from what the British officers told me, these troops were more successful as moving picture actors than as fighters.

man in "The Second in Command," and Charley Chaplin in—well it doesn't say in what. Just a wild exuberant triumphant, "Charley Chaplin! Charley Chaplin! Charley Chaplin!"

When "Tilly's Punctured Romance" came to London, they advertised it as a Charley Chaplin play. Miss Dresler and Mabel Normand were not mentioned.

No such ravages have been made upon the legits in England as in this country. I never heard before of any one of the actors we saw in the English films.

They have a peculiar custom at the London movie houses of selling you a program in which the plot of the picture is told. Evidently they do not consider the subtitles a sufficient guide! It is a safe and sane literary life-line but somewhat tough on the film authors who depend upon dramatic suspense. They even tell the plot of the Keystone comedies! Cully and I agreed that to be able to tell the plot of a Keystone comedy requires real genius. We were willing to bet that Mack Sennett couldn't.

But here it was in the program!

"From Patch to Plenty.

"The lady meets with an accident and in the excitement which follows loses her bag of bonds. Hogan, out on the stroll, discovers them. Now commences the time of his life. Yes, he goes in for polo playing and gets great sport and so do the spectators.

Next, he turns to yachting but the sea does not agree with him. Finally he gives a big party and this proves his undoing."

There you are. The movie operator can't slip anything over on you. Another

advantage is that if the joke doesn't hit you right in the theater, you can take it home and study over it a while and laugh a day or two later.

Coming down to the theaters themselves, Cully and I stuck up our American noses in bitter and contemptuous scorn; but the man in the box office got even with us. There isn't a picture house in London that can compare with our good ones. Down on the Strand they show the films in old shops made over into theaters with a sheet at one end and kitchen chairs.

In Piccadilly and Oxford Circus and Regent Street there are a few fair houses, but none of them could get by in Broadway.

All theater seats in London cost like fury and the pictures are no exception. In the cheap joints on the Strand the seats range from sixpence to a shilling. In the better houses, the seats are a shilling and two shillings with an extra sixpence for your program. Unless you want to pay another sixpence to have your hat checked, you hold it with your overcoat and your gloves and stick in a bundle in your lap. When somebody tries to slide past all this plunder, it requires the joint co-operation of a snow plow and a traffic policeman.

(Continued on page 175)



I didn't see one revue that didn't have at least one actor dressed up to take off Charley Chaplin.

PETE "PROPS"

THE CONTINUED PLAINT OF A PICTURE PROPERTY MAN

By Kenneth McGaffey

Drawings by E. W. Gale, Jr.

III

CAN you beat dat? All dat nut director wanted me to do was to move a oil painting about three inches. Called me clean across de stage to do it when he and de step ladder was standing side by side and wid de help of a coupla actors he coulda moved it hisself. Some day something is going to be invented as crazy as dese directors and den a lot of dem will have to go to woik. Dey are nuttin but a lot of boiler makers gone wrong anyway.

I was telling you about de trip we made to Catalina Islands to shoot de rock effect out of de window:

Dere we are out on de bounding billows in a snide launch full of scenery and actors. Dere was no dock nor nuttin to land de stuff. Nuttin but a misses size row boat and a sandy beach and de waves abouncing away on dat to beat de cars.

I could see meself wid de bay winder clasped in me loving arms romping in de surf trying to keep its feet dry.

"Come on—hurry up," says de nut director.

"Which goes first?" I says, squintin' at

de beautiful waves, "props or actors?"

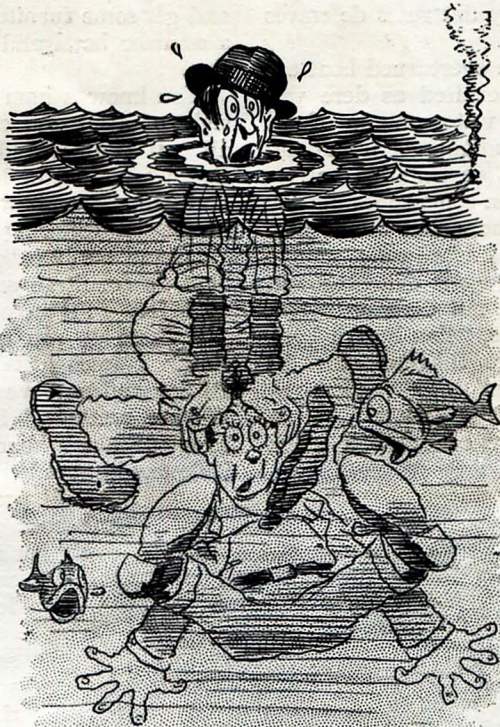
"Send de actors first," he says, "we may not be able to land and I don't want to muss up a lot of scenery. Scenery," he says to me, "scenery costs money. Put de

ingenue and de character woman aboard on separate trips because we can't ask too much of dis little skift."

Luck was wid me. De leading man gave me a half dollar to carry him ashore so he wouldn't get his feet wet and as I pretty near got to land, a fresh wave jumped on me and we bot went under. De big stiff of a ham fatter wanted his four bits back 'cause he said I held him under. I didn't do no such ting. All I did was to use his head to push meself out of de water so I wouldn't get me nose wet. Salt water makes me sneeze. He nearly broke his corsets trying to cough de ocean out of his system.

We darn near had to get a wrecking tug to get de character woman ashore. She needed two boats de size of de one we had.

We finally gets all de troupers ashore and hangs de handsome lead in front of a fire to dry out. Den we starts back in de



"All I did was to use his head to push meself out of de water so I wouldn't get me nose wet."

boat for de production. Each piece of it was about five feet wide and fourteen feet long an' made out of compoboard to make it more difficult. Dey only weighed 'bout a ton apiece. We got dem ashore widout gettin' dem more dan all wet and den came de bay winder—twelve by twelve—and de boat was only ten feet long. De winders was dese little square panes to make dem pretty. We gets de winder over de side of de boat and onto de skiff and starts to take it ashore. We was a getting along fine when along comes Mr. Wave and tips over de whole works and we all go to de bottom togeder. When me bean showed above water, the nut director tried to hit it wid a rock. To hear him jump up and down on de beach and tell it, I was dis Britannica guy dat rules de waves an' I did it a purpose.

I clum on top of de overturned boat an' told him not to get excited as dere was only fourteen feet of water on top of his little winder and we might get it out dat same day. Some of dose Catalina natives dived down and tied on some ropes and by and by we get her ashore, but all de nice water colored paint is washed off.

All of us workin' guys is dripping wet, but does dat worry de nut director? Not for a minute. He says, "You beat it back and borrow some nice furniture for dis set while we eat lunch."

"When does we eat?" I says.

"Oh," he says, "you can grab a snack

while you are going after de furniture. You need only carry one piece at a time so you will have de oder hand free to eat a sanwich wid as you are walking back and fort. But," he says, "don't try to carry no java as you are liable to spill it and stain the furniture."

Can you beat dat? And unless I have me java in de middle of de day I am a total loss.

"I'm all wet," I says. "Don't I get no chance to dry out?"

"Oh, dat's all right," says de nut director, "just stand up in de front end of de boat going back and you will be dry by de time you gets back if you don't freeze to deat and fall into de water again."

We gets back to de town and prance up and get some furniture off a guy what runs a summer hotel and goes back to de location.

You know a ham actor when he gets in sight of a lot of free food. He just loses all self control and tries to bust hisself. Dey wasn't nuttin left but de paper napkins when we shows up and most of de troupe was suffering from indigestion.

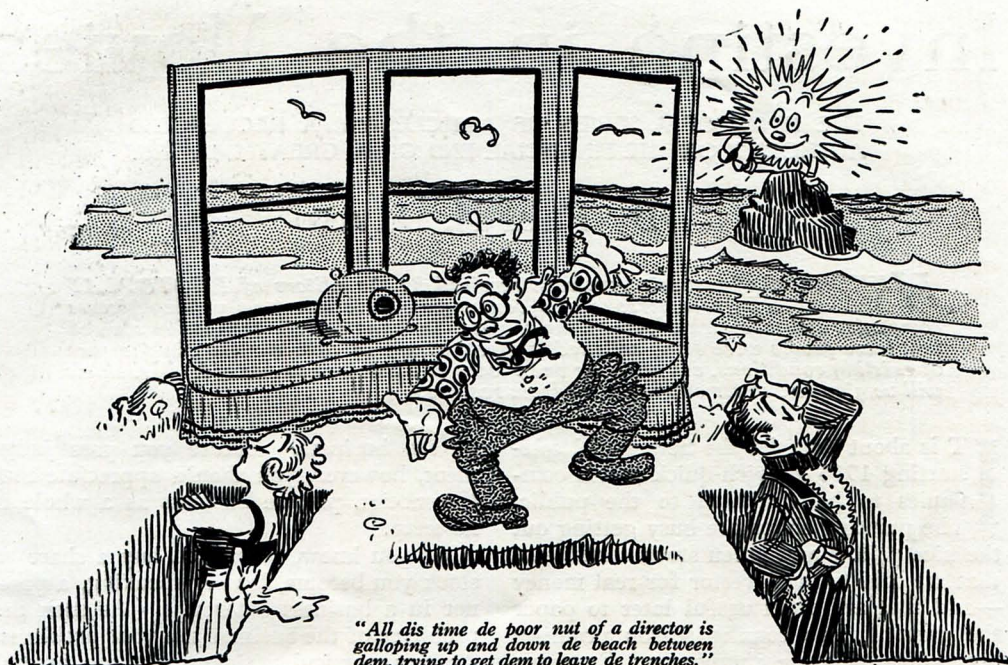
"Come on boys," de nut director says, "get de furniture ashore and get de stuff up before de light goes."

"Where do you get dis 'Come on boys' stuff," I says. "We been come on boys all day and now we wants our little lunch. We are brothers," I says, "an' we got to have our lunch hour or we will walk out. Rule one hundred and four," I says, "calls dat all property men shall have one hour for lunch and if dey don't get it, dey are entitled to walk out and notify de local."

"Walk right out," says de director, "and when you gets out about a mile, duck under and notify de local," he says. "Day ain't no local here but me," he says, "and I tells you to slap up dat set and be quick about it or I'll bust you wid a tripod leg."

What was dere left for me to do? Like as not if I had got too gay he would have left me flat to starve to deat where





"All dis time de poor nut of a director is galloping up and down de beach between dem, trying to get dem to leave de trenches."

I was. I had to go to work wid a shovel and clean all de grass off de place while a lot of ham actors didn't do nuttin but sit around and tell how good dey was. Great big burlys dat got dere start in life wid a pick in dere hands sitting around sucking on tailor made cigarettes and me working like a dog. Dat may be dere idea of de show business, but it ain't mine. I told dem dat some time dey might have to play a shoveling scene and now was a darn good chanct to rehearse, but dey just sat around and licked der lips over de lunch dey had et, dat I didn't get none of.

I finally gets de ground all cleaned off and a carpet down an' starts to trow up the flats. Being full of water, dey didn't weigh more dan a ton apiece but do you tink any of does guys would give us a hand? Not on your life.

I gets de furniture in de bay winder all painted, de curtains all hung and even pitchers on de wall. I'm too busy to notice what de hams are doing. All of a sudden, I hear Lizzie tell Harold to go to hell or words to dat effect, and get up and go sit down by herself. Harold looks mad enough to break a cigarette right in two and walks up and down biting his little pink finger nails.

"What's up?" I asks the camera-man.

"Oh, nuttin but a riot," he says. "Harold has it all figured out dat Lizzie has ten more feet of scenes and two more closeups dan he's got and tinks dere is a rank conspiracy on between de director and de heads of de firm to discredit him and take away his rights as a star. Harold says he ain't going to do no more scenes wid Lizzie unless he can face de camera and Lizzie says she will see him dead first, as he knows her black hair is turning grey and wants to make a shine out of her before de very eyes of her thousands of admirers. De director says dey will do de scene as he says or take dere notice."

Its just anudder side of de infernal triangle. Lizzie knows dat if dey go into a clinch for a kiss, Harold will pull some of dis Greco-Roman stuff and hog de lense. She says she will take de scene if dere ain't no wrestling in de clinches and she can have both arms free.

Den dey are bot sore at de bum rock de nut director has picked out for an effect, because dey tink it is trying to steal dere scene.

All dis time de poor nut of a director is gallopin' up and down de beach between dem trying to get dem to leave de trenches, but dey has bot dug themselves in and are

(Continued on page 171)

Investing in the Movies

THE NINTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY A RECOGNIZED
AUTHORITY ON THE FINANCIAL END OF A GREAT INDUSTRY

By Paul H. Davis

HUNDREDS of requests have been received by the editors of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE from persons who contemplate investment in moving picture companies and who seek advice on the subject. In many cases investigation showed that these people were being solicited to invest money in concerns that, in the face of existing conditions, did not have one chance in a hundred to succeed. Mr. Davis will be glad to answer any inquiries from readers.

IT is about time for the new model self-starting 1916 get-rich-quick movie companies to be exhibited to the public.

The printing shops are busy getting out the nice yellow and green stock certificates that are sold to the investor for real money—and that are often useful later to paper the garret. The coming season promises big returns for the promoters. Everyone is enthusiastic about the movies. All your friends are fans. Every paper and magazine you read has story after story about this great industry. You also hear the glowing, though often exaggerated, accounts of profits made in stock in and out of Wall Street. These two big news items are often put together so that the words "Movies" and "Profits" are thought by many to be synonymous.

No one doubts that the motion picture industry is here to stay. Its place in the social life of the nation, of the world, is established. But, as I have pointed out in other articles, the business is so rapid and its changes so sudden it is almost impossible to predict how this industry will finally crystallize.

Many prospective investors have asked for specific information concerning the future success of specific motion picture companies. It is difficult to answer with any degree of certainty for the established concerns, and harder still for those just breaking into the game.

You are the real basis of the motion picture business—for you are the patron who demands and enjoys the photoplays. You, too, may be the possible inventor. It's your own money that is risked. You often can predict success or failure more accurately than a man narrowed by the detail

of the business. Before you pass judgment, however, you should appreciate that the motion picture business as a whole is no snap.

As you know, when you buy a share of stock you become, loosely speaking, a partner in a business enterprise. As such the problems of the business are your problems. At this particular time there are several angles of the business that are causing a lot of worry. Before investing in the movies it may interest you to consider several of the more important problems.

You have read many times of the enormous salaries paid to movie actors. When you hear of the earnings of Mary Pickford, Billie Burke, Charlie Chaplin, and a long list of others, you naturally say to yourself, "Any business that can pay such salaries must be the real thing. The men who contract for these stars are surely making so much money they are ashamed of themselves." Unfortunately this is not always the case. Movie men say that the salaries now paid leave little profit for the producers and distributors.

A well known producer said to me last week: "Something will break soon. We can't stand the strain of high prices much longer. Only a year or two ago a star could be engaged for two hundred dollars a week, which, though a high price, gave us a chance to make a little money. Today we must pay from three hundred dollars a week up to several thousand for a star of the same magnitude. The public has been educated to demand these high-priced actors. We must supply the demand—and usually at the star's own figure. If this situation continues long I fear for the future of the producing end of the busi-

ness because of this tremendous drain."

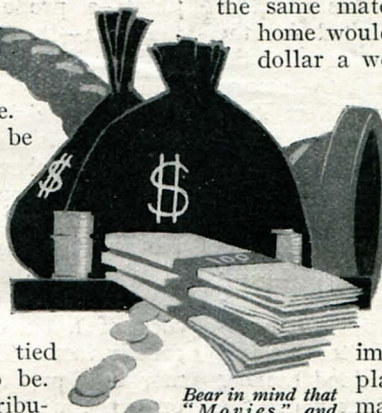
New concerns have had a lot to do with the development of this condition. I know of several companies, called "promotions" by some people, that have engaged stars at outlandish figures merely to have a "working asset." Most of these companies have not only made no profit for themselves, but they have injured the industry greatly by helping to establish an artificial worth for the actors.

The same may be said also of the directors. As a matter of fact the aggregate salary list of most motion picture concerns has reached an almost prohibitive figure. Some adjustment must be brought about. It is well to have this problem in mind. When a new concern says it has "This great star" under contract, figure out for yourself whether this is an asset or a millstone tied where a necktie ought to be.

The producer, the distributor and the exhibitor stay awake nights trying to forecast the public taste. The public always wants something new. It is mighty hard to figure out what that something new should be. Not so long ago the demand was for single reel productions—each reel a complete story. Then came pictures of various lengths,—serials,—adaptations of famous books and plays. I know of a producer who has twenty thousand dollars invested in the photoplay rights of a series of plays. If for any reason, or lack of reason, the public taste changes before these plays are released, the investment will be a loss. A few months ago long comedies were successful. Today the public seems to want short, snappy laughs. One producer made a fine five reel comedy when the vogue for such appeared to be at its height. He was a few weeks too late in releasing his photoplay. He has already lost several thousand dollars on this one production. The organization you invest in must be able to anticipate the public demands—for each picture must be planned and made weeks or months before it is shown to the public. Some companies

seem to be able to guess the demand—but it may be good fortune with them. There may come a time when the public taste will become standardized and classified. That's what the movie men hope for.

You are familiar with the ways of Mr. David W. Griffith, who spares no expense to get the finesse of artistic effects. He has set a pace for the rest of the producers. Nowadays realism predominates the photoplay. If the story calls for a millionaire's drawing-room, a real drawing-room is built—not of canvas and paint, but of the same materials that the millionaire's home would be built of. Dollar down, dollar a week furniture and props are of the past. If the scene calls for elegance you will find genuine Oriental rugs on the floor. The gowns of the movies are planned by the great modistes of the country. This artistic development is a wonderful thing for the business, for it adds an important value to the photoplay. But it takes careful management to keep this up and still make a profit.



Bear in mind that "Movies" and "Profits" are not always synonymous.

The courts recently handed down a decision against the General Film Company, on the ground that it was a "bad trust." As I have explained in several articles, the nature of the motion picture business is such that it must develop along big lines. The producer, to make money, must produce many pictures. The exchange must distribute to many theatres. The exhibitor must show to large audiences. Organization worked out to the finest detail will eventually take the place of the present somewhat chaotic economic form of the industry.

Not until the industry is organized will it be a safe sane plan for the investor who does not want to take a flier. Every week one hears of proposed moves on the part of movie men and bankers to bring about such organization. These plans usually end up, "Let George do it." Everyone is waiting until the Government and the courts define more accurately how far one can go in lining up the film business. It is hoped by everyone that this problem will soon be solved.

Congress recognizes that the motion pic-

ture industry is one of the nation's greatest industries. It compliments its development by desiring to have some supervision over it. Right now there is much agitation over the form of the censorship bill before a committee of the House. Many states and municipalities now censor all films. Every manufacturer must produce film that will "get by" the censors of the different states. The human equation is the great factor here. A film that is approved in Chicago may not do at all in Columbus or Philadelphia. If the Government also takes a hand this situation will be still further complicated for the movie men. One of the early forms of the bill now being considered had the screws on so tight that a producer in New York could not take scenes in New Jersey and bring them to its plant in New York to be developed without having the scenes inspected. If Government censorship is instituted it will doubtless be a fair censorship—but while the system is being installed there is liable to be a lot of expensive confusion. I shall speak of this problem later when the case is better defined. But inasmuch as it has a decided bearing on the business it will pay you to watch the developments.

Competition is stronger today than ever before—in part of course because the European market for film is far below normal, making American producers hustle to sell all they can on this side. New concerns at this time find it difficult to market their products. The established concerns with their well-developed markets are producing more and better films than at any time in the past. It stands to reason that a new concern cannot make the headway, unaided, that it could have made a few years ago. There is one producing company that has made over fifty photoplays. People who have seen these films say they are for the

most part excellent; yet not one reel has been released. It is the old story—the manufacturer jumped at the business before securing a sure market for his product. I am told this particular concern has \$250,000 invested in plant and completed photoplays. A market may be developed—but that remains to be seen. I know of another company, now out of business, that had \$100,000 to spend. Ten photoplays were produced—they are still on the shelf. One hears of such ventures every week—yet the promoters say "all you need is a plant—a producing company—grind out the film—it sells itself." This market problem is a serious one.

A new and very practical problem is confronting the industry, one that appears minor but is most important. Practically all of the chemicals used in the motion picture arts come from abroad. Certain of the coal tar products necessary for the development of negatives are not to be had at any price. Numerous American substitutes are being tried out. If they are not successful, the cost of production will be greatly increased. At this time, when the margin of profits is not over large, this may put any concern that is not well established out of the running. This situation probably will not be mentioned in the stock circular you will receive of the new "Wonder Film Company," or whatever it is.

All these problems have a decided bearing on an investment you may make in the movies. I call your attention to these problems lest they be shadowed in the glowing success of the industry as a whole. In the next few months there will be many changes in the business. If you can afford to risk picking the winners—go to it. But bear in mind that the words "Movies" and "Profits" are not always synonymous, and while most stock certificates look like a million dollars—paper is cheap.

Have You a Friend

to whom you would like to introduce Photoplay Magazine?

A specimen copy of some previous issue will be sent to any address in the United States on application by card or letter to

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

"Beauty and Brains" Contest Closed

ELEVEN WINNERS TO BE SELECTED
BY JUDGES FROM 7,000 ENTRANTS
ARE TO BE MADE PUBLIC MAY 1ST

THE great "Beauty and Brains" Contest is now closed.

And now comes the important feature of it all—the selection of the eleven winners, who are to be given the opportunity of a life-time; a chance to win fame and fortune as stars in the big new world of the photodrama.

The names of the eleven winners will be announced in the issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE that appears on the news stands May 1. Their photographs will appear in a special art section of that issue.

Now as to the contest. In the six months from the opening date, September 1, 1915, to the final day for receiving entries, February 29, 1916, approximately seven thousand girls from all over the United States and Canada sent letters in response to the query: "Why would you like to become a moving picture actress?"

With the letters which were to attest the quality of their brains, came photographs to give ocular proof of their claims to beauty. And there were more than 20,000 photographs, as most of the contestants were apparently unwilling to submit their case to the judges on but a single pose.

The number of entrants greatly exceeded the most sanguine expectations of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as did the

Some Whys

"Because I want to love my work at the end of the day."

"I have been reared in a family of talent and fed on printer's ink."

"I am a descendant of Abraham Lincoln; am at present book-keeper."

"To me it is a deep, thirsting call, like a lion pacing in his narrow house."

"Having been born and raised in a small town, my very soul is chained to the town pump."

"To be able to enjoy the luxuries that every actress who makes good can have."

"I have waited for a chance to show the world that tall girls can be just as charming as small ones. I am six feet tall."

"Am forty - five years old, quantities of prematurely white hair. Diabolical mixture of ancestry—French, Irish, Jewish."

general average of mentality shown by a superficial inspection of the letters. As for the photographic display—well, we feel rather sorry for the judges, for a tremendous task is in store for them, as they will be confronted with most of the feminine beauty of the North American continent.

A final change in the board of Judges has been made. The place occupied by Mr. Lewis J. Selznick is taken by Mr. Arthur H. Spiegel, new president and general manager of the World Film Corporation, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's partner in "Beauty and Brains" Contest. As the new head of the World Film Corporation he takes a deep interest in the success of the contest and all that concerns its entrants.

The Judges will assemble on or about March 10, test the claims of the entrants, and determine as soon as possible the selection of the eleven winners—two from each of the five Grand Divisions of the United States and one from the Grand Division of Canada.

This announcement made, the winners will be notified how and where to assemble, under conduct of the Matron-in-Chief, preparatory to the actual garnering of the coveted prize they have won. Of course it is perfectly understood that there will be no expenses to the winning contestants from the time of leaving

home. Arriving in New York they will be "tried out" as to their fitness to become the stars they aspire to be, in the studios of the World Film Corporation, across the Hudson, at Fort Lee. Those who are accepted will be given each a one-year's contract without further waiting. Those who fail to stand the test—and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the World Film Corporation earnestly hope *there will not be one failure* among the eleven—will be returned to their homes, all expenses paid. All travel, hotel and other accommodations will be of the best.

Unfortunately, a great many of the entrants broke a good many of the Contest rules and thereby disqualified themselves from being considered by the judges. The most serious infraction was failure to "WRITE YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON THE BACK OF EACH PHOTOGRAPH." In every issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE since the opening of the Contest that rule was among the plainly printed conditions governing the Contest. Almost without exception (and that was quite proper) entrants mailed their letters separate from their photographs. How, then, could PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE know whose photograph it was if name and address were omitted? Or to whom to return photographs where that was requested? Entrants who broke this rule imposed upon themselves a double penalty: They automatically eliminated themselves from consideration, and they

"Because my married life is unhappy."

"As for passion, I have a soul brim full."

"I adore sadness and would love to act in sad pictures."

"Have lived among the Navajo Indians. Speak their language."

"I want so to be the first deaf movie actress in the wide world."

"I am tired of being a parasite, and wish to become a movie-sight."

"My disposition is mercurial. I should like the opportunity to express it."

"I am a Jewess, a college graduate, a social worker among both the highest and lowest types of the human race."

cannot have their photographs back—they are stacked away in the Contest's "Dead Letter Office" and there is no possible means of identifying one from another in response to written request for their return. Another rule frequently unobserved was the enclosing of postage for photos' return. A few contestants failed to put their address in their letters, but in most cases this was supplied from the postmark on the envelope.

The universality of the appeal which moving pictures, "the new art," makes to people the world over, might be aptly indexed as an expression of the psychology of the race. The fact that seven thousand persons responded to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's offer to afford to eleven persons an opportunity to become "movie" stars is not in itself the important fact. That these seven thousand represent all classes and all ages

among the people of the North American Continent is.

Ambition is no respecter of places, but photoplay desire covers the earth like a dream-lighted mist. Out of it there came to the ringing of these Contest bells shapes with outstretched hands, and eyes that wisted, and running feet, and lips that framed the silent words, "Take me! Oh, take me!" Shapes were they of every age, from every place where men have built them roof. Out of the deep snows of the Dominion they rose and hurried; from fringed beaches of the South they called; flower



Beauty and Brains "Abroad." This voluntary display appeared in the window of Shepherd's Magazine Store, Salt Lake City, Utah.



"In the thick of the fray." Pictures to right of them, pictures to left of them, letters by thousands—The filing staff at the "front."

land of the West and teeming markets of the East knew them, and the peopled spaces and the wastes that lie between. And, "I will make good!" glittered on the guidon of every one. Seven thousand answered the ringing of the bells.

No phase of life that they knew it not. The daughters of the rich sent their message of Desire from sumptuous homes. The windows of factory and shop and office and store opened to let them speak. Drudgery petitioned release, toil asked for a chance; education framed phrases and culture pressed its claims. The widow with a child to rear offered themselves and asked for work, the fatherless daughter with family burdens to support besought a trial—just one trial. A husband and wife wished to sell out their business if they could only "get into" the new world of the shadows. Girls whose parents' wealth has given them college advantages and travel in foreign lands, and lonely girls buried in little towns behind high walls of little things, shared one common passion—the oppor-

"I will not sit with folded hands and see the world go by."

"There has always burned in my veins a yearning for adventure."

"I live in a mining camp, and but few realize the monotony of it all."

"I am poor, therefore people have sneered and scoffed when I sought a chance."

"Can safely say it wouldn't be long till I was known as the most beautiful girl on the screen."

"Is there anything more gratifying to a woman's vanity than to have her charms and virtues lauded?"

tunity to "make good on the movie stage."

There is the wistful Pennsylvania girl—the one who said that, having been born and raised in a small town, her very soul was chained to the town pump. And the girl who has poured barrels of tea and chocolate and is weary of it. And the college graduate who quotes Ruskin—the letter that topped the one from the girl who thinks there is more money in making faces on a screen than in making hats behind one; the millionaire's secretary who's weary of her task and the wife of the successful young stockbroker who, having fortune already, must needs woo fame.

Then there is the daughter of the governor of one of the great Southern states and in an adjoining state, another girl who is first cousin to one of the great screen actors and is desirous of emulating his success.

It is the strange yet world-old psychology of the hope of the human heart to adventure into the new and the wonderful, to seek there the Gift of Heart's Desire.



*Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky,
about to enter their car in
front of Mr. Lasky's Holly-
wood residence. A Stagg
photograph, taken especially
for Photoplay Magazine.*

Why Aren't We Killed?

A KEYSTONE CONFSSION WHICH MUST
NOT BE READ BY INSURANCE AGENTS

By Randolph Bartlett

"I DIDN'T raise my wife to be a widow, but—" Roscoe Arbuckle paused, slanted a critical eye down a steep banister, twenty-five feet as the crow flies, and then added: "We are getting a little behind on Keystone releases, and the thing must be done."

It was no prop banister, though, as befitted the use to which it was dedicated, it was well propped. The general outstanding idea for which it had been erected in the Fort Lee studio was that Mr. Arbuckle should slide down it, take a flying leap as he neared the newel post, grab a chandelier, swing around half a dozen times, say "Now I lay me," and drop. They didn't want to build the banister; it cost too much. They tried to get "locations," but the locators would take a look at Roscoe and then a fond look at the old home banister, and guess they would like to keep the family mansion intact yet a while. Besides, there are few home grown banisters which would look kindly upon the idea of three hundred and eighty-five

pounds of comedy doing an avalanche down their tender spines, so a special banister was built.

Roscoe looked the banister over and under, and up and down, and decided that, upon the whole, it was a right peart banister. To make sure he exploded a few

tons of nitro-glycerine under it, and as it did not budge, the chances were it might hold his weight, when said weight was going at the enthusiastic speed of a French shell on its way toward a German trench. So he tried a slide down it. Half way down, something happened. Nobody knows what it was exactly, but the net result was a well-known comedian reclining gracefully upon the floor, with the most of his three hundred and eighty-five pounds sustained by a protesting neck. So he tried it again, and with similar results. You would hardly think a human neck could stand the pressure. But he tried it two or three more times, and always about the same point in the descent he lost his balance, doing an Annette Kellerman to the



Half way down, something happened. . . . and a well known comedian reclined gracefully upon the floor, with most of his three hundred and eighty-five pounds sustained by a protesting neck.



"In one scene I was backed against a tree by a runaway Ford."

floor instead of a Wright Brothers to the chandelier. Finally he rubbed his neck and remarked to Ferris Hartman, who was standing sympathetically near:

"I guess we'll have to take it that way."

So when you see the Triangle-Keystone release "He Did and He Didn't," you will know what it means, to wit: He did survive, but he didn't take much interest in the fact.

You would have every right to expect that, after a man had been doing this sort of thing a few years, his friends would speak of him in subdued voices, and say how nice and green his grave was being kept. But for three years, Roscoe Arbuckle and Mabel Normand, "Fatty and Mabel," the team of a thousand laughs, have performed hair-raising feats for the purpose

of giving the public comedy thrills, Roscoe the while, putting on weight, and Mabel just about holding her own, which makes for mirth and beauty in both cases. Yet when you ask them why it is they haven't been killed long ago, they disagree. It is the only point upon which there is not perfect harmony in the Keystone camp.

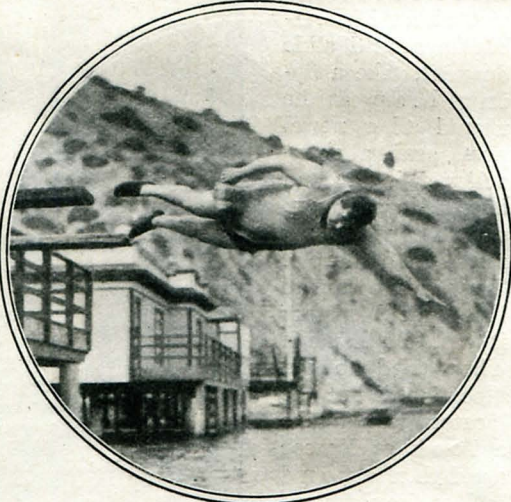
Arbuckle is very prosaic about it. "I am the only man my size and weight the New York Life Insurance Company ever issued a policy to," he says. "I am five feet, eleven inches tall, and weigh three hundred and eighty-five pounds, which is forty per cent more than the law allows. But I passed every physical test they put up to me."

In other words, A, in addition to standing for Arbuckle, stands for acrobatic, agile, athletic, able-bodied, alert, active, animated, alive, astir, and so on.

Miss Normand lacks this positiveness, and not without cause.

"Why have you never been killed?" I

"When people see it they know they are seeing real stunts."



asked her, with the utmost of sincerity.

"Why haven't I? Why—I have. I guess you don't read the Los Angeles papers."

"But it wasn't permanent."

"That didn't make it any better while it lasted," the fair Mabel insisted.

"How did it happen?"

"Roscoe sat on my head by mistake. I was unconscious for twelve days, and laid up for three months. Don't talk to me

about being killed—I've been through it," and Mabel's eyes took upon themselves that dreamy, distant gaze you read about. I think she was offering up a little prayer of thanks for being alive, as I know I always should, if Roscoe Arbuckle sat on my head and I lived to talk about it.

"But that was your only serious death in all your adventures, thus far?"

"Yes, but I just live along from day to day. I never make any plans. Nobody in the world lives up to the literal instruction, 'Take no thought for the morrow,' like I do. What's the use of making plans to go places or marry people, when like as not you will have to write a note saying, 'Excuse me. I did want to become your blushing bride today, but it's no go. I was killed yesterday doing a high dive into a tank of brickbats.'"

"Then you're always afraid you are going to be killed, when you have a rough stunt to handle?"

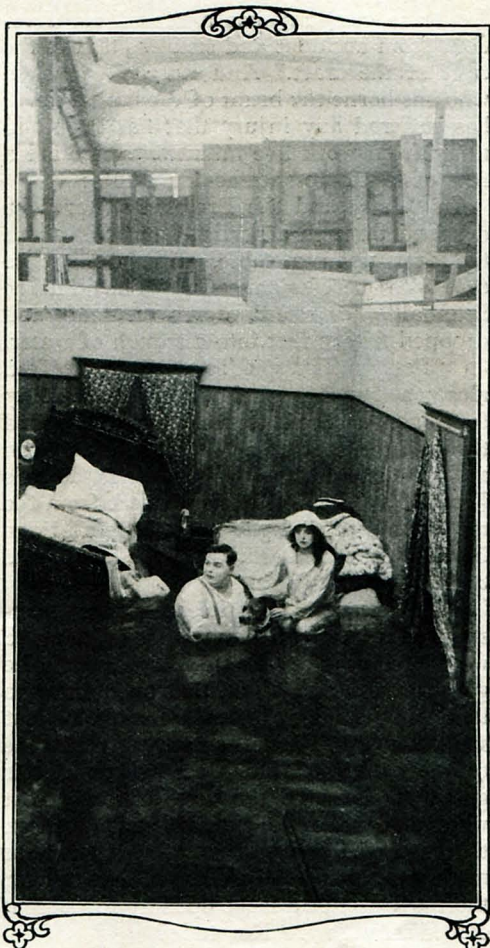
"Afraid?" and Mabel was daintily angry. "Who said anything about being afraid? I'm usually in too big a hurry to be scared,



Mabel Normand driving a racing Fiat with Teddy Tetzlaff, dare-devil driver, acting as her mechanic.

but I just absolutely *know* I am going to be killed. When I come through alive I am so surprised that I feel quite sure it isn't myself at all, and want to be introduced to the woman that's hanging around in my clothes."

So there you have the Keystone policy of preparedness in a nutshell—sort of filopena. Roscoe believes in strength and speed, and



Fatty and Mabel Adrift in the recent comedy of that name, and the water was cold too.

Mabel believes in anticipating the worst. It was to be expected that a quest of this sort would uncover a great assortment of lifesaving ideas, elaborate preparations for protecting the players from injury. You naturally look for a fully equipped Department of Human Accessories, so that when the ambulance corps telephones in for a size 8¾ left hind leg, or a dark blue eye No. 1986, the order can be filled immediately. You expect to find a supply of ready made artificial limbs that would make a Soldiers' Home seem like a gymnasium, and a Red Cross service beside which those adjacent to the European unpleasantness are mere training schools for the kindergarten. Not so. Here is the remarkable fact:

Notwithstanding all its rough work the

Keystone company has a record for freedom from accident and sickness that is the envy of the craft. And Roscoe Arbuckle, who has borne the brunt of the battle, never has suffered any injury that has kept him away from work five minutes. Here are a few of his more spectacular stunts:

In "Fatty and the Broadway Stars" he dropped through a skylight and fell about ten feet upon a table, with nothing to ease the percussion. In "The Village Scandal" he rolled down a roof and dropped fifteen feet into a trough of water. In "Fatty's Tintype Tangle" he walked along a bunch of telephone wires thirty feet above the ground, and dropped through the roof of a house, lighting upon a bed eighteen feet below. In "Fatty's Jonah Day" he dived seventy feet from the top of an electric light mast above a bridge in Hollenbeck Park, Los Angeles, into twelve feet of water.

The question that keeps arising constantly, is how can they tell it is going to work? How does Roscoe know, when he goes through a skylight, that he is going to land on the table, instead of stabbing out several ribs with its corner? When he rolls off the roof, how does he know he is going to land in the comparatively soft water and not mash out his young life on the edge of the trough? Are preparations made so that if any of these mishaps occur, there will not be a large opening for a stout comedian with the Keystone?

"Why, we figure it out on paper, and if it looks as if it will work we do it. That's all there is to it. Now and then it doesn't work, and we either have to plan it a different way, or do it over again until we get it. Naturally I figure pretty carefully, because I don't want to roll off a roof more than seven or eight times just for a foot or two of film."

"Then you don't figure on what will happen if you miss?"

"Certainly not. First of all, you can't clutter up the place with a lot of lifesaving apparatus, and next of all, if you begin to think about what will happen if you miss, you are pretty sure to miss."

"Then it isn't a question of tricks?"

Each one of Arbuckle's three hundred and eighty-five pounds got mad.

"Say—if you, or anyone else, can show me a way that I can seem to fall through a roof, or into a river, and not do it, or

even do it slow so that I can land gently, you can have just about half of my salary. Our stuff cannot be faked. When people see it they know they are seeing real stunts. Of course, now and then we do a trick film, but everyone knows it is a trick when they see it—there is no bunk about it. In fact, it was in one of these trick pictures that I took the longest chance of all.

"This was the picture called 'Fatty and Mabel's Simple Life.' In one scene I was backed against a tree by a runaway Ford. We had a man crouching down on the floor of the machine, working it from the pedals. All he had to guide him was a line on the ground. He would run the machine up to this line, at which time it pressed close against me; then he would back up a few feet, and then run into me again. It gave the impression that the machine was acting like a goat. Well, of course no one believed that the car was doing this without some sort of control, so it was a trick picture and yet it wasn't. But if that man ever had gone past the line I surely would have had an attack of indigestion.

"No, the only times I have been injured in the least, is when I have loafed on the job. A child or a drunk can fall all over itself and never be hurt. It is because they simply let go and flop. The same rule works with me. If I go right after the stuff, we get a real picture and I don't get a scratch. If I happen to be lazy, we usually have to do the scene over again, and I get a few bruises as a result."

Excepting for her water exploits, the secret of Miss Normand's immunity from injury is that with her, things are only apparently going to happen, and disaster is averted. The public would not stand for pictures where so pretty a girl was slammed around like a medicine ball. Yet her adventures have been hair-raising, and have varied from aviation and auto racing to deep-sea diving. Notwithstanding her remark that she is positive that each film will be her last, she is game clear through, and certainly her pictures suggest no trepidation. After all, the difference in the viewpoint of these two Keystoneers is easy to understand, viz: If anything hits Mabel Normand, she is so little that it hits her where she lives; But—

If anything hits Roscoe Arbuckle, the news has so far to go that he does not know about it until it is all healed up.



Ruth Blair

Hat of broad shape in all black satin with osprey trimming. A Lord and Taylor design.

Ruth Blair

Picture hat of black horse hair lace with black satin crown circled by black "feelers."

Mary Fuller

Hat of flat leghorn shape banded in blue and trimmed with masses of Killarney roses.

The

Eternal Easter Hat

By Lillian Howard

Photography
by McClure

THE first hat was a palm leaf. It must have been. What more likely specimen of earliest leaf modes could have been the instigator of millinery customs—parented that supreme product of chapeaux, the eternal Easter bonnet?

All the designers' best art fulfills itself at this season in triumphs of spring poems of millinery—the close-fitting walking toque with its simple, telling lines, and the wide spreading picture shape, filmed with lace or paradise feathers, or glowing with new-bloomed posies.

The small street hat enters first. This season it is inclined to be very high in effect, sometimes dangerously so with the trimming soaring far above the hat.

As the sun gets higher, the hat grows broader and not much before. The first outspreading occurs in the new mushroom

shape, a modified version of the mushroom type revived from half dozen seasons past.

The picture hat partakes of all the coquetry and winsomeness which is its right. The Dolly Varden version, the Watteau plaque, the shepherdess shape and the beguiling poke all contribute their lines of inspired romance.

But be the hat what it may, and the shapes are many and diverse this season to suit all types and complements of features, the cardinal law of finding the hat for the face remains always the first precept.

When one admires, and breaks the tenth commandment over the chapeau of ultra severity and chic worn by some moving picture star of Greek-lined countenance, admire—and hesitate. It is the face that makes the hat and likewise often the hat that unmakes the face.



Mabel Normand
Dolly Varden
hat of Jordan
creation. Black
milan and satin
with
wreath of pink
primroses; picot
ribbon trimming
of old blue.



Miriam Nesbitt
Hat of leghorn
poke skirt
turned up in back
and massed
with American
Beauty roses.
Ribbons of old
blue.
Gidding design.



Vivian Martin
Dark blue satin
straw with
satin facings and
floral garniture
of old-fashioned,
vari-colored
posies.



Mary Fuller
Lucile hat of
Dresden figured
green crepe de chine
faced in lemon
yellow crepe.
Streamers of pale
green.



Naomi Childers
Turban shape of
fine milan in sand-
color folds and
mounting. Wing bow
of sapphire-blue
velvet.



Ruth Blair.
Tricorn of tête de
negre satin and
pineapple straw
outlined with
cut ostrich of
same shade.
Designed by
Lord and Taylor.



Mabel Normand.
Smart walking
shape in imported
French model of
black hemp with
trimmings of cut
ostrich orna-
ments.
A Jordan cre-
ation.



Photo
© Moody N. Y.



Mary Fuller.
Lucile hat of Copen-
hagen blue hemp in
mandarin shape.
Mandarin tassel dra-
perry in matching
shade of chiffon.

Anita Stewart.
Picture hat of
old gold lace
with dull pink
roses and
French blue
ribbon band.



Miriam Nesbitt
New mushroom
shape with ecru lace
flounce. Band and
streamers of turquoise
velvet and French
nosegay.
Gidding design.

More Babies, God Bless 'Em!



Before Beatriz Michelena reached the age of sophistication and the C. M. P. corporation, she confided this secret to a camera.

Who do you think this is? Charming Mary Anderson; and this very starched little photograph was taken May first, 1899!



And here, with pensive mien, lofty brow, bangs and other attributes of very sober serenity, is that slightly satiric blonde, Sally Crute.

Are they all serious when they're young? Here's the original Miss Penseroso who grew into that champion smiler, Ruth Roland.

HER GOD

A LOVE STORY IN GOLD
AND BRONZE, SPICED WITH
BULLETS AND BANDITS

By H. R. Durant and
Vingie E. Roe

Produced by the
Equitable Motion Pictures Corporation

IN the garden of a hacienda among the Mexican highlands a girl knelt before the image of a strange god. The ornate, Indian garb which revealed the warm flesh of her arms and throat made of her a picture of entralling beauty. In her the austerity of the ancient Aztec line from which she had sprung was softened by the unhallowed strain of Spanish blood that had entered it when Cortez swept the land. Thrice she bowed her forehead in the dust, then, lifting her face, she gazed on the features of the god with an intensity of devotion that sent the warm blood mantling to her cheeks and filled her slumbrous eyes with passion.

It was a strange figure that she worshiped thus—this deity which her forefathers had adored for no one knows how many thousand years. Of the form and stature of a stalwart man, its body stained a reddish-brown, crimson bars across its cheeks and about its lank, black locks a fillet of virgin gold; it stood with folded arms, coldly gazing down upon such throbbing, worshiping beauty as, it seemed, might stir even a god of clay. Such were Maria Garza and the god she worshiped.

A little Indian woman, bent and wrin-



kled with age, had drawn near and stood awaiting the end of the orisons.

"Beloved, Sancho Mendoza has come," she said.

There was intense hatred in the way she hissed the name. The girl sprang to her feet, her face flushed with anger which changed slowly to something resembling fear. In her father's life-time that half-breed thief and murderer would never have dared approach her, save at her command. But now she was alone with only the aged Chica. Mexico was torn by revolt and Sancho the Scorpion was a power in the land. She masked her aversion as best she could.

"What do you want?" she demanded of him.

An evil smile wrinkled the boding face of the bandit.

"My soul thirsted," he said. "I came but to look again upon the face of my heart's desire. I love thee, my Maria."

He drew close to her but she recoiled.

"Your love is an insult," she flamed.

"My hate might be worse," he replied, with a cruel, twisting smile.

"Death would be better," she retorted, drawing away from him.

"There are other things between love and death," he said with a smooth significance that turned her cold. "But the Senorita need not fear. Sancho Mendoza will never harm her who is to be his bride."

Her whole being revolted against the



Sancho was waiting, waiting until it should be time to murder the doors, allowing him no farther than

insulting assurance of his tone, but she could not answer, could not meet his eyes, so full of the hot, patient longing of the man who waits and waits, certain that his waiting will not be in vain.

Mingled with Maria's fear was the grim determination to escape him.



man Maria loved. So she kept Dean close in the barred window.

II

IN far-away New York, John W. Dean, multimillionaire, faced his only son Morton across the massive library table. He held a folded document in his hand.

"Here, my boy," he said, and love shone

in his eyes, "here are the deeds of as rich a piece of mining land as there is in Mexico. They are in your name. Go down there, develop it, get the wine and cigarettes out of your system and forget this Wendell girl."

Almost unconsciously the boy took the papers. His face grew hard as steel. It was a handsome face, strangely like the father's in the strength of the chin and the loftiness of the brow from which the light hair rippled backward.

"I will not hear Phyllis Wendell insulted, even by you," he declared, thickly. "She is true and fine and I am going to marry her"—

The father's face was suddenly congested with anger.

"I tell you, No!" he bellowed. "The girl is a pauper and a fortune hunter and her mother is—worse. All they want is your money and I tell you"—

He broke off, choking and tearing at his throat. His face grew purple and suddenly he crumpled to the floor. An hour later he was dead.

When the funeral was over Morton Dean had a melancholy interview with James Hunnewell, his father's lawyer, who read to him a will in which, because of Phyllis Wendell, he was cut off with a single dollar. He merely set his teeth and smiled, then went straight to Phyllis with the news. And she, true to his wise old father's estimate of her, gave him back his ring and told him, with tears of rage, that it could not be. Again he smiled, a smile his father would have loved, and walked out of the house. Three weeks later he spread his blanket in the shack the prospectors had built on his Mexican mining land, his sole possession in the world. And across the narrow valley Maria Garza knelt before her pagan god.

III

SANCHO the Scorpion, returning from a raid to the north, saw the smoke of Morton's breakfast fire and smiled, even while he cursed, for he loved to kill for the mere sake of killing. As he gazed, Morton appeared at the door, his hair blowing in the slight breeze as he breathed deeply of the morning air. Sancho's rifle sprang to his shoulder and the bullet clipped a lock from the Gringo's head.

Morton leaped back and an instant later

a bullet from his rifle dropped one of Sancho's band, dead, from his horse. The others hastily dismounted and sought cover. All day long the fight endured, for Morton was a keen marksman and your Mexican outlaw has little stomach for fighting in the open. And at length the darkness for which both Sancho and Morton had been waiting closed down upon them.

SINCE morning Maria and Chica had listened to the firing and watched the thin puffs of smoke across the valley. Days before, through her father's telescope, the girl had spied out the intruding Gringo with the wondrous *aureole of gold* about his head. She had watched him and she knew that he had watched her. They had even waved at each other. Despite her hatred of his race the sight of him fascinated her, filled her with a feeling such as she had never known before. Tonight she sat in the darkness and wondered at the fluttering of her heart. Why should she fear for him, this stranger? Yet she did fear for him—her heart was wrung by the agony of it.

There was a noise at the gate and she ran to open it. As it swung, Morton staggered in and would have fallen had she not caught him. He was panting and exhausted from his long run.

"I am the American," he gasped in halting Spanish. "Give me some water, please."

Chica ran to fetch it, but Maria, still half supporting him in her arms, gazed into his face as she had been wont to gaze into the face of her god. The touch of him, all warm and throbbing, seemed to have brought to her an incarnation of the spiritual feeling she always experienced in the presence of the deity of her fathers. She could not speak.

Then, suddenly, it seemed as though the fire in her blood had leaped to his. Who knows how love is born—or why? But born it was in these two, born of those furtive glances across the valley, born of his peril and of their new proximity. Into her eyes had sprung the look that a woman gives to but one man of all the world. With a little choking cry, deep in his throat, he drew her to him and through their clinging lips her love throbbed straight to his heart and his love to hers.

Chica stared in amazement and fear.

"Maria!" the old servant gasped, and the spell snapped. Morton loosed his hold with a little laugh of happiness while Maria hung her head in the shyness of a great joy. She took the olla and extended it to him. He drank deeply and then, with a sigh of comfort, held out his arms to her again.

"Beloved," he whispered, "kiss me once more—then, let them come!"

Maria uttered a cry of fear. She had forgotten the grim nearness of Sancho and all that it portended. She strove wildly to plan a means of saving him. Suddenly it came, but, for a moment, the thought seemed to stun her. She stared at Morton, then away into the darkness that shrouded her pagan god; then back again at her fair-haired lover—and the decision was made.

She seized the iron bar from the gate and, calling them to follow, darted to where the painted image stood. With strength unbelievable in so soft a form she raised the great bar and swung it down upon the stern, forbidding figure. The god of clay crumbled to bits and Maria stood, for an instant, transfixed as though awaiting the stroke of punishment for her impious act. None came and suddenly she sprang to life again, chattering commands to Chica while she swept the fragments out of sight. She ordered him to remove his clothes and wonderingly he obeyed while from the hacienda Chica brought a pigment of some kind with which they stained his flesh a dull red-brown. Maria herself marked the bars of crimson on his cheeks and drew the black wig of the idol down over his golden hair. As she pressed the fillet upon his brow they heard the rush of horses at the gate.

"Quick!" Maria cried softly. "Stand as he stood—the arms folded—so—now kiss me . . . and move not, my beloved!"

She was gone and Morton, his flesh quivering from the thrill of her kiss, strove to steel himself to the immobility of the figure he replaced. When Sancho entered he found the girl standing by the well, about to receive from Chica's hands the olla of fresh water which the old servant had drawn. She turned, and he might well have mistaken for surprise the start she gave when she saw him close behind her,

with the hot look of expectancy burning as it always burned when his eyes beheld her.

"The Gringo?" he said. "Has he been here?"

Love gave her strength to lie smoothly.

"I heard someone at the gate but I would not open. Perhaps it was he."

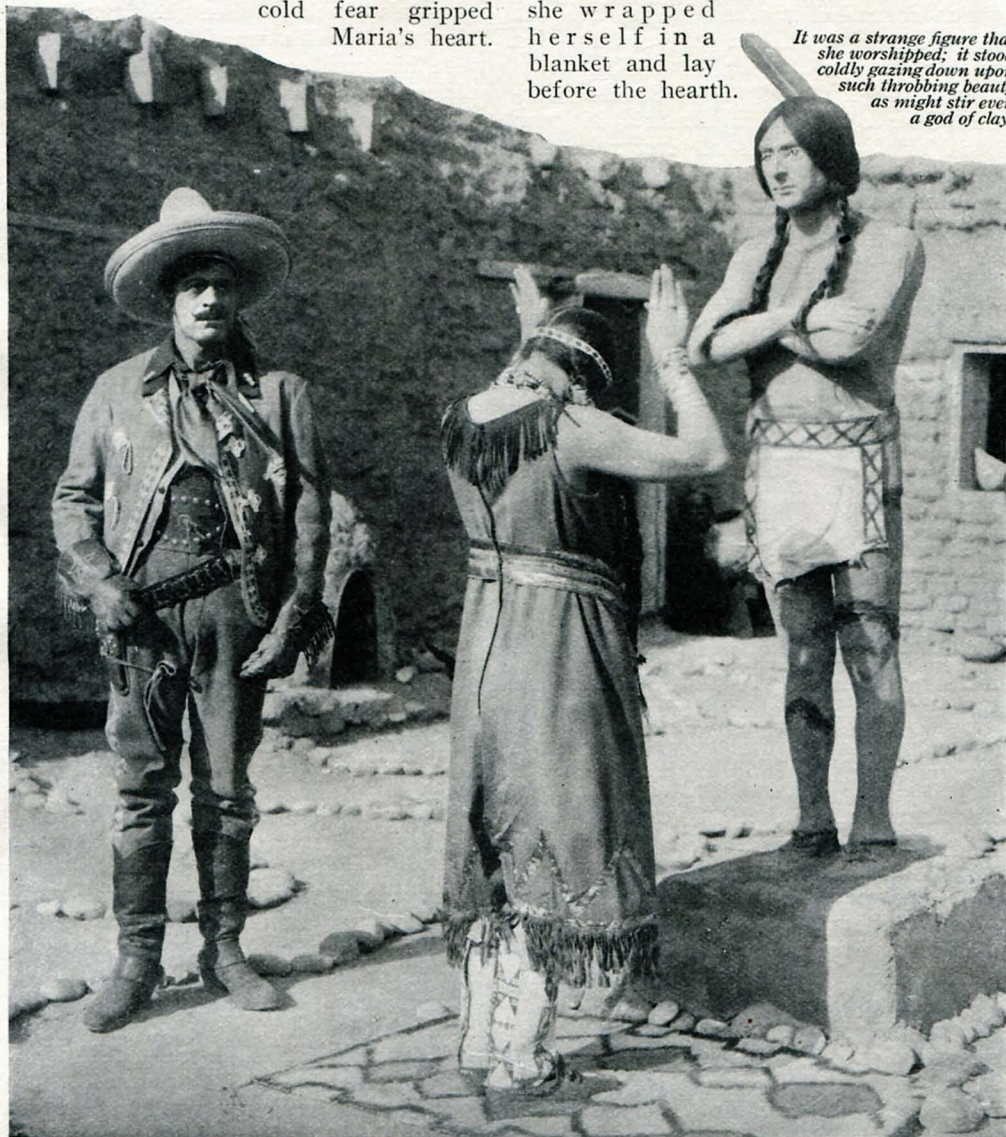
Sancho threw a swift glance about, but all seemed as usual and the figure of the strange god loomed shadowy in the background.

"He shall die two deaths for this,"
snarled the half-breed, and
cold fear gripped
Maria's heart.

Before she could speak Sancho was gone.

Morton hastily resumed his clothing and sought out Maria. He found her wondrously shy but gradually, as he wooed her, this fell away and she was again the passionate thing that had kissed him at the gate. For a long time they sat in the garden, content to be silent, awed and enthralled by the wonder of the new thing that had come into their lives. At length Maria, the mothering instinct aroused, insisted that Morton must rest. Against his protests she forced him to lie down in her bed, in the curtained corner alcove, while she wrapped herself in a blanket and lay before the hearth.

*It was a strange figure that
she worshipped; it stood
coldly gazing down upon
such throbbing beauty
as might stir even
a god of clay*



At daybreak Chica brought them word that Sancho was returning. Maria awoke Morton and bade him be silent as death. She greeted the half-breed with studied carelessness, but he was angry and suspicious. Now, too, he noted that the god whose form he had certainly seen in the gloom of the night before, was gone—that god which had stood a thousand years.

"The Gringo is here!" he flared at her.

Angrily she denied it, but he thrust her aside and, revolver in hand, strode through the house. At length he stood before her bed. His hand already was on the blanket which concealed it when Maria, knife in hand, sprang upon him with the cry of a mother wolf at bay:

"That is my bed! Does Sancho Mendoza dare to question my honor? No man but Maria's husband shall ever raise that blanket!"

Somewhat abashed, Sancho drew back. He hesitated; then, muttering angrily, strode from the house and rode away. The knife fell clattering to the floor and Maria threw herself into Morton's arms and sobbed.

IV.

THE days that followed were days of wonderful happiness for the new-born man, Morton Dean. Maria would not hear of his leaving or even showing himself, for she knew that over in the gully by the waterfall Sancho was sitting, biding his time, with the hot light in his eyes and the cruel blood-twist about his lips—waiting, waiting until it should be time to murder the man she loved and then to murder her love itself. So she kept Dean close indoors, allowing him no farther than the barred window through which he watched while she and Chica went about their work. And, times, as he sat there she would lie upon the blankets at his feet and they would talk the things all lovers talk, while in the background aged Chica smiled as she bent above her work.

Meantime, in New York, Lawyer Hunnewell was having an unhappy time. It was necessary to probate the real will, for the one which Morton had seen was but a sham, designed to test him and perhaps to spur him to manhood. At any rate, the father had hoped it would scare off the harpy Wendells. But the real will left all

to Morton. When it was made public there was woe and recrimination in the Wendell household. After hours of tears and mutual abuse it was Mrs. Wendell who evolved the scheme to undo the mischief they had done. She proposed that they seek out Morton before he learned the news, pretend that love had conquered, driving Phyllis to follow him even into the desert wastes of Mexico. It was a desperate expedient, but the best that offered.

So it happened one day that Sancho, riding abroad, met the graceless pair proceeding with a strong escort in the direction of Morton's shack. When they confided to him that Phyllis was Morton's promised wife his keen eyes lighted. For his suspicion that Maria was hiding the hated Gringo had grown to certainty and his crafty brain conceived the idea that this was news he would like Maria to hear.

When this strangely assorted party drew up before the hacienda, Maria was amazed at the sight of the Gringo women in Sancho's company, but her amazement was as nothing to that which smote Morton, peering through the crevice of the blankets that concealed him. And his amazement turned to wrath and pain as he heard them, under the crafty guidance of the Scorpion, unfold the lying tale which turned Maria's heart first to stone and then to molten lava. For upon the girl flashed the truth that she had sacrificed her god and made offering of the virginal flower of her love to a man unworthy, since already he was pledged to a woman of his own race.

Yet she did not betray him. Her love had been too great and holy a thing for her to entrust even the avenging of it to such as Sancho. She sent them on their way and hardly were they beyond the gate when Morton sprang from his hiding place.

"Beloved," he cried in anguish at the sight of her tortured face, "you know she lied!"

Incoherently he tried to explain, but she cut him short, flaming with an indignation that fired his blood even while it stabbed him like a knife.

"It is you who lie," she said, dully. "Go! My heart is dead."

"It means death," he whispered, evenly.

"It means death," she answered.

He bowed, as though accepting sentence at her hands, and went. It was growing

dusk and Maria lay where she had dropped upon the floor. Half an hour passed and a spattering rifle volley roused her. She leaped to her feet. He was dead, now! They had killed him—and all his sin was purged from him. Now she might go to him.

Dazed she passed through the doorway and out into the valley. She had ceased to think clearly; she seemed to be walking in a dream. "Dead! Dead! Dead!"

She was happy only during her dreams.

V

IT did not seem strange to Maria that she should awake to the morning light and find herself alone. Dreams always ended with the morning light and why should not this most wonderful of all dreams, this marvellous night of love, end as all others ended? And, later, when Sancho told her that the Gringo was dead,

Morton heard them . . . unfold the lying tale which turned Maria's heart first to stone and then to molten lava.



whined the ceaseless dirge in her brain as she staggered on. She came to the door of his shack without knowing why, or how. She beat upon it and somewhere in the brush behind her a rifle spoke and the bullet thudded beside her head—but she was not conscious of it. Then the door opened and he was there and she was in his arms, cuddling close in their warm embrace. It was all a dream, of course, for he was dead; but she was with him and she was content. Long, long afterward she heard his dear dream voice in her ear:

"Beloved, they will be here soon. This is our last night—and I want you!"

And since he was dead and purged of his sin she answered "Yes," with her throbbing lips on his.

she did not question him, nor did she mourn when he showed her a fresh grave—only wept a little. And later still, after the long, bitter-sweet months, when her baby came—a wonderful mite of a man with pink flesh and blue eyes and a mist of golden hair—she accepted him as the gift of her god-man, bestowed in that wonderful dream of love.

But Sancho did not so accept him. His dark soul was torn by passionate, jealous rage. Maria's calm happiness tormented him beyond endurance until at length he burst out:

"Shall I tell you? The night the Gringo died, with my bullet in his heart, your brain went so!"—he snapped his fingers—"and you came to me, there in his hut, and

I—I, Sancho Mendoza, the Scorpion, am the father of your child."

She refused to believe, but day by day he tortured her with her shame until at length she consented to marry him, that the boy might have a name. Even then she pleaded for delay, but Sancho was insistent. It must be at once, tomorrow. She dared not combat his will and he dispatched a messenger to fetch the padre.

Late that night Chica came to her, quivering with rage.

"You shall not marry him," she hissed. "Ah, I should have told you long ago, but who would believe you would listen to one so vile. It is he that wronged my Marcela and drove her to her death. Pedro Raquena, who was her husband, is coming now, with his troops, to take revenge at last. And Sancho knows; it is for this he would marry you tomorrow and drag you away with him."

Here was fresh horror for Maria. In the isolation of her life she had learned little of the villainy of men. Cruel and wicked as she knew Sancho to be, she had never dreamed of such a thing as this. But for the boy's sake she must live and to live she must submit. Chica was whispering in her ear:

"Have courage. I go to seek Pedro Raquena. He will avenge you as well as me."

She was gone, as silently as a shadow.

VI

WHEN Morton Dean left Maria asleep in the shack, that night, he did so because he dared not awaken her. He knew that she would insist on sharing his peril and that would make escape impossible for either of them. Alone he believed she would be as safe as before. He went because he knew the presence of the mercenary Wendells, seeking him, implied some important change in his fortunes, which were now the fortunes of Maria as well. So he left her, for her own sake, and creeping through Sancho's lines made his way, with terrible suffering, to the border and so to New York. He had thought a few days would suffice, but he little recked

of the shackles that great wealth forges upon its inheritor. It was a year before he won free and found himself, on the morning of Maria's appointed wedding day, once again in the land of his heart's desire. It was from Pedro Raquena, pounding southward at Chica's behest, that he learned the dire peril that impended, and putting himself at the side of that grim-faced avenger, he drove spurs into his weary mount and rode on.

Early in the morning Sancho's messenger had returned, bringing with him the little, sharp-faced padre, mounted on his tiny burro. On one excuse after another Maria delayed until all excuses failed her and she could no longer resist the importunate urging of the hated bridegroom. In a sort of stupor she heard the pattering voice of the little priest repeating the opening words of the marriage ceremony. She had ceased to understand or to care. The end of all things had come.

Suddenly, on the outskirts of the bandit ring that hemmed them in, rose a warning cry. Far away a rifle cracked and the crash of a volley answered it. She heard the whine of bullets about her head and the sharp, hot flash of Sancho's rifle close at her side. She did not understand, but the shock snapped the tensed nerve that sustained her and she fell, fainting, to the ground.

When she opened her eyes they looked up into the dust-caked face of Chica, who was bathing her temples. Beyond, all about her, lay the bodies of Sancho's men. Against the wall stood Sancho himself and the remnant of his band, bound and blindfolded. As she looked, a row of Raquena's rifles flared into the faces of the pinioned men and they crumpled down in horrible little heaps.

Maria turned her head away and there, striding toward her, was the man of her dream with the aureole of gold about his head.

Strength came to her, she finally rose to her feet, staggered toward him and fell into his arms, and all her suffering, her doubt and unbelief, dropped from her as she felt the tightening of his strong arms and the pressure of his lips upon hers.

Look!—A Harrison Fisher drawing just stepped off the cover of an August magazine.



Jacquelin, Alias Jackie

AND THE REST OF IT IS SAUNDERS. BELOW, SOME LINO-TYPINGS ON A SUNSHINE GIRL

By I. S. Sayford

IT'S Jackie she answers to over her shoulder when, fair hair streaming in the mountain winds, she runs raggety-taggety barefoot over the climbing trails, stubbing her dainty toes and scratching her pretty pink soles on bourgeoise rocks and things, but it's Miss Jacquelin you'll kindly address her when, begowned and bewitchingly decollete, she moves serenely gracious among the ball-room throng. Putting it all together, one adds that the whole of her name is Jacquelin Saunders, alias Jackie. She loves the alias best; trails please her better than trains (both kinds), and the merry-merry sunshine that makes

She couldn't change the dog's clothes, so Miss Saunders designed this green velvet suit, ermine trimmings and all, to harmonize with her Russian wolfhound.



other film folk love her is the very same out-of-doors sort that warms the rocks that tear the socks that— No, no, that won't do, 'cause she doesn't wear any when the camera clicks off raggety days.

Only a lustrum ago it was that Miss Saunders invaded the stage of the voiceless drama. Invaded is correct, because she was not invited. Nobody asked her in. But somebody left the gate open and all of a sudden there she was. Also she stayed. "Just shows what a bluff will do sometimes," she says.

Miss Saunders was doing ingenue parts in a Philadelphia stock company when Harrison Fisher saw her. An invitation to pose for him in his New York studio resulted and was accepted. Her girlish beauty scored with the big illustrators in the metropolis. Next she became a photographic model for Clarence Underwood, and on the



strength of that (she told them she "had had studio experience") she "broke into" the motion picture world with the Reliance Company and became a leading lady. Her own confession is that she "was so frightened that she went through her part in a daze, but the picture came out perfect." Miss Saunders naively adds: "I was determined not to begin at the beginning; but I had no idea of the ordeal."

Miss Saunders followed the filmy star (oh, please pardon that!) westward to California, and there appeared successively and successfully in Biograph, Kinemacolor and Universal productions. Later she

joined the Balboa studio forces at Long Beach when the Horkheimer Brothers entered upon their screen activities. Her present contract with the Balboa Company has three years to run. During the last year she appeared in a dozen Balboa successes, among them "Will o' the Wisp," "Rose of the Alley," "Little Sunbeam" and "Reaping the Whirlwind."

Miss Saunders' latest feature play is called "The Shrine of Happiness." It turned out so satisfactorily that Pathe Freres have sent it abroad to be hand-colored—the first five-reel photoplay to be given such costly consideration, it is said.

James Oliver Curwood—At Home



THIS novelist and photo-playwright was asked at a dinner in New York recently if he expected to go to Europe at the conclusion of the war. He replied that he hadn't been to Europe, and "don't expect to go as long as there is a wild place between Michigan and the Arctic Ocean." Mr. Curwood spends most of his time under the canopy of the North Country's sky, hence the caption of this picture. He has probably blazed more northern trails than any white man save the toilers of the Hudson Bay Company. Mrs. Curwood is an equally zealous venturer into the long Arctic nights. Their domicile when in civilization is at Owosso, Michigan—to which Mr. Curwood appears to return only for access to his typewriter. In the picture above the author (center) is the smooth-faced cook. Mr. Curwood has written many of the best-known Selig photoplays, but his creative activities have not been confined to that company. Among his shadow dramas are "The Jungle Lovers," "The Wilderness Mail," "The Midnight Call," "In Defiance of the Law," and "The Strange Case of Princess Khan."

The Shadow Stage

A Department
of Photoplay
Review

By Julian
Johnson



Photo by Matzene

Anna Pavlova, spirituelle centerpiece of Lois Weber's brilliant apotheosis of medieval adventure and intrigue, "The Dumb Girl of Portici."

"WHAT are you trying to do?" gloomily asked The Man Who Goes to the Seater With Me; "give us an actor's directory, or index a library?"

I told him that I was doing neither; that I was just trying to hold on to the tail of the screen bandwagon and that the best part of the procession was ahead of me as it was.

"Oh, talk about trends!" he concluded, wearily indifferent. "Who gives a darn for yesterday's shadows? Maybe the sun isn't shining today, and there aren't any shadows at all! Don't try to make line drawings of every actor's steps; just show us which way the actors went."

The Man Who Goes to the Seater likes pictures and he likes plays. I might describe him as a low-brow with a high forehead—he's just that sort of mental mixture. I'll illustrate: one minute he'll be asking you some perfectly nonsensical question about Beerbohm Tree, and the next he'll reveal some secret of Gerald-

ine Farrar's. He knows her very well. He represents The Great American

Playgoer—full of pep and ignorance, caution and recklessness, childish enthusiasm

and a vast desire to learn? At least he is the best type of playgoer, for either aural or optic art. His mind has a great start; it's keenly receptive; it's fertile ground. The one hopeless dramatic observer is the weary worldling for whom surprise and enthusiasm no longer live.

The great trend seems simply toward too many photoplays. One releasing corporation has just taken over two first-class theaters in Chicago's down-town district because its welter of five-reelers can't possibly be accommodated at one. I know of another company, turning out, from various camps, several plays of staggering cost each week. This concern, I under-

Ida Schnall and Jack Nelson in "Undine," remarkable for its daring, its beautiful girls and its enchanting locations.



stand, has less than half a dozen theatres in the whole state of Minnesota! Other companies perform in like manner. Where is the profit incentive to stockholders—those bulwarks of talent and production—and where the future pay to actors? To review all the month's motion picture output would require agate type and the pages of the New York telephone directory.

But as for my high-low-browed friend's request—

THE Fine Arts studio, already noted as a foremost apostle of realism, hit the month's high spot, provided the most intense and absorbing drama, and by far the finest piece of acting, in "Acquitted," in which Wilfred Lucas, for sheer power and sincerity of impersonation, made himself the peer of any contemporary actor on any sort of stage.

"Acquitted" is the simple annal of the head bookkeeper in the office of a local insurance company in a small American city. The cashier (there has been some rivalry between the men) is murdered by the night watchman for a little money with which to purchase another "deck of coke." The bookkeeper is arrested, atrociously third-degreed by an ambitious police lieutenant, and finally acquitted through the watchman's confession. His new no-

tority in the gossipy, overgrown village has made his retention in the office impossible. He drags on jobless for a year, his little family feeling more and more keenly the lack of money. At length, at the approach of Easter, he resolves on the familiar gas route so that his wife may have the benefit of his insurance — almost lapsing. Through the collusion of his little girl and his former employer his chamber of doom is discovered in time, and the end is gentle happiness.

Lucas' marvelous fidelity to type—behold his drooping moustache, his placid countenance, his obsequious manner, his shuffling walk, his simple outlook on all problems—has never been surpassed in photodrama. Here is a man you and I know. He belongs to every American town. Let calamity hit him, and he performs according to programme. Otherwise, he brings up his decent, inconspicuous little family in a decent, inconspicuous way. He never does anything worthy of note. He gets his name in the local papers when he is born, when he is married, when his firm gives him a dinner or an uncomfortable watch on the twentieth anniversary of his faithful service—and when he dies.

Only a short while ago Lucas played the rich and elegantly tragic lover of Roszika Dolly, in "The Lily and the Rose." Here is an actor!

Surrounding this consummate characterization was flawless direction, perfect material equipment—what a room in that cheap hotel! What an "insurance" office!—and splendid support by little Bessie Love, W. F. Fremont, Mary Alden, Spottiswoode Aitken and Sam DeGrasse.

A Circus Romance" is the best Equitable picture yet. It is one of the very best pictures of last month.

Muriel Ostriche, one of the darlings of the screen's darling ingenues, gives Babette such a touch of little-girl sincerity from first to last that the memory of this

picture lingers, even when you're seeing other pictures.

This is the first circus story yet produced which had a really convincing circus surrounding. Marguerite Clark's "Still Waters" was just as idyllic, but it had less of the sawdust and tanbark, and these effects were gained, I'm told, by actually sending the Equitable celluloiders troup- ing with a carnival company through the South.

As for plot, "A Circus Romance" is the simplest sort of mild melodrama. Bab- ette is the daughter of the circus fortune- teller, who, in turn, was driven to the tops by betrayal. The child's mother dies as the show approaches the town where the girl's father lives—married again, not knowing that he had wronged his runaway sweetheart of long ago. There is a flesh- and-blood minister, an old scalawag in a boiled shirt, the usual set of small-town Puritanisms, and the final sweet consum- mation between Babette and the daring acrobat. George Larkin is a likable suc- cess in this part, Catherine Calhoun is extraordinarily fine as the fortune-teller, and Edwards Davis, erstwhile San Fran- cisco preacher, is father to the prettiest Ostriche ever hatched.

AS the North and South poles tempt the Swedes, the Italians, the English and the United States Navy, so the grim side of medicine and the garish phases of psy- cho- ther-

apy lure the photoplaymaker who possesses imagination.

Tom Ince dramatizes tetanus in "The Green Swamp." However you like the adorable Barriscale, the stalwart McRae, or that doctor's doctor, Barney Sherry, it is the hideous spectre of lockjaw which holds the middle of the screen. It is a grisly moment in which "Dr." McRae, standing by the bed of a dying man whose head almost touches his heels, accidentally in- fects himself in the wrist. Perhaps I'm overplaying the horror of this picture. It is not horrible, really, for the ghastliness of convulsive death has been soothed by the restraining hand of artistic discretion.

Bessie Barriscale as the jealous wife has the screen for solo purposes during many of those periods which have been described by the hasty as "long moments." Sherry has never been more at home in any part; much as I love to see him financially ruined, I like him better as our family physician. McRae is as reposeful and as surgically appropriate as the domestic accompaniments and surroundings, which are of Ince's XXXX brand.

"PEGGY," it seems to me, was a case of dramatic buck fever. Producer Ince has never issued a drama showing more care or endeavor, but the labor murdered the inspiration.

No pretty wanderer into the camera's field ever photo- graphed more exqui- sitely than Billie Burke. The whimsical little



In "Green Stockings" Lillian Walker does the best work of her career. Incidentally play and pro- duction set a difficult pace in comedy of the highest type.



It is a new Blanche Sweet who appears in "The Ragamuffin," which is William De Mille's first picture.

twitches of her lips, the elfin glimpses of her eyes, the cascades of her laughter have been faithfully written down sixteen times a second. No star this season—she is truly entitled to the stellar name, no matter how carelessly the planets are batted about by the press-agents—has twinkled out of such a surrounding constellation. No more lavish inanimate investiture has ever fortified an animate representation. But—

The story does not convince. Movement has been artificially retarded until even casual gestures have lost their natural significance. The romance is not real.

We can understand Peggy Cameron's despair at leaving upper Broadway for a Scotch village, and we can pardon the despair of the Scotch village when she comes tearing through it in a white racer on the Sabbath. But the follow-up does not fulfill the promise of the beginning. Her night ride in the storm is as unconvincing as her sudden love for a young preacher of Calvinism whom she teaches to smile. When she entered the meeting to tell on poor Colin I confess I thought her a tattle-tale. He wanted to marry the wronged girl, anyway. Couldn't this situation have been worked out more to Peggy's glory? The episode in the "pub"

also begins well—and ends drearily.

I wonder if the reverend Bruce and his irreverent bride remained in Woodkirk? And what do the Woodkirk good wives think of her—her sleeping things, and her habitual overalls?

Here's a cast that glistened like splatterings from a Bessemer converter: William H. Thompson as the elder Cameron; Charlie Ray as his son; Gertrude Claire as Mrs. Cameron; William Desmond as the husky young Dominie.

The best thing this picture did was its introduction of a superlative screen comedienne. In one picture Billie Burke takes her place beside anyone you might name for sheer silversheet ability.

INCEVILLE should simplify its captions. Words are thrown upon the screen to complete—in the simplest manner and in the

briefest possible time—an idea which cannot be wholly transferred pictorially. Surrounding these sentences with foliage, floral notions, illuminated geography or maritime adventure diverts the thought and more effectively breaks up the spell of the drama than bad acting. The recent tendency to make picture-slides of informing sentences is the worst piece of bad judgment I ever saw from the Ince camp.

THERE is no woman in photoplays who possesses a more stirring sex-appeal, withal of fine and gentle sort, than Ethel Clayton. It is the womanly vitality of her which makes Lubin's "Great Divide" so convincing. An excellent piece of judgment was the casting of House Peters in the opposite role. This splendidly thrilling woman and this great he-grizzly collide on the rim of the world—which happens to be Grand Canyon. A repetition of Sabine legend is simply inevitable, and especially fine is Peters' portrayal of his character from first to last: its development, the awakening mentality, the dawning gentleness, the calm, gripping power of the primitive man.

THE adroit, imaginative and indefatigable Lois Weber-Smalley has done it

again with her Pavlowa photoplay, "The Dumb Girl of Portici." Here was that bane of stage managers, a "costume play," coupled with the delicacy of handling a great European artist whose name was supposed to bring home the golden bacon, whose dancing had to be thoroughly exploited, and who had to be effectively placed in a real drama. Happily Mrs. Smalley's native ingenuity and Pavlowa's theatric sense amalgamated without explosion to produce a swift, vital play.

The scene is the Italian coast; time, the middle of the Seventeenth century; subject-matter, one of the innumerable local revolutions of semi-barbaric Italy emerging from the long night of the Middle Ages, and in such localities as this untouched by the exalting white fire of Renaissance.

Not since the production of "The Birth of a Nation" has a director faced such problems in the handling of masses of people. In many of these scenes not only were there populace, and soldiery, and other two-legged what-not, but the able corps of Pavlowa's Ballet Russe for effective disposition, with dancing so adroitly conducted that all should synchronize, exactly, with the performances of future theatrical orchestras.

The tale itself follows the general trend of its parent inspiration, the opera-ballet "Masaniello."



*Orrin Johnson,
whose Dumas
spirit and
cavalier
swordsmanship
alone redeemed
"D'Artagnan"*

lo," which spins along harmoniously on the dark strand of Fenella's piteous existence to its tragic close.

The brilliance, splendor and melodramatic power of these scenes are testimonials to the finest female imagination in filmland; the comprehensiveness and material quality of the surroundings attest an unusually opulent production.

Rupert Julian as Masaniello, Douglas Gerrard as Alphonso, and Wadsworth Harris as the Spanish Viceroy are three of a splendid regiment of interpreters.

It would be well if every screen performer could see and study Pavlowa's indescribable pan-

One might say that striking a new note in really amusing low comedy on the screen is impossible. Harry Watson disproves this, in "Musty Suffer."

tomime. With two hands and two seconds of time she writes half a novel on the air.

This scenario, as is usual with her productions, is Lois Weber's own.

WILLIAM DEMILLE makes his bow as a director with "The Ragamuffin," a Lasky play in which Blanche Sweet appears as the Prominent Name.

DeMille is the first man in a year to make Blanche realize the rest of her cognomen on the lighted wall. As the "hick" girl, tender-hearted, ignorant, willing to learn, faithful in love as she is faithful in kindness, Sweet is truly, wonderfully sweet.

Not much of a story, but on the whole this picture is a highly effective "come on" for William DeMille's future work; and for Sweet's. Both DeMilles can now be called producers of the first order.

"PUDD'NHEAD WILSON," Mark Twain's adroit and undying prophecy of thumb-print criminology, has come to the screen, toward which it was inevitably headed, and has found an ideal illuminator in Theodore Roberts. All the stage strategy, the years of actorial experience and the sheer mental and physical force which belong to Roberts are piled behind this eccentric character of an old-time American villain.

lauge. Praising Roberts is now bromidic!

Tom Meighan, Alan Hale and Florence Dagmar give Roberts the sort of support which might be described—to keep in our old-fashioned atmosphere—"right royal."

NO picture this year has exuded more fine, free air than "The Call of the Cumberlands," a Pallas product of which any company might be proud. Dustin Farnum, the big man of the piece, is not so important after all as the story, its simple telling, its splendid locations and its wonderful photography.

And how Winifred Kingston did play the mountain girl of simple faith and enduring love! To me, it was little Miss Kingston's play. She was the incarnate spirit of the hills, and her wistful loveliness brooded over every reel like a tender charm.

This is not traducing Farnum. Seldom has he been less Dustin Farnum and more the author's man than in this vivid replica of Samson South. He is South not only in clothes; he is, some way, inside South's skin, and he has South's way of thinking. Dick LeStrange as Tamarack Spicer, Virginia Foltz in a remarkable character bit, Herbert Standing as the elder South and Page Peters as another feudist are strong columns in this artistic structure.

The scenario follows Charles Neville Buck's interesting novel directly, simply and without much deviation. Therefore its strength. Only in the scenes in civilization does illusion fade. And here it fades completely.

UNQUESTIONABLY, Vitagraph produced the month's best comedy in "Green Stockings." To one who saw the stage play, when it served Margaret Anglin or otherwise, the silent replica will be a delightful repetition. I have not seen, since some of Ralph Ince's old pieces, a Vitagraph drama in which such resultful care is shown in cast, production and surrounding. For a long time Lillian Walker has been blonde bread cast upon very slow



This is Wilfred Lucas. No single performance in the records of active photography has surpassed his visualization of the humble book-keeper in "Acquitted."



waters, but she has come back to us with a little more art than

Catherine Calhoun and Muriel Ostriche (right) in the idyllic little play of tent show and country town, "A Circus Romance."

It stamps her as a truly subtle comedienne as well as a

ever, the known and enumerated dimples, the patented smile and hair both straight and curly. This apparent scalpular anomaly has rise in Miss Walker's assumption of an English elder sister; a concealer of charms beneath a neat but shapeless gown; a believer in straight-brushed hair; a wearer of horrible horn spectacles. Later, when the dreary dress is exchanged for the fluffs of maidenhood, and the tortoise-rims disappear—back come the celebrated wavy locks!

The ineffaceable and refreshing charm of this story about a spinster who invented herself a soldier lover in a distant clime is lost in no degree through silence. In fact, it seems a bit enhanced, if anything, by close-ups and large figures. The Vitagraph company's triumph lay in preserving the fine English atmosphere of the play, and the obscure title has its laughful meaning made apparent in every reel; i. e., elder sister Celia, having followed family custom in wearing a pair of green stockings at the wedding of one of the younger girls, vows she will not do so again; hence her plot and its complications.

This is the best and most legitimate piece of acting Miss Walker has ever done.

mere roguish, dimpling lovmaker.

I liked, too, the farcical young English politician of Charles Brown. Here was the only character in the play upon which farce treatment might be properly expended, as it was via Brown's varied comicalities.

Frank Currier was splendid as the fussy and self-sufficient male Farraday; Louise Beudet, despite the slight vulgarity of her alcoholic moments, was equally good as Celia's aunt, and perhaps truest of all to type was Stanley Dark's Colonel Smith of South Africa and pretty Celia's wantonly busy mind.

"Green Stockings" is a photoplay marker. It shows that comedy of the highest class is just as welcome on the perpendicular stage as on the platform of depth and voices.

FROM this piece to the earthy humor of Harry Watson's "Musty Suffer" is a long way, but I have laughs, and a lot of them, left for Musty.

George Jean Nathan once called Harry Watson's team-mate, George Bickel, America's first clown. I beg to differ with Mr.

(Continued on page 148)

Plays and Players

FLASHES FROM FILMLAND, THE
OCEAN-TO-OCEAN PLAYGROUND

By Cal York

WORD has filtered east from Santa Barbara, Cal., that Harold Lockwood, screen idol, has disappeared from that vicinity. May Allison, his leading lady,

became dissatisfied, it is said, and quit the American. Lockwood's contract did not expire until April, and assuming that he would remain, Rhea Mitchell, of the Ince players, was engaged to take her place. When rehearsals for the new Lockwood play were to begin, the star could not be located, and it was learned that he had sold his cream-colored auto that had become as familiar to the Santa Barbarians as the police patrol, and had "checked out" of his hotel. So William Stowell, who has been playing heavies, was cast for the lead. There were rumors that Miss Allison has signed with Metro, but Santa Barbara has been wondering what has become of Harold.



Voluntary expatriates from Santa Barbara, May Allison and Harold Lockwood are no longer Americans," filmatically speaking.

WHO has seen Alice Joyce's baby? Have you? Really, there is one, if the innumerable little birds in every tree are to be at all believed. You'll remember that Mrs. Joyce-Moore retired from the screen early last year, and is at present making her home in an Atlantic Coast town. The little stranger of the very wonderful mamma is said to have looked up into that mamma's face for the first time about three months ago.

MARGUERITE BERIZA, lyric soprano with the Chicago Grand Opera Company,

is being transformed into a screen artist by the Selig Polyscope Company. As she "has no English," book stores in the vicinity of the Selig studios have been compelled to augment their stocks of French and Spanish "at a glance."

FANNIE WARD, the Lasky star, will vote at the next presidential election. At any rate, she will be eligible to do so, as she recently purchased a home in Hollywood, Cal., paying, according to the intelligence bureau of DeMilleville, the sum of \$50,000.

STUDIO gossip for years has insisted that Dustin and William Farnum, brothers and rival screen stars, were not only "the worst of friends," but something akin to mortal enemies. Recently this classic myth was yanked off the gossip circuit by published announcements of the reception given to Sir Herbert Tree at the home of "Dusty," at which Mr. and Mrs. William Farnum were guests.



ACTORS can look out for themselves, but the poor, helpless wild animals must be protected. The Fox Film Company is dickering for the exclusive right to use in photoplays, the wild animals of the New York Zoo and has agreed to give bond for the safety of the animals while at the studio. Extra girls caught teasing the tigers will be summarily dismissed and prop men who insist on taking T-bone steaks from the lions will be prosecuted by the S. P. C. A.

WILLIAM FOX has reached out to the Pacific side and grabbed Frank Griffin,

who has been one of Mack Sennett's "lieutenants" for a long time. Griffin directed the Weber and Fields film comedies.

NANCE O'NEIL and a company of Lubin-ites recently returned from Thomasville, Ga., after gathering a lot of atmospheric kindling for "The Fires of St. John."

THE filing of a divorce suit in Chicago reveals the fact that the rightful name of Richard C. Travers, who is "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," is prosaic Tibb. Richard is the plaintiff, and he alleges that Mrs. T. wouldn't go to Philadelphia with him when he entered the movies. Decree granted.

THE Lasky company won the first round in a New York legal battle over the services of Valeska Suratt from the William Fox Vaudeville Company. Lasky seeks to prevent the showing of "The Soul of Broadway," alleging that Miss Suratt had contracted to appear in Lasky films before making that vivid affair for Fox.

MR. T. ROOSEVELT, who is remembered by many for the film footage he ran up while residing in Washington, D. C., has resumed his camera activities. His latest effort is a picturized speech on "Preparedness," which as yet has not been reviewed by the well known critic, W. J. Bryan, Esq., of Lincoln, Neb.

HERE'S a riddle:

The Triangle publicity writers have been sending out reams of copy about Constance Collier playing *Lady Macbeth* opposite Sir Herbert Tree at the Fine Arts studio. The Morosco publicity experts are getting considerable space on stories about a recent visit of Sir Herbert to the Morosco studio to call upon Miss Collier, who is working on her second picture for that company.

PAVLOWA, the Russian dancer, occupied a box at the premiere of "The Dumb Girl of Portici," which succeeded "The Birth of a Nation" at the Colonial Theatre in Chicago, and saw herself dance and act. Incidentally, the Griffith masterpiece broke all Chicago rec-

ords with 484 performances and the film is now on the way to Australia.

DECORATIVE and Refrigeration notes: Little Mary Miles Minter fell into a barrel of flour and Violet Mersereau fell through the ice while skating. Damage nominal.

IRVING CUMMINGS has been found. After quitting the Pacific Coast, where he played leads for numerous companies, he toured the South and then joined Famous Players to appear with Hazel Dawn.

THE most important news from the business end of the motion pictures during the past month has been the consolidation of the Equitable and World corporations. Lewis J. Selznick has retired from the general direction of both these companies, and Arthur H. Spiegel, a well-known young Chicago business man—already head of the Equitable—succeeds to the presidency and general management of the two companies, which are now combined under the World head. Interesting plans for great advances in World quality, cast and production have been announced. It is said that Mr. Spiegel turned into World productive channels, upon his entry into office, nearly a million dollars in cash. Spiegel is a "different" sort of young head for a film business, for he leaves a huge Chicago corporation to take up his New York labors; a corporation which he had already made into one of the world's greatest business houses of its kind.



We have the double assurance that he was not badly burned and that the splashes of white are not prop bandages. Anyhow, this is the way Tom Ince looked into the camera the day after the most recent Inceville fire.

AND when the last bean and the last prune had been eaten, they took the strings from the violin and made soup out of them!" And if you don't believe it they'll show you the stringless fiddle. What's it all about? Why only a thrilling press agent story about a Vitagraph company being snowbound in the San Bernardino mountains during the filming of some "snow stuff." The heroine of the story, Nell Shipman; the leading man, William Duncan; Rollin Sturgeon, the director, and Iguchi, the Japanese cook, all vouch for the truth of the story. How did they escape death by starva-

tion? The press agent had to stop and gasp for breath here, but our private opinion is that until they could walk down hill the vast mile or two separating them from civilization, the material of the violin itself served as board.

"BILL" HART and a company of **B**ince players are also reported to have been snowbound about the same time, but nothing was sent out by the publicity department about boiling "Bill's" chaps and lariat to make a life-saving Mulligan stew.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, who has been seen in many of the recent Griffith productions, has transferred his activities to Universal City. His first work there was the character lead in "Lavinia Comes Home."

THE sun doesn't *always* shine in picturedom. James Young and his wife, Clara Kimball Young, appear to have come to the final parting of their domestic ways. Mrs. Young—will she henceforth be known as "Miss" Young?—is to have a new company of her own at the expiration of her present World Film Corporation contract, which has until September to run. James Young has just gone to California to direct for Lasky. His first picture will be Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn."

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH is said to be nursing designs on the Biograph. Chiefly for sentimental reasons, it is said, but another guess is that the former producing genius of that pioneer concern would like to stop the re-issues of his old Biograph pictures. At any rate, the rumor is persistent that Griffith is dickering for control of that company.

PERHAPS you remember "Bull" McGee in "The Escape." Donald Crisp, who so realistically portrayed that Paul Armstrong villain, has recently completed a fourteen reel picturization of "Ramona." Helen Hunt Jackson's novel of early California days. That's a lot of reels.

LOIS MEREDITH is the most recent stellar Lacquisition of Balboa. Miss Meredith has appeared in Morosco and Pathe photoplays.

GERALDINE FARRAR'S hyphenated vow to remain single until 40 and to marry only an American, went by the boards last month when she became the bride of Lou-Tellegen. The latter, however, has taken out first citizenship papers, which almost balances the eight years which Geraldine is shy of forty. They met first at the Lasky studio while making their screen debut.



Photo
Moody

No reel heroes for "Sunshine" Mary Anderson, but real heroes; so she married the young camera man who rescued her from a mean old California blizzard.



A recent photograph of Arthur V. Johnson, one of the screen's first heroes, who died last month in Philadelphia.

GENEALOGICAL note: Forrest Stanley, the handsome leading man of the Morosco Photoplay Company, is a descendant of vikings. At least this much is inferred from the fact that his real name is Thorsen, which was discarded for the more euphonious surname when he took to the stage.

TALKING about names, why doesn't Harry Carey of Universal change his to one less suggestive of Japanese self-destruction?

GILBERT M. ANDERSON, whose name has been synonymous with Essanay since that pioneer concern was founded, and who as *Broncho Billy*, became known to millions of motion picture patrons, has sold out his interest in the company to George K. Spoor, president and founder of Essanay. In the future the entire producing business of Essanay will be conducted in the Chicago studios. The company name, which is a compound of the initials of Mr. Spoor and Mr. Anderson, will be retained. Mr. Anderson has not announced future plans.

MORE Coast changes: MEdythe Sterling, Norbert Myles and J. Francis McDonald have followed Murdock MacQuarrie from Universal to Signal. Miss Sterling has for a long time been featured in Western plays; Mr. Myles formerly "heavied" opposite Jack Kerrigan and is now playing juvenile leads.

IF you believe this one, you'll believe anything. Word comes from Kingston, Jamaica, that for the new Annette Kellerman-William Fox photoplay 15,000 costumes were required, for the making of which 1,200 "native sewing

women" were compelled to work "night and day" for six weeks. Well, it may be sew (perfectly inexcusable), but it's a cinch that they weren't Kellerman costumes.

OUT in Santa Ynez canyon (Inceville), they knew her as "Tommy" Burbridge, but since she joined Essanay in Chicago she is old-fashioned Elizabeth. Her mother and her Scotch collie came along.

ARTHUR V. JOHNSON, one of the best known of all screen actors, died in Philadelphia January 17 at the age of 39 years. Mr. Johnson was born at Davenport, Ia., and spent fourteen years on the legitimate stage in the support of such stars as Sol Smith Russell, Marie Wainwright and Robert Mantell, before joining the Biograph in its pioneer days. He played opposite Mary Pickford in his first photoplay and accompanied Griffith when the latter went to Reliance. Later, he joined the Lubin company and directed his own plays with that company until he was compelled to retire because of failing health. He is survived by a widow and daughter. The remains were taken to Chicopee Falls, Mass., for interment.

FOR the first time in film history a photoplay which has had a nation-wide success has been lengthened for a "revival." It is Selig's famous "Spoilers" and many of the scenes sacrificed in the initial cutting have been restored. As a twelve-reeler, it has been having a run in Los Angeles. Most so-called "features" are improved by generous slashing, but it is said that this Alaskan story has been made a much better picturization by the filling-in process.

THE Pittsburg Screen Club, which comprises a number of motion picture actors, gave ten per cent of the profits of their recent ball to the Actors' Fund of America.

BESSIE BARRISCALE, the Kay-Bee Triangle star, writes poetry in her spare time. Recently she sent a collection of her verses to a publishing concern, and they are about to come out in book form.

LITTLE Mary Anderson is the latest addition to the Los Angeles film colony brides. The petite Vitagraph ingenue was wooed by Phinny Goodfriend, assistant cameraman in her company during the filming of some desert scenes near Mojave, but not won until he rescued her during a blizzard—a sure enough blizzard, up in the mountains, a few days later. The ceremony was performed in Los Angeles. When her mother, Nellie Anderson of the Eastern Vitagraph heard of it, she is reported to have said of her son-in-law: "I must say I admire his taste—and his gall to marry my Mary!"

CUPID also seems to have been "shooting" scenes—or rather hearts—down in Florida. Kathleen Butler, who recently appeared in Gaumont's "Secret Agent," and Henry W. Pemberton, playing heavies for the same company, were married at Jacksonville.

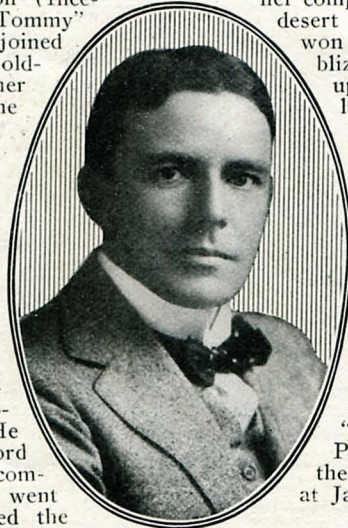
THE interesting news comes from Universal City that a "feminine baseball club composed of girls" has been organized.

BURTON HOLMES, noted travelogueur, who has lectured for many years on his peregrinations in foreign climes, is now a motion picture manufacturer. He edits and assembles his animated travel lectures, which are being shown through one of the "programs."

MARGUERITE CLARK has been sojourning in the Swiss Alps (located in Canada) making scenes for "Out of the Drifts."

RUTH BLAIR, the young Fox star, who appeared in "The Fourth Estate," is quoted as saying that the newspaper business is almost as exciting as the motion pictures. "Almost," indeed! Evidently Ruth has never been a police reporter.

RUTH STONEHOUSE has said good-bye to Essanay and it is understood that she will be seen next under the pennant of the Famous Players. She appeared as her real self at a number of Chicago picture houses before leaving that city for the East.



House Peters has forsaken the west where he appeared in the photoplays of many companies. He is now a World star.



Mabel Trunnelle will look something like this in her portrayal of the Spanish spy in "The Message to Garcia," the Elbert Hubbard story now being filmed by the Edison Company.

ORMI HAWLEY will next be seen as a World star in "The Social Highwayman" with Edwin August. Miss Hawley was for some time one of the leading leads of Lubin. Scenes for the new World photoplay were made in and around Jacksonville, Fla., during the last few weeks.

AS a result of the recent heavy rains in Southern California, a flood of flood stuff, mostly comedies, is scheduled for early release. Most of the comedy companies on the coast, and some of the dramatic companies, took advantage of the deluge to work out some extemporaneous Noah's Ark scenarios.

JOHN J. O'BRIEN—he was known only as "Jack" on the Pacific slope—will probably remain with Famous Players as Mary Pickford's director because of his success in producing "The Foundling." He was successively with Essanay, Lubin, and Griffith on the coast, and with the latter, directed a number of the Mae Marsh photoplays. Robert G. Vignola, who played Judas in "From the Manger to the Cross," one of the early five-reelers, and later produced many Kalem plays, is also a recent acquisition to the directorial staff of the Famous Players.

LILY LANGTRY, "The Jersey Lily," who is Lady de Bathe in private life, is to become a screen star after she completes a vaudeville engagement in the East.

THE New York Supreme Court has been called upon to adjudicate a financial transaction between Lillian Lorraine and the Balboa company. Miss Lorraine alleges that the company repudiated a thirty day promissory note for nearly \$5,000 which was given her in November. Balboa denies it.

KATHERINE GREY, who acquired some degree of prominence as Richard Mansfield's leading lady has decided on a screen career.

"THE Mother and the Law," or whatever its name will be eventually, is not to be released until some time in April, according to word from the Griffith studio. This is the

photoplay which its creator, David Wark himself (not "supervised"), declares will be greater than "The Birth of a Nation." At any rate, it is said to have required a greater expenditure of real money than the "Clansman" picturization. It is understood that the "working title" will be discarded, probably because it sounds too much like "mother-in-law."



And here is Bessie Love, the latest Griffith "find." She is just seventeen and critics say her work in "The Flying Torpedo" and "Acquitted" is reminiscent of Mary Pickford and Mae Marsh.



Arthur H. Spiegel, new president of the World Film Corporation which has absorbed the Equitable. Already one of the foremost business men of Chicago, he becomes one of the nation's leading film magnates.

ANIMAL notes: Theda Bara has a pet owl. Victor Moore has a parrot which answers to the name of "Chimmie." Geraldine Farrar's pet goat is still at the Lasky studio pinning for her return. Nothing to report on Dustin Farnum's skunk farm in Maine.

AFTER several Fine Arts pictures produced in the East, Douglas Fairbanks has again migrated to the Coast and will probably remain there indefinitely. Hollywood provides much more appropriate exteriors than Fort Lee, N. J., during the winter, particularly when the script calls for "summer."

SO long as it must be a "heavy" part, Sessue Hayakawa prefers that his villainy be consummated in the guise of a Chinese. As is generally known, the relations between the Celestials and those of the Flowery Kingdom are not unlike those existing between the Teutons and the Sons of Albion. In the next Lasky picture play which will feature Fannie Ward and Hayakawa, the latter's wife, little Tsuru Aoki, who has been playing in Kay-Bee thrillers, will appear with her husband.

BASEBALL fans throughout the country will be interested in learning that Louis Durham, better known in sport circles as "Bull," is now a motion picture actor. He was a star pitcher for the Brooklyn Nationals in 1904 and later with the Giants. His first important role was that of the "heavy" in "A Law Unto Himself,"

a Horsley film featuring Crane Wilbur.

VALLI VALLI, Metro personality, has a remarkable hobby, according to the publicity man. It's "prize-winning dogs." So original, yet:

We knew an actor once upon a time, whose hobby was prize-winning lottery tickets, purse-winning ponies and pot-winning poker hands, but they never got him anything.

A CLEVELAND judge has decreed that photoplay theaters violate the state law when operated on Sunday. An East Cleveland theater has been giving free shows because of a city ordinance forbidding Sunday performances. Lexington, Ky., is also enforcing its Sunday closing law.

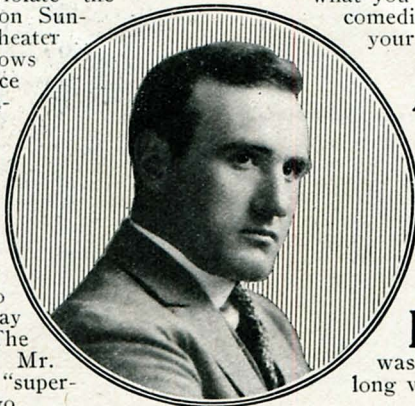
FRANCIS J. GRANDON, who directed the first American serial, Selig's "The Adventures of Kathlyn," is now a Metro director. His first photoplay under that banner was "The Lure of Heart's Desire." Mr. Grandon was a Griffith "supervised" director for two years before going East.

CULVER CITY, the Los Angeles suburb which is now the home of the New York Motion Picture company, is firmly established as a modern municipality since its bank was held up and robbed of \$500 the latter part of January. Director Charles Swickard of the Ince forces and his cameraman were in the bank to arrange for the taking of an interior scene when the robber arrived but the latter waited until they had departed before holding up the cashier. He didn't want to be "shot," perhaps.

MAE MURRAY who jumped from the ultra-modern Follies to the seventeenth century settings of "To Have and To Hold," at the Lasky studio and Catalina Island, had a thrilling experience at the island during the filming of the water scenes. A storm arose and she was lost for twelve hours before the rescuers reached her. Another report states that she was lost for a half hour. Perhaps it just seemed like 12 hours; at any rate Miss Murray was rescued by her intrepid colleagues, so of course nothing else really matters.

THE Los Angeles river is dry and sandy and a few hundred feet wide most of the year, but when the rains descend and the

floods come, it is a raging torrent. As a butt of jokes in that city, it runs second only to the useful Ford elsewhere, but here is a new one that was sprung by DeWolf Hopper as he dashed into the Fine Arts studio during the progress of a heavy rain. "Do you know what you've done?" demanded the big comedian. "You've gone and got your river all wet!"



Donald Crisp, who has been missed from the screen during the last six months, has just completed the direction of a fourteen reel picturization of "Ramona."

ANOTHER Lillian has invoked the aid of the highest New York tribunal. Lillian Greuze has brought suit against Pathe for \$3,000, alleging that she was engaged at a salary of \$750 a week and was not allowed to appear before the camera.

PEARL WHITE'S back also, "The King's Game" was her first picture after the long vacation.

VIRGINIA PEARSON, whom stage patrons will remember as the vampire in Robert Hilliard's stage play "A Fool There Was," is now a William Fox star.



Lucille Taft, who has been wintering in Florida, says she likes looping-the-loop in a flying machine; but her latest Gaumont picture is "The Drifter."

UNIVERSAL CITY is to have a municipal election June 15 and friends of J. Warren Kerrigan are trying to induce him to run against "Mayor" Herbert Rawlinson, who is a candidate for re-election. His enemies allege that Rawlinson is too subservient to Boss Laemmle who put him in the mayoralty chair. Fire Marshal Bob Leonard and Police Chief Laura Oakley are strong for Rawlinson and the Kerrigan supporters are led by Alderman Bosworth.

VIOLA DANA tells a story of having been recently approached to sign a "flesh reducer" testimonial. She weighs 95 but has been much heavier. Last fall she weighed as much as 96.

ROSE MELVILLE, who is re-creating "Sis Hopkins" in Florida, says she has found out why so many stage stars go into the movies—because "it's a great little weight-reducer." It's

also a great little purse bulger.

BETTY BRIGGS, who played the Indian ingenue in "The Lure of Heart's Desire," has changed her name to Evelyn Brent.

HERE ARE MOORES!



Tom, husband of Alice Joyce, papa of the little Joyce-Moore, featured Kalemite and director of considerable ability.



Owen, husband of Mary Pickford, an original Biographer, and generally one of the best-known film leading men.



Mrs. Rosanna Moore, who brought her three small children from Ireland, now lives in serenity at her home in Grantwood-on-the-Hudson.



Miss Mary, whose comparatively recent pantomimic essays register unusual sweetness and charm; and Matt, who is distinguished by being a bachelor, and who also is one of Mary Fuller's best known screen lovers.





"My name's the one to go on it, because it's important that my name gets well known and it isn't a bit important that yours should."

The STEPPING-STONE

THE TALE OF AN IMPIOUS ONE
WHO STORMED PARADISE

By Mrs. Ray Long

Produced by Thomas H. Ince

THE meeting between Elihu Knowlton and Mary Beresford took place in Knowlton's downtown office. It was nearly eleven o'clock at night. The young woman held in her hands a packet of papers and stood regarding the magnate with no sign of embarrassment. He motioned her to a seat beside his desk after one scrutinizing look.

"So Beresford couldn't come," he said drily as he took the packet. He ripped off the outer covering and plunged into reading. Mary made no comment. She sat quietly watching the keen eyes racing over the sheets of the manuscript.

"Good piece of work," he said as he looked up. Mary's eyes lightened. She rose to go. Knowlton motioned her to sit again.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I can't have you going home alone from this office at this time of night. Conscience couldn't stand it. I'll send you in my car."

Mary protested that she was not at all afraid.

"Used to it?" asked Knowlton in his running way that waited for no answer. "What did you say about Beresford? Beresford. Beresford." He squinted his eyes reflectively. "Oh yes. I recall him.



Handsome piece of furniture. What was it you said kept him from coming? Wells told me he'd have him here with this opinion at a quarter to eleven sharp."

"Mr. Beresford has a headache."

Knowlton leaned forward as if he had not heard right. "Um-m-m-m, headache. Too bad."

"This one is extremely severe," said Mary earnestly. "He has them dreadfully."

The sharp glance shot at her would have disconcerted a less direct minded woman. But the girl didn't realize it. Her hand-

*Knowlton did come to tea the next day and often after
He also noted the hurt look in the girl's face*

some young husband's frequent indispositions worried her and she saw no reason why they should not cause commiseration in someone else.

"Who finished up this work you brought me," asked Knowlton. "Wells said it wasn't ready at the end of office hours when he had to leave town, but that he'd have it rushed through for me to-night."

"Why, I finished it."

Knowlton dropped suddenly back into



that. And he did notice the work-stained hands when Beresford talked of Medford's sister.

his chair and sat gazing into space. Mary tried to slip out without attracting his attention. At her first movement he looked back to her.

"I must get better acquainted with your husband," he said as if he had come to an important conclusion. "I will begin tomorrow. And now I will take you down to my car." He offered his arm courteously and impersonally. Mary accepted with delight. She felt that this man would do

what he said he would, and she saw the way to opportunity opened up for the man she loved.

After Mary had gone Knowlton sat musing. He was a man, who at forty had built up a fortune even as fortunes go in New York. One look at him told how. His hair was almost white. His forehead, cheeks, and chin were crisscrossed and furrowed with deep lines. His skin was sallow and the ends of his mouth drooped. He had not hunted any bonanzas or get-rich-quick schemes. He had slaved and saved and built steadily. Men, who had once tried to elbow him out of the way, now came to him.

The first figure he called up for review in his reverie was that of a young man. He was foppishly well dressed and affected an elegance of manner that had always gotten on Knowlton's nerves. Then followed Mary's face with its broad white brow and fine eyes, alight with intelligence. "That rosebud and—her," he said to himself disgustedly. "Why he isn't fit to be her butler. He's got the spine of a jelly fish and a streak of yellow up his back a yard wide. Headache! God! And she doing his work. I'll show him up to her all right. And when I've done it, I'll marry her."

It was characteristic of him that he said "I'll marry her," instead of "She'll marry me." It was also characteristic of him that he did not think of Mary's existing marriage as a barrier. He never thought of barriers.

And Mary, snuggled in a corner of the luxurious car, mused also. The great man had at last noticed her husband. How she would work to help him. The drudgery would soon be over. He would have an office of his own. She thrilled with the joy of it all. Only once did the rosy picture fade. That word "furniture" Knowlton had used about him jarred. But she passed it by as a man's way of talking that she knew nothing about.

At home she found Beresford sitting up under the night light over his bed, reading.

"Oh, you're better, dear," she called as she hurried to kiss him. "Isn't that fine?"

Beresford held up a protesting hand. "Not yet, not yet," he cried. "You'll freeze me. And you've a snowflake melting on your nose."

Mary laughed, rubbed off the offending drop of water, put away her wraps, and fluffed up her hair.

"Now you're all right," called Beresford approvingly. "Come and give me a sweet kiss. That's the girl," as Mary bent over him. "Now tell me. Was the old Croesus miffed because I didn't come?"

Mary looked at him with the eagerness on his handsome face and thought how different he was from the "old Croesus." And he was in every way. Beresford had the roving, pleasure-loving eye of the Latin. It was Mary's soft, red lips that had attracted him, not her fine mental qualities. Impatience with whatever thwarted his desires was all that ever wrinkled his brow. Compared to Knowlton, he was as an indolent, mid-state canal to an ocean. He did not seek to carry any of the heavy cargoes of life. He was a very junior partner in the noted law firm of "Wells and Haskins."

"Miffed," she echoed incredulously. "Why Albert, you have misjudged that man. He's interested in you. He said so. He said

he was surely going to get

better acquainted with you immediately."

Beresford's eyes gleamed. "He missed me," he said with conviction. "I should have gone no matter how I felt."

"Well it's all right anyway," smiled the girl. "You lie down comfy now. I'm going to bed. I'm so tired I can hardly see, even if he did send me home in his wonderful limousine."

"He did that? He sent you home in his car? What a compliment to me." And Beresford sat up straighter.

"Wasn't it though," called Mary heartily as she started to put on a dressing gown. Beresford stopped her.

"See here, Mary," he called. "I can't settle down now. I'm all keyed up. Get us a little lunch, will you? Then let's work on our booklet. I feel just like it."

The girl sighed, then turned to her husband with a smile. "All right," she said. "I don't think you ought to eat and I don't want anything. What shall it be?"

"Do me an egg sandwich, dear, you know the way I like it"—coaxingly.

When he had finished

*Knowlton's emotions were mixed. . .
His hands ached to choke the
cad before him.*





his sandwich. Mary was ready with work table and manuscript beside his bed.

Her hands were so tired they were numb. "I did seven pages to-day," she told him. "I would have done more if it hadn't been for the work for you."

"Great Scott, then we're almost finished."

"Yes, a few hours more will finish it, I think."

"Well then let's pass it up for to-night. You can easily do that to-morrow. What say?"

Mary dropped the work with relief. "Yes, I'd rather do it to-morrow," she said. "And do you know, I'm encouraged. I believe it will sell."

"Sell!" exclaimed Beresford. "Sure thing. Think of people getting the law on their neighbors' chickens, singing in apartments, how to make the doctor tell beforehand what he's going to charge, etc., and all done up in a corking little fiction story. It's a bird. And Albert Latour Beresford ought to make a mighty fine selling name too."

Mary started. "Then you don't think it well to sell it as a collaboration with my

The market suddenly went wrong. Knowlton told Beresford the test of a big man was to take care of himself.

name on the book too."

"No, I don't Marykins. I've thought that all out.

I believe people must think writing's easy, there's such a lot of it. And they must think it queer when it takes two people to do a thing. And, of course, my name's the one to go on it, because it's important that my name gets well known and it isn't a bit important that yours should!"

"Of course, dear, of course," acquiesced the girl gently. "Your success is my success."

Beresford pulled her down to him, pursed up her pretty lips with a thumb and forefinger, and kissed them. "I knew you'd see it my way, Mary. You're a peach. Of course the idea was yours and you've done most of the work. But what does it matter that anyone else knows that except myself. And it makes me awfully dippy about you."

Mary broke playfully from his hold. "Nonsense," she cried. "An idea doesn't amount to much and I've loads more time to write than you."

The next morning Mary prepared breakfast with unusual care. She did all of her housework because Beresford had thought

it more important that he dress well than that Mary should have a maid. There were the hot date muffins and crisp, curled bacon he loved. And she could hardly keep from singing while he ate. She felt this would be a wonderful day for him.

From morning till night her spirits were high. She set her house in order, ate bread and milk for lunch, as usual, to save expense, and worked steadily on the booklet till there was just time to prepare a good little dinner before Beresford's coming. And, when she heard his step, her cheeks were aglow and her eyes radiant with expectation of what he would have to tell about the wonderful beginning of Knowlton's interest.

"Mary, get out my evening clothes while I shave," he called as he rushed in and threw off hat and coat.

"But dear, dinner will spoil and you

Mary began to sob. She was desperate now. . . . "Oh, see here," he exclaimed. "Be a good sport. Don't do that."



haven't told me where we are going."

"To dinner with Medford. Just half an hour to get there."

Medford was the nephew of the firm's senior member, heir to much wealth, debonair, and a cavalier of debutantes.

"Will women be there?" asked Mary tremulously.

"Sure," answered Beresford. "Look your best."

Mary stood puzzling, all the joy gone from her face. Her one evening gown, worn and made over, would never do for Medford's company. "I'm sorry, dear," she said, "but we just can't go. My dress isn't fit."

Beresford was annoyed. "Just like a woman," he grumbled, "never anything to wear. Put it on anyway. You'll look all right."

Mary was almost persuaded when she happened to look at her hands, marred by three years of housework. "I can't, I really can't," she murmured unhappily holding them out. "Just look at my hands!"

"Gee, they are a sight," exclaimed Beresford. "I guess you're right." And he went on preparing to go.

"Dear, you're not going without me?"

"It's not my fault that you're not ready is it," he demanded. "I can't afford to offend Medford, can I?"

Mary shook her head resignedly as she still looked at her hands. They were rough and they were stained, just as rough and stained as Beresford's would have been if in addition to his clerical and law work he had had to do the scrubbing and other janiting of his office. "If I could only have a woman just to do the cleaning I think they would soon be nice again," she said wistfully.

"See here, Mary," said

Beresford indignantly. "Don't throw a monkey wrench into my plans. Here I'm as good as a made man and you wear a face like a rain cloud. We can't spend a cent more on the house. Look at this suit I've got to wear. Vintage of five years ago. I've got to get a new one right away. And I've got to join Med -

call, "Order a little something for to-morrow afternoon. Knowlton wants to take Sunday tea with us. Doing me the honors all right, isn't he? And don't worry about your hands. He's no society fan. He wouldn't know a lady from a wash woman."

Knowlton did come to tea the next day and often after that.



ford's club right away too. It's the only way to cut in. Do you want me to win out or do you want me to chuck my one chance?"

Mary bravely put back her disappointment. "Did Mr. Knowlton see you to-day?" she asked.

"Did he?" Beresford stopped to straighten up importantly. "He sure did. Why that old codger has eyes. He called me into his office, loaned me some money and told me what stock to buy. That's how the invitation happened to come from Medford. I told him about Knowlton and you should have seen his eyes bulge."

As Beresford was leaving he turned to

"I must get better acquainted with your husband," he said, as if he had come to an important conclusion.

And he did notice the work stained hands. He also noted the hurt look in the girl's face when Beresford talked of Medford's sister, Alice, whom he was now constantly meeting.

"A queen, a sure queen," he would say. "She just sits like royalty and lets things come to her. And do they come? Why, Cleopatra and Poppæa had nothing on her. I'll bet too that she bathes in sweet scented milk the way they used to do. Her skin's like velvet. And the way she dresses and demands things! D'you know, I call that genius in a woman. That kind of nerve fascinates me. By George, a woman like that deserves the

jewels and silks of a sultana even if it sends a man under to get them."

Through the months that followed that first loan Beresford made more and more money. Knowlton saw to that. And the more he made the more insufferable he became. There were times when the magnate could hardly keep from shoveling him out of the room on the toe of his boot. But Mary never complained though a pathetic droop had become habitual to her lovely mouth. Beresford had grown into the habit of going out without her. She sat at home alone. One night, when she had waited up till nearly three for him, her heartsickness overcame her resolve never to remonstrate with him.

"Albert," she implored, "you are hurting your health."

"What's my health to anyone except myself," he retorted angrily. "You're getting to be a pestiferous nag."

Mary was cut to the quick for she was not a nag. "Do you realize that you go out almost always without me," she demanded with the courage of despair. "Are you ashamed of me? What is the matter? Tell me frankly."

Beresford shrugged his shoulders and started to leave the room without answering.

"Albert, dear, I must know," begged Mary. "What have I done? What has come between us?" Still Beresford kept silent, but turned and sat.

Mary began to sob, little uncontrollable sobs. She was desperate now. "Albert, she cried, 'don't you want me any more? Is there some one else? You must tell me. The suspense is killing me.'"

Beresford shifted uneasily. All unpleasantness was distasteful to him. He kept his eyes on the floor.

"There is, then," guessed Mary hopelessly. She was silent two or three minutes except for the little sobs. Then she said calmly and with a queer coldness in her voice, "It is Alice Medford."

"Well, you see, Mary, it's just development," he answered now argumentatively. "You're a fine little girl and all that and you've helped me a lot. But I'm a made man. I need a wife who can drive that into people, yes, a wife like Alice Medford."

He waited but Mary did not speak. Only again those little sobs of helplessness

and utter misery. Beresford fidgeted. "Oh, see here, Mary," he exclaimed. "Be a good sport. Don't do that. Think a little of me. I've earned the right to have what I want, haven't I? Has any other fellow come up any faster than I? You've helped an awful lot too. You've been a regular stepping stone. Don't take on so. Some woman always has to be that, you know. And you've been a star of one. I'll never forget it."

The little sobs had died away. "What do you want me to do," came in a low voice.

Beresford walked to her and petted one of her hands. "That's the good girl," he said exultantly. "I knew you'd run true to form. All I want you to do is to free me. Will you?"

Mary tried to speak but the words would not come. Finally she nodded her head.

Beresford was jubilant. He did not try to conceal it. "You're bully," he cried. "In some ways even Alice can't come up to you. And you won't want for anything. I'll see to that. I'll fix a nice little income in your name all right."

The next was the day of Beresford's killing. Knowlton, as usual, was behind him. Beresford went to him early in the day.

"Luck's going to be with us," he said jauntily.

The older man eyed him keenly. "What's the sign," he asked.

"Best ever," laughed Beresford. "I'm scheduled for a new wife, oh—in the future, decently in the future, of course. But I don't mind telling you about it. I know you'll understand. Mary's going to free me. Sees the justice of not keeping a big man like me mated to a nun. Told me so herself last night."

Knowlton's emotions were mixed. The biggest part of his plan had worked out. Mary would be free. His mind and heart exulted. But his hands ached to choke the cad before him. Already he had decided to vent his hatred on him. A few hours later his decision was carried out. The market had suddenly gone all wrong for Beresford. He had called on Knowlton for help and Knowlton had told him that the test of a big man was to take care of himself. He had added that he was having troubles of his own, and had told Beresford not to be a cry baby. Beresford

had pleaded. He had become craven. And still the market went down. At closing time everything he had had was wiped out and he was a wreck.

Then he thought of Mary. As he sat at his desk, his head buried in his hands, the longing to go to her and rest his tired head on her sweet shoulder became overpowering. He ran out like a man crazed, and hurried home. At his door he met Knowlton.

"I came to see if I could offer Mrs. Beresford any comfort in her distress at the loss of you," he said tartly. "I understood that you had left her, you know."

"I've changed my mind about Mary," Beresford answered with a haggard smile.

Knowlton gave the bell a vicious pull to prevent Beresford's use of his latch key. A maid let them in to an atmosphere of pleasant preparation for the dinner hour. She told them she would call Mrs. Beresford, who was sleeping, and explained that something had evidently worried her mistress for she had not slept the night before and had asked that she not be disturbed all day.

"I'll awaken her myself," said Beresford as he detained the maid. But a peculiar look from Knowlton stopped him. "No, Betty, you go," he told the maid.

The men stood awkwardly facing each other. Each felt the other was in the way. Beresford attempted some conversation when a cry, a thin, high, terrifying cry, startled them. Both rushed for the stairs. In the upper hall they met the maid running with her hands over her eyes.

Knowlton was the first to reach Mary's room. He went in and stopped just inside the door. Beresford followed. A peculiar sense of chill struck them both, even before the soft light from a shaded lamp, the maid had lighted, showed them what she had seen.

Mary lay on her bed dressed just as she had been the night before when waiting for Beresford. Her hair curled in shining masses around her face. Her satin slippers had not been removed. But what struck the watchers oddly at first was the decided shadow her long lashes made on her

cheeks. Next it was the cheeks themselves. They were waxen and the lips too. Then her hands were so inert, so fixedly inert. And the flesh of her ankles shone hard and cold through the lacy texture of her dainty stockings.

The stillness of the room beat into their brains. The swish of a curtain, caught in a light breeze from an open window, seemed like a sigh. Both shuddered as their gaze caught a drinking glass and small bottle on the table by the bed. A note lay beside them. Beresford stumbled forward and scanned it. This is the way it read.

My husband:

You said I was only a stepping stone. I guess you were right. I remember the one in the brook at home, what a good place it made to cross when the water was low and pleasant. But when the brook rose, the little stepping stone was gone.

That's the way with me. The flood has come and it is over me. But I'm glad you're across.

MARY.

Beresford crumpled the note and turned to Knowlton and whimpered, "On top of all my other trouble, see what she's done to me."

The older man stood immovable, clenching his hands at his sides to keep them from doing murder. "You and I have killed her," he said solemnly. He paused and shuddered. When he spoke again, his eyes burned and his voice and manner were terrible. "Yes we killed her," he repeated, "and I would now kill you and myself if I didn't know it will be harder for us to live. You rose through her and me. But you will never rise again. And I—I shall be afraid to meet my God. Now go. You have forfeited all right to her."

Beresford did not understand all that the words implied but he did understand the denunciation in them. At last he was utterly cowed. He slunk past Knowlton and out of the room leaving alone the woman who was at rest, and the man who, with all his power and wealth, envied her.

The Latest—Celluloid Silhouettes

THEY are the latest thing in animated plays, a new rival for the travelogue "chasers" and the flickering cartoon, but designed as a real, sure enough feature, rather than a means of emptying the house after the spectators have consumed their fill of dramatic thrills.

Nothing is impossible to the silhouettes, because they are a combination of acting and drawing, but the new art lends itself so willingly and successfully to fantasy, that it is not likely to encroach on the field of the photoplay proper.

On a narrow stage before a dead white background on which powerful electric arcs throw a glaring light, the figures of real actors move in profile, aided by artistic backgrounds and scenery which are drawn with pen and ink. By the use of perspective one figure is easily made to look twice as large as another, but when the story has progressed to a point where it is necessary that a particularly startling transformation be made, the artist steps in and draws the scenes which bring it about.

With this combination anything can be done—any effect created. And because of this the fantastic qualities of famous fairy

stories can be presented on the screen with the same imaginative flights that characterize the original.

There need be no wild scramble for scenarios in making the silhouette fantasies,



for by the time that the Arabian Nights and all of the fairy stories of Hans Christian Andersen and the Grimm Brothers have been done into animated near-realities, something else will have been evolved to prove the error of the ancient gentleman who insisted that there was "nothing new under the sun."

The animated silhouette was originated by C. Allan Gilbert, a well known illustrator, and perfected by him in association with J. R. Bray, whose animated cartoons are known all over the country.

The pictures shown here are from "The Balloon Tree," one of the early productions of the Bray-Gilbert studio and the tree itself is shown in the top picture. The tree and the background, the castle in the distance, are drawn by the artist, but the figures are those of actual persons enacting the scene.

The lower photograph depicts a thrilling attack by the hero, armed only with a sword, on a file of soldiers.



HINTS ON PHOTOPLAY WRITING

By Leslie T. Peacocke



Photoplay Magazine's authority in this department is one of the most successful scenario editors and writers in the world. In addition to a large number of smaller film stories, many of the most interesting features are his creations.



XII

WHAT is the "Technique" of a photoplay? I'm sugared if I know! All the wise-acres who are writing on the art of photoplay writing keep continually harping on that word, as if it was a mythical something that we grasp from nowhere, but which must be vitally essential to insure success. Bosh! To the Devil with technique! We want to be photoplay-writers, not technologists.

Of course there are certain forms to be observed in the construction of a scenario, such as making a short and comprehensive synopsis of the story—so short and closely knit together that the reader who has the power of accepting or rejecting the script may readily grasp the plot, without having to wade through a superfluous lot of matter that doesn't amount to a hill-of-beans. Then there's the cast of characters to be considered, with a short description of their ages, sex, and calling in life. (A few words devoted to each character is sufficient—such as, "Dick, a clerk, age 25, tall and handsome"—showing at once that Dick is a manly looking fellow, in humble circumstances, and therefore, a hero!)

Then follows the working out of the scenes, and the shortest possible description of the action which is necessary for the Producing Director to follow. He will easily grasp what you mean to convey if you describe the action clearly and con-

cisely. The following is a good example:

"Scene 6.—Parlor; Charley asleep in chair, his mouth open. Jane enters on tip-toe; tickles his nose with feather. He jumps up—she struggles—love scene—engaged—kiss—dissolve out the scene."

There! That's a long scene, with quite a deal of action, and any Director who is not a fool can easily grasp the situation without having a lot of "Technique" rubbed into him. Don't worry about technique—whatever it is—but keep your story in mind and make your scenes short and your sequence of them as logical and as free from "padding" as possible.

There is no mystery about writing photoplays. Anyone who makes a study of pictures on the screen and who can visualize a story and who can put that story into words that constitute short, crisp scenes, which will bring the story to a logical conclusion, can write a photoplay. No one can teach you. No book can teach you or help you. I have read scores of books that aim to do so, but every

one that I have had the pleasure of perusing has been so diabolically technical that the reader only ends by being utterly befogged and mystified.

Another thing you must not fail to remember. It is this. Every few months the style of construction of scenarios changes; also the methods of direction; therefore, a sample scenario issued by a scenario department as a guide and aid to writers a

There is no mystery about writing photoplays. Anyone who makes a study of pictures on the screen and who can visualize a story and who can put that story into words that constitute short, crisp scenes, which will bring the story to a logical conclusion, can write a photoplay.

short year ago, would be useless at the present moment; in fact, worse than useless, because it would steer you wrong, and cause you to waste time, working out your ideas by obsolete methods.

That is one reason why nearly all the scenario departments of the best film producing companies have ceased to supply sample scenarios on request of writers. They were beginning to be bombarded by scenarios constructed in an obsolete manner, and an extra force of clerks had to be employed to tabulate the submitted scripts and return them to the unfortunate writers.

Every day more "Close-Ups" are being employed, and some directors insert them into nearly every scene, and there is no doubt that productions are being considerably improved by them, as they bring the audiences more in sympathy with the characters and make the portrayals more vivid. After all is said and done, we are dealing with photography, and every scenario writer should try and visualize his scenes with a "camera eye." I will even go so far as to say that every scenario writer should own a small camera and learn how to use it, so as to learn the limitations of the camera and how to employ it in shifting from one scene to another. Knowledge is always worth money, if employed in a practical way. Taking "snap-shots" will show you the value of "Close-Ups" in depicting the action of your scenes, besides giving you the knowledge of what can be embodied in a single scene through the eye of the lens, and what cannot.

Everyone who intends to take up writing as a means of livelihood, of which photoplay writing is now an important side issue, should perfect herself or himself in all the essential details connected with the chosen calling. The carpenter makes a confidential study of the saw, the hammer, the chisel, and his other essential tools, and would not consider himself as competent if he could not use them effectively. Then, why should a writer be deficient in the knowledge of how to use the very simplest and absolutely essential tools of his trade? Why should the writer be dependent on someone else to do the necessary work?

Everyone who intends to take up writing as a means of livelihood—of which photoplay writing is now an important side issue—should perfect herself or himself, in all the essential details connected with the chosen calling. . . .

Why do so many who aim to win a living from literature go to the trouble of laboriously writing their stories by hand, and then pay out good money to have them typewritten by some other party? If you want to be a live wire in the literary field; if you don't want to be a back number, you MUST learn how to use a typewriter. You will save yourself a great deal of trouble and annoyance, and a great deal of money in the end.

A great number of photoplay writers have, I know, become greatly discouraged by lack of recognition, and by having their worthy efforts returned again and again by all the companies to whom they have been submitted; but I am making no idle prophecy when I assure all creators of scenarios that every original story that has been ruthlessly spurned in the past will soon be eagerly grabbed at, if carefully reconstructed to meet the modern methods of direction and production; and in the reconstructing many authors will find that their one and two reel original photoplays will easily lend themselves to elaboration into five reel feature plays, and will, in consequence, be of much greater monetary value.

Take the stage playwright. A writer may write good fiction, good dialogue, but he may not have studied the screen and the possibilities of the camera, nor have the "Camera Eye," nor be able to condense his work into short scenes full of action, in which his humbler brother, the scenario writer, excels; but he has made his good and legitimate reputation in his own field, and we take off our hats to him, because he has trodden the thorny path of literature and has made good.

I do not mean to insinuate for a moment that an illustrious fiction writer or stage dramatist is incapable of writing a sterling good photoplay; that would be pure madness on my part; but, very few have, as yet, bent their earnest energies in that direction. They have, probably, not thought it worth their while. But any that may essay to write photoplays, without first making a close and long study of first class film productions, will, I predict, make a lamentable fizzle of it.

If the author of an original photoplay

was given the credit and publicity that is his due, I am certain that film productions would be considerably improved. The scenario writers would put more heart and soul into their work. As it is, a great number of the producing directors aim to take all the credit, and do all in their power to keep the names of the REAL originators of the stories off the screen and advertising matter, they sadly forget "The Golden Rule."

They are really foolish in doing this, because they only win contempt and inward ridicule from the firms that employ them, and the enmity of the writers whose efforts they purloin, and for which they try to give themselves personal credit. Mind you, I do not say that all Directors are guilty of this despicable crime. Far from it. A great number of them are scrupulously honest gentlemen, who do all in their power to give credit where credit is due, and they are honored by all who know them. But there are SOME who are abominably selfish in this respect, and they should be thoroughly and publicly exposed.

Every writer who has an original scenario accepted by a scenario department should INSIST that she, or he, be given "name credit" on the film and all advertising matter when possible. It is not much to ask, and I am certain that the real heads of all the reputable film companies would agree to have it done, because it would encourage capable photoplay writers to bend to greater efforts, and unknown writers to feel that it is worth their while to try to win the recognition and small amount of fame that photoplay writing may bring. The film business needs new brains, new genius, but it must be encouraged. All this is irrelevant to "Hints on Photoplay Writing," but it is exceedingly important to the photoplay writer. He is a worker. He has something to sell. But he must have a market for his wares, and that a fair one—or—he will cease to write!

It is inadvisable to write on subjects of which you are not thoroughly conversant, or of peoples or countries with which you are unfamiliar. I once, unhappily, embodied in a scenario some scenes laid in the home of an eminent surgeon, and one of my

characters was supposed to be suffering from a violent toothache which required immediate attention. I made him rush into the house of the eminent surgeon and deputed to that manipulator of grewsome instruments the task of relieving the sufferer by extracting the recalcitrant molar. That is where I got in bad. That is where I stumbled up against the ethics of the medical profession. I took it for granted that all practitioners who made their living out of the ailments of the human anatomy were humane. I thought that in a case of urgent necessity an eminent surgeon would as readily pull a man's tooth as he would pull his leg—but the director who produced the picture soon put me right on that score. He knew all about it, because at one time he had studied to be a surgeon, and he was terribly shocked at my lack of knowledge in that respect. I have often since thought that he was foolish not to have stuck to the medical profession, because I am certain he would have developed into a capital surgeon—judging from the manner in which he butchered my story!

The companies that are solely producing four, five and six reel features do not want to be bothered with short reel scenarios, so do not waste good envelopes and stamps by submitting such to them. It is next to impossible to advise writers regarding the requirements of scenario departments, because they so often change their policy. Most of the old time producing companies, however, are still producing one and two reel dramas and one reel comedies, and will continue to do so, as they deal largely with the smaller moving picture houses throughout the country. They are the wise old birds, too, because there will ALWAYS be a demand for the short reel pictures.

The Biograph, the Kalem, the Vitagraph, the Selig, the Lubin, the Essanay, the American, the Edison, the Universal, and the Kleine companies are all in the market for one and two reel subjects from time to time, and to them alone would I submit your efforts. They are all of them reliable, and their scenario editors treat writers and their scripts with every courtesy.

Do not waste your time evolving "War Stories." There is no demand for them.

A great number of the producing directors aim to take all the credit, and do all in their power to keep the names of the REAL originators of the stories off the screen and advertising matter. They sadly forget the "Golden Rule."

There are enough of them in the newspapers, and you can't beat realities.

Stick to American subjects. The United States is a big country and embraces every requirement in the way of atmosphere and types of peoples. Lay your scenes in the cities and localities with which you are familiar. Make your stories ring true. Did you ever see a single production made in the United States in which the scenes and characters were supposed to be European that wasn't the biggest kind of a joke? To those of us who have traveled, they are always pitiable, and on a par with the "Western-Cowboy-Indian" pictures produced in France! Do you remember them? Weren't they delicious?

No, the manufacturers and the public want American subjects. Strong, original, full of action and suspense, and dealing with everyday life as we know it to be. Those are the stories that get the money.

Some writers submit merely synopses, and not the photoplays worked out fully into scenes. I never advocate that, because you will never get the same price for a mere synopsis as you will for a carefully

constructed, well worked out scenario.

But for such as are too lazy to do the sensible thing, here is a "Hint" worth while. Make two synopses of your story, and send them in together. One of them as short, concise and gripping as possible; so that the reader can grasp your plot in a twinkling, and the other more fully explanatory, going more into the detail of the story. And then, if the reader is interested in the plot which he has already quickly grasped, he will want to read the other, from which he (the reader may be probably a scenario editor or a director) will have to evolve the working scenario.

Always try and put yourself in the reader's place, and think what you would be inclined to do under similar circumstances. Wouldn't a good short, concise, gripping synopsis appeal to you more readily than a long, formidable, uselessly explanatory bunch of closely-written sheets of reading matter—if you had to read about fifty photoplays a day? Which would have the better chance of a sympathetic reading if you were in the editorial chair? Well? 'Nuff said!

The Fable of the Milk-Fed Hero

METHINKS 'twas Will Shakespeare who said "No pugilist is a hero to his sparring partner."

Once upon a time a well known film star who is something of an athletic marvel engaged a former heavyweight champion to play a part in a picture drama. The inevitable happened. Soon there appeared in the public prints a story about the M. P. star inadvertently or otherwise, knocking out the former champion while they were filming a boxing scene.

The story created quite a sensation. Strong women wept when they read about their film hero putting the everlasting kibosh on the husky ex-champion swatter of the universe. Many extra dimes and jitneys were gathered in at various box offices because of the desire to see the ath-a-letic hero who had administered the sleeping potion to the quondam champion.

Then the true story leaked out as it usually does.

Summarized it really occurred thusly, according to authentic information. The film hero and the erstwhile champion swatter were boxing around prior to the taking of the film when the hero thought he saw a great chance to slip one over and thereby win everlasting fame. He started a haymaker, as the sport writers say, but the wary old ring general saw it coming. A hairy arm shot out as the haymaker approached and the hero took a nice little nap.

All would have been well had it not been for the press agent who got the identity of the sleeper confused, either intentionally or otherwise; and of course in self defense the reg'lar fighter had to spill the beans.

MORAL: Don't pick on a big guy just because somebody licked him once.

STAR OF THE NORTH

By Frank Williams

(SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS)

Paul Temple, leading man of a film company making a drama in the Canadian woods, has all his finest instincts aroused by June Magregor, daughter of a factor of the Hudson Bay Company. Temple's estranged wife, Gertrude, has threatened to come up to the camp, but instead becomes star of another photoplay concern through "personal interest" of its executive. Jack Baillie, handsome scamp with Temple's troupe, wins June's superficial regard. June substitutes for the company's leading woman in a dangerous bit of rapid shooting and the canoe capsizing, Baillie saves himself while Paul rescues the girl. Later, Temple soundly thrashes Baillie for forcing his caresses upon June. Temple now has June's admiration, but thoughts of his wayward wife prevent him from declaring his love. Baillie steals one of Gertrude's letters to Temple, but his plans for some destructive revelations are delayed. Paul is about to explain everything when June is called into the wilds on a trip to aid her injured father. At his isolated lodge in the woods June also nurses back to life Gertrude Mackay, who had strayed from her film company, which had begun work in the north. Gertrude very ungraciously accepts June's hospitality, and is angered when the northern girl unconsciously reveals her love for Temple. June is crushed when the actress bluntly states that she is Temple's wife. By her venomous narrative of their life together, Gertrude unwittingly vindicates Paul's character, restoring June's faith in him. Two days later Gertrude returns to Bergman and the camp of his Stellar Film Company. Interest in Gertrude's safe return is overshadowed by a wave of discontent which spreads throughout the Stellar camp, owing to the intense cold and a threatened shortage of food. Gertrude then quarrels with Bergman, whom she had induced to take the company north for a film play which was designed to counteract the success of Temple's northern screen drama. She spurns the owner's advances and he issues an ultimatum; he must know if she intends to abide by her "bargain," made with him. Gertrude flees to the Magregors and induces them to allow her to accompany them south, although they are short of food and Magregor's broken leg is a serious handicap to a rapid journey, by telling them that Bergman turned her out. She proffers a bag of food hastily gathered by her at the Stellar camp, which is found to be practically worthless. Their predicament is serious and Gertrude is exhausted by her unwon efforts to keep up with the party.

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

CAMP GRAPHIC could scarcely contain itself that morning. Tom Briscoe, rising in his place at breakfast, had announced that the end was in sight, that another week would finish the work and conclude this Siberian exile. Then for New York! The instant's breathless silence that had greeted the words was ended by a roof-lifting yell during which Goldie Burke commenced to weep into her cornmeal mush.

"I could marry that man!" she sobbed, almost unbalanced by joy, a fact she admitted later when taxed with her words. "Oh, Lord! to see the Big Light again and hear the Big Noise! There'll be little things on wheels to ride in, an' food to eat, an' places to go. Nothing I've got but my union suits will be in style, but I

don't care. They can dress me up like an orphan if they'll only let me see an afternoon extry, an' watch the crowds on Broadway after the Saturday matinee. I could die happy suffocated with gasoline on Fifth Avenoo!"

This picture proved too touching, and fresh tears rolled down to the end of her reddened nose.

Elsie Tanner on her right sympathized mechanically, but her soft eyes were dark with pain. These had been happy weeks for her. Because she was near to Paul, thrown into the unavoidable intimacy of the camp, she had found his cheery, friendly indifference a bittersweet comfort. And now it must end. With the break-up would come separation, and the starved pleasure of starved studio meetings.

She wished bitterly that some great blizzard would come and snow them in forever.

Baillie, seated near a window at one of the long tables, greeted the announcement with mingled emotions. From one standpoint he could not get back to New York soon enough. Realizing his defeat here, he wanted matters ended at once, and a new hand dealt all round. Yet he awaited eagerly June's return. He only desired one thing now, to see her face as she read the letter from Paul's wife he had stolen that day of his confinement to the bunkhouse.

AS time passed his infatuation for June, thwarted of fulfillment, had cooled suddenly and completely, as such feelings do. He wondered how he could have lost his head so over "that ignorant little backwoods hick."

"Lord," he thought sometimes, "if I'd ever flashed that on New York, the town would have split its sides laughing!"

Now he only asked revenge, and he would call the incident closed. His smarting pride and self-esteem demanded assuagement; to hurt June in her turn and see her writhe. And incidentally to rowl Temple to the very vitals. His one uneasiness was that Temple would discover the loss of the letter before he could use it. But that was a chance he had to take, so thought no more about it.

But Temple's mind was on other things than rummaging in trunks and mooning over his wife's letters. In fact he never thought of Gertrude except in connection with the confession he must make when June returned. He was too busy. "A Wilderness Idyl" was finished, and the company was uniting in a final spurt to clear up the short stuff Briscoe had laid out. Three small companies were at work simultaneously, two of them with promising minor people in the leads—an example of Briscoe's methods to inspire loyalty and ambition—and the company would return with enough snow stuff to vary the regular Graphic program for a year. Paul, himself, both directed and acted.

Briscoe's announcement had startled Paul a little. It brought home to him concretely the realization of how little time remained for him to settle the great problem of his life. He and June must under-

stand each other finally before he left the north, whether the company moved out on the day specified or not. He knew he would not go until he had seen her.

Today her continued absence worried him. It was the tenth day since her departure, and she had told him that with ordinary luck the journey to rescue her father should not take more than seven. Crushing down a natural anxiety, Paul had managed to lose himself in his work and pass that week. Then on the eighth day, hearing nothing, he had gone down to Fort McLeod to interview the Indians.

Maria and old Hawkbill, her husband, had reassured him: no reason to worry yet; with Jim and Missy nothing could happen to the factor; though their plans should miscarry, yet they could meet any emergency that might arise, they knew the country and the necessities of winter travel too well; still, if they hadn't come in three or four days, there might be some cause for uneasiness.

This was the third day and Paul was anxious. Owing to the fact that the weather at Camp Graphic had been uniformly good except for a few cloudy days and a flurry of snow, he could not imagine what had delayed the travelers except an accident. He determined to visit the Fort again at once.

Committing a sort of treason, he dismissed his company in mid-afternoon and tramped the two miles on snow-shoes with steadily increasing apprehension. He found the Hudson's Bay post with paths cleared and fires burning, and both Indians in the big warm kitchen. At the first mention of the matter that had brought him, he found a response to his uneasy mood.

"Gone too long," admitted John Hawkbill, shaking his head. "Afraid now mebbe something happen. Big storms there." He indicated the north.

"But Ju— Miss Magregor took plenty of grub."

"No grub plenty this country."

Temple was greatly disturbed.

"Well, what can we do? We must do something."

"If they not come today, start men after 'em."

Temple thought.

"Can you go? Have you got a good dog team here?" he asked.

The howling of the pack grew nearer and louder, as the great shaggy brutes, running low and tirelessly, coursed on. Was this to be the end, this inconceivable horror?



The other grunted. "Young dogs. Not much good." It would take two days to round up trappers to go with him, he added.

Paul exclaimed sharply. This would not do at all. From that moment he forgot everything except June's possible peril. He paced the low, smoke-stained kitchen for a minute. Then he spoke with new decision.

"We've got a dog team at the camp, two of them, and good ones," he said, and recalled that the animals would not be needed in the remaining pictures. "We've got a sledge and young Peter to drive them. I'm going to start north after Miss Magregor and the factor tomorrow morning. Have you got plenty of grub here?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'll see how we're fixed at

camp and if we need any we'll call on you."

A look of relief passed over the Indian's leathery face.

"But maybe they come tonight," he suggested.

"I've thought of that. We'll start at dawn tomorrow and drive here. If you haven't heard anything—Jim Albert might come on ahead, you know—we'll go right on. And we can take on your grub if we need it. Have it ready, will you? And some extra blankets and a flask of whiskey."

Hawkbill assented.

TEMPLE at once returned to camp, his mind haunted by torturing pictures. He imagined June starving or hurt, lying helpless, perhaps, in some bleak shelter, wondering in her pain why he did not come. He pictured the little party fighting for their lives with the great gray timber wolves, whose weird ululations he had heard sometimes at night as a traveling pack swept by in the distance. Such things were not unheard-of. Pierre, the wood-cutter at camp, had ghastly tales to tell of trappers' clean bones discovered in the spring after the snow had gone.

It was dark when he arrived, and he went directly to the "office," where a light told him that Briscoe was at work. The director was seated before his cheap table, tabulating the results of the day's work, and looked up sharply from under a green eyeshade at the other's entrance.

"Hullo, Paul!" A moment's stare. "What's the matter? Seen a ghost?"

"No."

Temple closed the door and probed the shadows quickly for a chance visitor. Then he told what had transpired that afternoon and the action he had promised.

Briscoe listened with more than casual interest. He had not forgotten that unmentioned visit of his to Fort McLeod when he had offered to make June great under his direction. Though she had put him off then, and had given no definite answer since, he still clung to the idea tenaciously. At the top of his profession, with fame and fortune assured, it was still his ambition to cause one supreme star to swim into the dramatic firmament, to "discover" a great artist.

Whether June was of the requisite cal-

ibre, he did not know, but intuition urged him to make the trial, and therein lay his present interest in Paul's narrative.

But one thing made him scowl as the story went on; that was Temple's obvious love for June. No influence that played upon his people annoyed Briscoe as did "this love business." And if he were to make anything of June, this fol-de-rol must be forgotten. Give him a year in which this girl should be his, to do with absolutely as he would, and he would abide by the public's decision. But in that year there must be no love, no interest outside of work and himself. This was his dream as Paul told of the relief expedition he had promised, and it was characteristic of him that while June might be dying by inches in the wilderness he was living in the glory of his great ambition.

"What?" he stammered, vaguely, when the other ended. "Oh, yes, sure you did right to offer the sledge and dogs. Sure! Couldn't in decency do anything else. But they'll have to supply the grub." He got up from the table a thick, square chunk of a man, and commenced striding up and down the confined space with that intense energy that never left him even after a twenty-hour day's work.

"Of course you'll go?" he shot out.

"Yes."

"Who'll you take with you?"

"Peter, the Indian dog trainer, and Welch, one of the trappers."

"They figure the Magregors are in a tight place?"

"Yes; something must have happened or they would have got back by this time."

"H'm!" Briscoe walked up and down, and presently his eyes lighted. "Starving maybe," he mused, eagerly, "falling down one by one, but fighting on because the spark of life won't die; famished dogs, and the old factor lyin' there communin' with his Presbyterian soul. Great! Great!"

Paul looked at him murderously. For the first time in their long association he longed to get his hands on that thick bull neck.

"Gad, I'll do it!" shouted the director. "Gene Perkins and his camera go with you. If he gets some good realistic stuff we can use it for the punch of a one-reel thriller, and whip the rest of it into shape before we start home, even if we have to stay over another day. Let's see—what

can we have for a story? H'm! H'm!
 . . . By thunder, how's this for a situation!"

"Everything's all right. We go then?" Paul interrupted him.

"Yes, yes, go to hell," snarled the big man in the throes of inspiration, and Paul hurried out.

The next morning at dawn they started; Peter, Welch, Temple, and Perkins, with an eight dog-team. No one except the cooks watched them go for Paul had made a secret of the journey. At McLeod, Maria and John were waiting with the supplies packed. They had heard no word since the afternoon before; no one had come.

While the sledge was being loaded they discussed routes. Jim Albert had outlined to Maria his approximate trail home that day of his arrival with news of the factor's injury, but there was no certainty that he would follow it exactly now. Even should he do so, those going north could not be sure of meeting him. The parties might camp within half a mile of each other and be unaware of the fact unless one crossed the other's trails. On the other hand Peter and Welch knew the country well and could not go far wrong.

"All ready?" said Paul at last. "Get off that sledge, Perkins." The languid one had taken part neither in the loading nor the discussion. He arose with a reproachful look.

"All ready," returned Welch in his place ahead of the dogs.

Peter cracked his whip and they were off.

CHAPTER XXIV

JIM ALBERT knelt beside the inert body on the snow and shook it, rolling it back and forth. And as he rolled, he spoke, repeating the same words over and over.

"Grub ready; we go now; hurry up."

It was the black hour before dawn. The burdened trees that stood motionless about the little clearing were illumined fitfully by the camp fire. Above the stars coruscated like diamonds through an atmosphere that seemed as clear and cold as the interstellar ether itself. By the fire James knelt cooking something in a skillet. A tin tea pot balanced crazily on two stones nearby, and the factor, his face strangely

livid and expressionless, reclined against a tree.

Steadily Jim rolled the inert body.

At last there came a faint sound, and he ceased, to look down into a pair of glazed eyes, open but uncomprehending.

"Grub ready; we go now; get up."

Again the sound. Then the eyes cleared gradually and Gertrude tried to move. But she lay helpless as if cast in some mould, only the heaving of her chest revealing the intensity of her effort.

"Gawd!" she gasped. "Help me, can't you?"

Obediently Jim Albert loosened the sleeping-bag and raised her to a sitting posture where she remained a few moments panting. The famished dogs, running about the circle of firelight, their eyes on the hissing skillet, caused spokes of shadow to revolve among the trees. With the Indian's help, Gertrude struggled to her feet. Her furs were torn and dirty, her wasted face dark with grime and exhaustion. Great shadows encircled her heavy eyes, and a frowsy strand of discolored hair protruded from her parka.

"Breakfast's ready."

June poured out the re-steepings of last night's tea-leaves, and served the pitiful portions of food, after which she carried her father's share to him.

Gertrude made her way towards the fire with stiff, mechanical movements, dragging her feet across the snow. At the smell of cooking her eyes gleamed, and she whimpered with eagerness as June held out her plate. But a sudden savagery leaped from her like a darting flame when she saw what it contained.

"You devil!" she snarled, between parched lips. "Think I don't know you're trying to kill me! Because I'm weak. . . . The three of you against me! . . ."

June turned away, and neither of the others spoke. For three days, numb and helpless, they had seen first the rebellion, and then the breakdown of Gertrude Temple. This was the morning of the fourth day, and because of her, they were little more than half way to Fort McLeod. Unanswered, communing bitterly with herself, Gertrude wolfed the food and threw the plate to the ground.

While Jim got the dogs into harness, June washed the dishes, rolled up the

sleeping things, and packed the sledge. Then the two lifted Fleming Magregor aboard and turned to Gertrude. She stood waiting, supporting herself against a tree trunk.

But nothing was said. Jim Albert rushed on the dogs and the haggard procession started. There was no barking or leaping against the traces now; the dogs' heads swung low and their bushy tails drooped. Their little bells tinkled on with stupid gaiety. The Indian did not go ahead now, but walked by the gee-pole. June plodded behind, and Gertrude followed as best she could.

ONCE clear of camp, Jim Albert found better going. The day before a Chinook had blown from the west causing a surface thaw, and the night cold had frozen a snow crust that bore the sledge and those afoot. They would go faster with this help.

With June hanging to the tail-rope, the sledge skidded down a bank to the level, snow-covered surface of a frozen stream and the dogs stepped out more briskly. June looked behind her. Gertrude, walking mechanically down the treacherous incline, slipped and fell. She fell unresistingly like a child that is learning to walk. Then after a moment she got up again with difficulty and came on. There was something uncanny, somnambulistic in her progress. She moved with eyes staring ahead, arms hanging at her sides, legs moving slowly like a machine that is running down.

June's work with the sledge required all her strength and attention in the woods, but on open stretches such as this she could give a little time to Gertrude. Now she returned and thrust a steadying hand under the other's arm.

But Gertrude flung her off.

"Let me alone," she said, thickly. "I don't want your help."

"But we'll get there so much quicker if we go faster," June explained with monotonous patience. Gertrude commenced to cry.

Later when they left the river June returned to the sledge, but Gertrude could not climb the steep bank, and both she and Jim had to help her.

For an hour she struggled along, her face bearing the unmistakable signs of ap-

proaching exhaustion, eyes half closed, cheeks drawn, mouth open.

"Oh, I'm sorry for her," said the factor, who chafed and raged at his forced inactivity, "but she *would* come. An' the worst is she's not only killing herself but she's killing us. But for her we'd have been home by now."

It was the truth and Gertrude seemed to realize it. Nothing else could account for the incredible fortitude with which she forced herself along. And yet there was something else, and she revealed it another time when June tried to help her.

"I *will* get to him," she had panted, with feverishly blazing eyes. "What are you helping me for? Where are you taking me? *You shan't have him, I tell you!*"

Gradually she commenced to fall back. At the end of half an hour she was a quarter of a mile behind. Jim halted the dogs and they all waited. There was nothing else to do. They could not turn back. Jim's route, while the shortest, led away from the usual winter trails, and their chance of encountering a traveler was small. To deviate now to some trapper's cabin only to find that he had left for more favorable grounds would be taking too great a risk. Only one course lay open to them—to fight on.

When Gertrude came up at last they waited a few precious minutes longer and then started the dogs. Now they entered a region across which fire had swept in a wave twenty miles wide. Bare, blackened tree trunks protruded from the snow like bristles in a pneumatic hair-brush. There was nothing else, no undergrowth or signs of life; it was a country of absolute death where Jim Albert knew his daily wide circuit in search of game would be futile.

IT had proved futile every other day, except for a rabbit or two, for year by year the good game country moved farther north, and this region was thinning fast. Jim's hope was for a chance-found herd of caribou or moose, pawing for moss beneath the snow of the muskeg barrens, but the one time he had sighted such a herd the animals had fled before he could labor within range.

As time passed, the waits for Gertrude became more frequent, and longer. Through it all she remained mute like



"If you touch that camera, Perkins, by God I'll break you in two!" Then came a sound of concern, and Gertrude knew that the speaker had bent over her. The next instant she looked up into the face of her husband.

some tortured animal, struggling forward with sharp, panting breaths that sounded harsh in the surrounding stillness. Then about ten o'clock she fell, and when the others set her on her feet, could not walk. June and Jim Albert looked at each

other, startled. This point of collapse had been reached every day of the journey except the first, and each time at an earlier hour, but always in the afternoon. The writing in the sky was growing plainer. The two half dragged, half carried Gert-

rude to the sledge, and carefully shifting the factor, crowded her in beside him. Then, taking ropes attached one on each side, they called on the dogs. The animals strained at their double load, and with the other two tugging like draft horses at the ropes, they went on.

On level stretches they made good progress, but in the rough going of the woods, the crust was not strong enough to support such weight, and the runners broke through first on one side and then on the other. Then, as if it had been a mired vehicle, the two afoot would maneuver to extricate it, sometimes having to lift the helpless woman off before they could get the sledge upon the crust again.

IT was cruel work. The dogs, giving the best they knew, steamed and panted. June, for all her splendid fitness and endurance, only possessed of a woman's strength, felt the slow, leaden lassitude of exhaustion stealing over muscles and nerves. This thing could not go on forever, she knew.

Only the Indian remained undaunted, able still to match strength and cunning against the forces that were gradually closing upon them. In this ultimate test of fitness to environment he triumphed. He was the anchor about which they swung. Should he fail or accident come, their case would be desperate indeed.

Now as noon approached, another element began to make itself felt. Though the warmth of the low-hanging sun was feeble, yet it proved sufficient with the warm wind to soften the snow crust, and now the sledge broke through continuously, bringing the dogs up with a jerk.

At last, on one of these occasions the final misfortune occurred. The sledge careened so suddenly that Gertrude was flung heavily half across the factor upon his broken leg. His shout of agony brought the others and, while he sat with livid face, the inert form was lifted off, and June and Jim Albert examined the injury. The splints had been moved, and the newly knitting bone wrenched. How serious the damage might be they did not know, but it was obvious that this method of travel must be abandoned and another devised. They had reached the *impasse*.

As noon was so near, they made their camp and boiled tea, and while they drank

it, sodden with weariness, they discussed the question.

"Let's try this, father," June suggested, at last. "Let Jim drive you on two or three miles and leave you. I'll wait here with Mrs. Temple till Jim can drive back and get her. It will be slow, but—"

"And ask the dogs to travel nine miles to gain three?" asked Magregor, gently. "No, June, that won't save us. With the grub we've got we might as well stay here and face things out." He shut his eyes for a moment, and his face seemed very gray. Though the others had suffered on this journey, his torments, both physical and mental had been infinitely greater.

After a few moments of silence his eyes opened and he spoke again cheerfully, almost gaily.

"After all, it's quite simple," he said. "Why didn't I think of it before? You three hurry on down to the fort for help, and leave me behind. I'll make out grand, I know."

June looked at him quickly, undeceived by the lightness with which he offered the sacrifice. To leave him now after his recent hurt was unthinkable, and the words of refusal were on her tongue when Gertrude, who had sat huddled on the snow like some broken Buddha, raised her bleared eyes and spoke.

"Forget it," she croaked. "If anybody's goin' to stay, I am. I'm done. I can't take another step, and I won't!" She licked her cracked lips, staring weakly from one to another. "God, I'm tired! I can't walk. I *can't*, I tell you! What do you expect of me anyway?" Two ready tears coursed down her cheeks. "That dam sledge! I'd sooner *die* than touch it again."

"But we oughtn't to leave you, Mrs. Temple," said June, hopelessly. "We'll get along somehow. We'll—"

The other turned on her.

WHAT do you talk like that for? You know you want to leave me. You want me to die!" She paused a moment and then added with incredible bitterness: "You win. Ain't that enough for you?" Dazedly she turned back to the factor. "Go on without me, d'ye hear? I've wrecked this thing like you said I would, but nothing could have stopped me from coming. I can't move, and I won't! And

you needn't argue: I won't go. I've stood all I'm goin' to. Do you hear? All I'm goin' to!" Suddenly she relapsed into her Buddha-like attitude, and her eyes closed.

Magregor did not argue. He merely shrugged his resignation, and once more Gertrude Temple had her way as she had always had it. But quite without a thought or word for his uncalled-for chivalry.

"It's best," he said, quietly, "but, Mrs. Temple, ye need be in no danger. Men will start back for ye within an hour after we arrive. We'll leave all the grub here but a mouthful, and if ye bide as I tell ye, ye'll pull through all right."

Gertrude made no reply, and Magregor commenced to plan, his lips compressed.

"Jim, see if ye can find some shelter for Mrs. Temple. We haven't time to build one. And June, divide the provisions and blankets."

The Indian wasted no time. Walking along the foot of the rocky hill, a spur of which they had rounded before the halt, he examined the snow-covered slope keenly.

Fifty feet up he found what he sought, a natural hollow in the hillside, almost a cave. With wood and provisions a trapper could have held out there indefinitely in actual comfort. Reporting his find, he commenced to cut a great supply of dry wood, while June transferred the blankets and food to the shelter. Finally, they half carried Gertrude there, and shook her from her stupor into a state of consciousness.

"SLEEP all you like," June told her. "If you stay in the sleeping bag and protect your face, it won't matter whether the fire goes out or not. You have plenty of matches to start another. With your rifle you needn't be afraid of anything; nothing will harm you. Make your grub last two days. The men ought to be here on the third. And most of all, stay where you are. Don't go away. The search party will come straight here, and if you're here they'll find you. It's perfectly simple and you'll be quite all right."

Gertrude nodded mechanically. She seemed in a stupor. June repeated her instructions, and then, after the fire was blazing brightly on the floor of the cave, she returned with Jim to the sledge. Ten minutes later they were off.

CHAPTER XXV

GERTRUDE TEMPLE emerged from a black stupor to the glow of pleasant hallucination. She seemed to be in her New York apartment, that place of luxury, safety, and laziness. Still, she wondered why Yvonne hadn't closed the windows and turned on the heat; the northwest winds sweeping across the Hudson made her bedroom very cold, she thought. And she felt strangely weak and hungry—quite certain she was going to be ill.

She opened her sticky eyes with difficulty and the vision vanished as a pale yellow sun blinded her. She looked up to see the overhang of the little cave where she lay, and after a dazed moment the whole ghastly truth rushed back. And in the gradual realization came overwhelming despair. Tears of misery rose to her eyes. What would become of her? What, oh what had she done to earn this?

Her feelings of cold and hunger increased until dominant instincts in her urged sharply to self-preservation, and she fought her way up to a sitting posture despite the agony of her stiffened muscles. As she searched for matches she remembered that the sun had been in its present position when she saw it last. She must have slept the clock around.

With infinite difficulty and pain she broke a few twigs and started a fire, adding larger and larger wood as it grew. The heat striking her shrivelled, grimy hands made her shiver gratefully. She found she was thirsty and filled a saucepan with clean snow to melt.

Everything was near at hand, and Gertrude did not walk. She hitched about her narrow domain, or crawled on all fours, looking with her tattered furs and bedraggled, unkempt hair, like some creature half human, half animal—a survivor of the Cave People.

With trembling eagerness she opened the caribou-skin grub sack at her side. Her's was not the sharp-toothed hunger of health nor yet the pain of fasting. It was the continuous, gnawing torment of semi-starvation, the mortal anguish of dying tissues.

She was traveling the way of death and she knew it, and the sight of the handful of provisions which June's bounty had provided for her, filled her with a sudden,

terrified panic. Wild-eyed, she sat trembling. Was she doomed to starve here by inches? God! that couldn't come to her. No, no! The thing was preposterous; it didn't happen to people of her class. Some poor Indian or trapper, perhaps, but not Gertrude Temple, known up and down Broadway, star of "A Magdeline of the Snows."

But no! Not star of that, any more, or of anything. Only a fallen star whirling dizzily through space to an obscure end.

SHE vaguely recalled that she must stay here three days, so divided her provisions into three equal parts. Then she laughed crazily at the sight. What rot to cook three times what was not even one meal. She swept them all together again.

Jim Albert had laid the few stones for the fireplace, and now the saucepan was full of tepid water from the melting snow. Gertrude drank some, set some aside for mixing with the flour, and put the rest back to heat for tea. She managed to balance the frying pan upon two stones in the midst of the flames.

Twenty minutes later appetizing odors filled the air, and she sat trembling with eagerness, her eyes a-glitter, scarcely able to restrain herself. When the food was still underdone, she could wait no longer, but feverishly helped herself, making a feeble attempt to take only the allotted third. But she was on the flood tide of the irresistible instinct to live, and failed. Never before had she known the necessity for iron control, and it was scarcely to be expected that she could summon it now.

When she had finished half the food was gone, and she had awakened such a craving for more as almost conquered her. But what she was impotent to do herself, sudden panic for the future accomplished. She put the remaining food away but continued to drink great quantities of scalding tea. Its warmth and the feeling of nourishment she experienced, made her drowsy, and throwing fresh wood on the fire, she crawled back into her sleeping bag. She fell at once into a sodden, animal oblivion.

When she awoke next it was night and she was aching from head to foot. There were no stars in the sky, and the air was damp, penetrating. A few embers of the fire still glowed red, and she was raising

herself painfully to throw on more wood when a sudden roaring blackness enveloped her, and she seemed to be sinking, whirling through a vast abyss, dizzy and powerless. Then at the extreme moment things cleared again, and she found herself prone, panting fast, one hand against her breast. What this was she did not know, but it brought fresh terror.

Then, as she lay there, the night seemed to become strangely alive. Intermittent gusts of wind roaring through the trees seemed the hoarse respiration of the forest. There were strange snappings and scuttlings as of creatures running across fallen leaves. The oppressive terror of great spaces, alien and predatory, weighed down upon her with that mystery which, from time immemorial, has evoked in primitive minds, legends and gods and demons.

She lay stark awake, cold with the sentience of her awful aloneness. And out of her terror she created anew that refuge which her primordial ancestors created in their first terror-haunted aloneness—God. But so afraid was she for Self, that God brought little comfort now, though she clamored wildly.

Then, upon her straining ears struck a sound, a long-drawn, bell-like sound that cleft the darkness like a blade and died away in the distance. It rose again, longer and more sustained, and louder, and the woman lay frozen, her heart scarcely beating. She had heard that voice of the traveling pack before at Stellar Camp, and had cherished the memory of it as a colorful bit of her adventures. But now its altered significance!

Was this to be the end, this inconceivable horror? Had she been chosen, as she knew some were chosen, to experience the awful fates of life—as some men fell into boiling vats and others were dragged down in tropical rivers by unseen horrors below? "God! save me from this!" she panted.

THEN she remembered that fire would keep off wild beasts, and sat up again, groping for the wood. But with her hand upon a stick, she hesitated. If they passed close unsuspecting, and should see her fire, what then? Her loaded gun was no comfort to her. She had fired plenty of cartridges from a little revolver before a camera, but this would mean shooting to

kill, to save her own life, and she could not do that.

The howling of the pack grew nearer and louder, rose and fell as the great shaggy brutes running low and tirelessly, coursed on. Then when it seemed that the next moment must bring them to the mouth of the cave itself, she snatched up the rifle and held it awkwardly ready. But the fearful music passed beyond her and gradually diminished in the distance. She sank down dripping with perspiration, every nerve jangling like a plucked wire.

Then came a convulsive ague of reaction and cold, and she knew that she must have fire. But her palsy was such that at first the sticks flew out of her hand as she grasped them. At last the embers blazed, and she huddled gratefully in the circle of heat. And with comfort came a false sense of strength and a determination never again to go through what she had just endured. Her brain, seared with terror, shrank utterly from the thought of another night here.

Reason pleaded with her for a brief moment. She remembered June's warning not to leave this shelter, and her assurance that the rescue party would arrive on the third day, without fail. But the very fact that June had said this was reason enough for distrust, for suffering had distorted truth until now she believed that June had lured her on this disastrous journey only to leave her to die. And now she cunningly determined to defeat that plan.

ACTING as always on impulse and spurred by terror, she justified her course with sophistry. If the rescuers really were coming she would meet them; if not, she would be moving, fighting to the last, not dying like some chained animal. With hands that trembled she began to gather things together, ready to pack at the first glimmer of dawn. She had a watch, a dainty jewelled thing suspended by a platinum chain about her neck, but it had stopped three days ago and she had never wound it. Now she sat and watched what she supposed to be the east.

The gray light came at last from the opposite direction and when she caught the reflection of it, she immediately completed her preparations. "I must save the food," she told herself, and ate only a mouthful or two. The remainder she put

into the bag with some of the utensils. The others, no longer of use, she discarded to lighten weight. Then she strapped on her snow-shoes, and with the loaded rifle in one hand and the pack over her shoulder, started.

SHE was possessed by the satisfaction that comes of acting on one's own decisions for one's own good. She found the noon camp of two days before, and the plainly discernible trail the Magregors had taken south. This she followed, surprised at the ease with which she walked, for her long period of inaction had rested her greatly. Her only annoyance was that limbs and will sometimes failed to co-ordinate; she had a constant tendency to continue along straight lines rather than follow the curves of the trail.

She had maintained her dogged, regular progress about two hours when it commenced to snow. There was no wind now and the big flakes descended gently, kindly. Gertrude did not mind the snow. It made things warmer and cosier. Then she commenced to realize that the trail was growing dimmer before her. At best slight, because of the hard crust that had borne sledge and snow-shoes easily, now there came yards together where it was invisible.

The full import of this fact suddenly flashed upon her, and she halted transfixed by a new panic. Instinctively she faced back. Perhaps she could regain the cave. It seemed the warmest, safest place in the world now. Oh, why had she ever left it! But the back trail was gone even as she debated. She stood still fighting that breaking down of all barriers that would mean madness. Then she faced forward again. She could see the trail for a little distance before her. Hope lay that way, and clinging to hope, she went on.

Now she walked bent forward, her bloodshot eyes straining to follow the least mark, her rifle barrel tracing a wavering line behind her in the new snow fluff. Sometimes she stumbled as her snow-shoes clogged. At last there came a moment when she could find no sign of the trail. Ahead she saw a long crack where a mass of snow falling from some tree had split the crust. Again hope surged up in her warm and new, and with a little gasp of

(Continued on page 154)



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Copyright, 1916

Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. One dollar will be paid for each story printed. Contributions must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to include your name and address. Send to: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Owing to the large number of contributions to this department, it is impossible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore it will oblige us if no postage or stamped envelopes be enclosed, as contributions will not be returned.

Food for Thought

TEACHER: "Johnnie, what cereals are grown in Illinois?"

Johnnie: "Why, serials don't grow! Dey have t' be took, same's any other pitcher!"

Miss Flossie Keeley, Rockford, Ill.



He Was Layin'. Anyway

A SCENE in "The Great Divide" showed House Peters sleeping on a bed of straw. Three-year-old Ellen was from the country and of a practical turn of mind. After studying the picture intently for a moment she turned to her father and asked:

"Is he takin' the hen's place, papa?"

H. Schutte, Erie, Pa.



We Agree

AS a sub-title, the single word, "Self-Control," was flashed upon the sheet. A little boy of about five years turned to his sister, a youngster of seven, and inquired:

"What does that mean, Marnie?"

"Self-control's when you have mosquito bites on your legs and don't scratch 'em, when there's company," replied Martha.

M. Zander, Los Angeles, Cal.



No Wonder

NEAR little Clare's home there lived several families named Davis. One evening at the movies there appeared upon the screen a street in which one of the buildings bore a large sign: "Davis Manufacturing Co."

"Now I know where all the Davises come from!" exclaimed Clare.

Catherine Burke, Syracuse, N. Y.

War Pictures Unique

BEFORE Pat went to France to fight in the trenches he had been a regular movie-goer in Dublin. When he was wounded by the bursting of a German shell he was brought to the main hospital in Paris, where experts took a number of x-ray photographs of the wounds in his chest and stomach.

The first rational words that Pat spoke to the nurse, after recovering from the delirium which followed his operations, were these:

"Where be they goin' to show thim movin' pichers they took av me insides?"

*Catherine L. Nichols,
Philadelphia, Pa.*



Descending from the Show

LITTLE Ella had been to the movies but a very few times. On the last occasion a travelogue film was run as the final feature on the bill. The pictures were still taking the audience down the winding Peruvian railroad when Ella's mother rose to leave the theater. The little tot looked up in great surprise.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "are you goin' to det off here?"

L. E. Zorn, White Plains, N. Y.



A Strong Breath

DOROTHY, aged three, had been breathlessly watching the terrible villain. When he reached a railroad bridge she turned to her mother and asked:

"Oh, muvver, what's he going to do now?"

"He's going to blow up that bridge."

"But muvver," came back the small inquiring voice, "How can he get enough breff?"

*Miss E. M. Boyd,
Washington, D. C.*

LILLIAN WALKER'S DEEP TRAGEDIES

THE SUN-HAIRED COMEDIENNE BELIEVES
THAT SOME PERVERSE JINN DUG HER
DIMPLES AS MERE WELLS OF TORMENT

By Jack Shaw

BENEATH Lillian Walker's sunny exterior, concealed within her jolly little rotund figure, and disguised by two wonderful, omnipresent dimples, lurks a Grim Tragedy. No one who has seen her laughing personality portrayed in several scores of Vitagraph photoplays, will believe this. Least of all, perhaps, will Miss Walker willingly admit the fact herself. But truth is mighty and will prevail, and one terrifically hot day—one of those days when the corporate being seems to melt away in floods of perspiration and reveal the true, subliminal self—she sat in a corner of the property room and gossiped about work and play, and the Grim Tragedy stalked forth:

Lillian Walker wants to do serious parts.

Imagine a round little girl, crowned with shiny, blonde hair, the hair surmounted by a dome shaped little hat with a funny little flat narrow brim, and her round little face punctuated on each side with a dimple that fairly shouts with joy—not one of those fadeaway dimples of the "Now-you-see-me-and-now-you-don't" sort, but definite and permanent inverted cones of laughter—imagine this



girl with an ambition to be an emotional actress. If you can't, try to imagine David Warfield as Cyrano, Mrs. Fiske as a premiere ballerino, Vernon Castle as Shylock. . . .

"Just because I like to be jolly, and have dimples, they insist that I shall play mostly comedies. But I have a lot of serious thoughts," and she smote her bosom with a fist that was ridiculously inadequate for smiting purposes, "and I don't see why I shouldn't have a chance to express them."

It is often that way.

Frederick the Great, it is said, was much more interested in flute-playing than German federation, and Nero was a far better violinist than emperor; yet fate decreed that Frederick should be an empire builder, Nero a monarch, and Lillian Walker a charming comedienne.

So the world wags on.

While this Grim Tragedy constantly lurks in the background of Miss Walker's sunny life, she does not permit it to depress her, and she goes on merrily, day after day, creating characters to please rather than thrill. Sometimes she has differences of opinion with the directors, and then they have a



*Imagine this girl with
an ambition to be an
emotional actress! . . .
"But I have a lot of
serious thoughts," she
says.*

little sit-down talk about it, during which she cries a little, in her dimpled way, and either gets her own way or not, as the case may be, emerging equally contented in either event.

She has been with the Vitagraph company ever since the time when the concern had only eight players in its stock company, graduating to pictures from vaudeville. She has played everything from girls of fourteen to grandmothers, but mostly lively and adventurous heroines. These she likes best, as they give her outdoor work, such as in "Love, Luck, and Gasoline." She has aviated and has won swimming races against men. She drives her own gasoline coupe, and in general truly enjoys the sort of thing she is seen doing in the Miss Tomboy series.

But the picture she looks back upon with

most satisfaction is "The Little Dolls' Dressmaker," because it was serious—at least by comparison with most of her other films.

While she was telling about these things some one called her, and she bounced away and back again in an instant with an oblong parcel.

"I've got the most beautiful present," she caroled, as she attacked the string impatiently.

"How can you tell?"

"*He* said he'd send it," she replied, with an extra display of dimples, and triumphantly produced a pretty white and red, silk and wool sweater.

Grim Tragedy was forgotten.

The interview was automatically ended, coming to an untimely finish from malnutrition.

"Serena!"

THAT'S the picture—"Serena!" I am mad about it! Isn't it wonderful? What? You're laughing. The picture is wretched, you say? For my part, I should never tire of looking at it. Oh, don't ask me how many times I've see it! It flickers—it's old—it was one of the first silly little films, a joke of picturedom's infant years? Oh, why are you always looking for imperfections? Yes—yes! I know the celluloid is cracked, and that the light was foggy, and that there's no story at all, but I'm not hunting for its mechanical failures. I am looking at . . . Serena. Morning is breaking in her eyes. That darkness on her lips was the red of life, not rouge. How marvellously her cheek rounds, like the breast of an August peach or the sphere of an October apple! Her body is the embodiment of sweet belief—look at her, rushing toward us like everything young in the world! Her kiss . . . her kiss was sacred, then. See . . . Or, you see. My eyes are closed, and I am seeing much more than you. Oh, please run it just once more—won't you? *Please! What?* I've seen the show and I must move on? Your fine ladies are shrinking from me? Let them shrink! I—oh well, I'll go. You don't need to call your officer, you he-quail! What am I drunk on now? Nothing but memories. Six years may spell eternity to a woman. I . . . I *was* Serena.

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

Number III—Complete in this issue. For explanation see opposite page.

FIND TITLES IN THIS LIST

BY Fair Means or Foul
The Country Chairman
The Cub
Copper
The Family Bible
The Greater Courage
From Italy's Shores
Double Trouble
Life's Pitfalls
The Glory of Youth
The Voice in the Fog
Body and Soul
The Mayor's Decision
Let Kitty Do It
Fatty and Broadway Stars
The Comet
The Cheat
When the Light Came in
Heart of Blue Ridge
The Miracle of Life
The Buzzard's Shadow
The Lily and the Rose
Vengeance of the Wild
The Primrose Path
The Soul of Broadway
Lakeside Topics
A Daughter of the Sea
The Alster Case
A Woman's Conquest
Sins of Society
Sealed Orders
One Million Dollars
Armstrong's Wife
The Mill on the Floss
The Widow's Secret
Carmen
My Madonna
A Night in the Show
A Gentleman of the West
Zaza
Mary's Lamb
The Galley Slave
The Spender
Damaged Goods
A Poor Relation
The Gray Mask
The Approach
Still Waters
The Chorus Lady
Victory of Virtue
Esmeralda
His New Job
Cross Currents
His Night Out
The Tramp
Seven Sisters
The Unknown
Fighting for France
The Destroying Angel
The Golden Claw
Crooked to the End
The Best of Enemies
The Girl and the Special
Stolen Magic
The Broken Law
Divorce
The Supreme Test

Matrimony
Farewell
The White Scar
The Bondwoman
Her Reckoning
Black Birds
The Old Homestead
The Labyrinth
The Mummy and the Hummingbird
The Cowardly Way
Where the Road Divided
In the Heart of the Hills
A Fireside Realization
A Man and His Mate
A Ride for a Bride
A Rural Romance
As a Man Thinketh
Broncho Billy and the Land
Bubbling Water
Man to Man
Comrades
Daylight
The End of the Run
Crossed Wires
The Face at the Window
The Stay at Homes
From the Shadows
Getting Acquainted
Girl at the Curtain
The Good Old Summertime
Lights and Shadows
Hearts United
In Double Harness
His Long Lost Friend
His Return
Home, Sweet Home
The End of the Run
In the Midst of the Wilds
In the Cow Country
Matty's Decision
Shadows and Sunshine
Man to Man
In the Firelight
In the Midst of the Wilds
The Law at Silver Camp
The Man Outside
The Stagecoach Guard
The Comeback
The New Baby
In the Open
The Creator of Hunger
The Eagle
The Friend
The Only Child
Under Her Wing
When East Meets West
In the Northern Woods
The Man Who Came Back
A Natural Man
On the Border
The Open Door
Out Again and in Again
In the Sunset Country
Over Secret Wires
Pierre of the Plains
Recreation—Yosemite

Shadows and Sunshine
Shore Acres
The Still on Sunset Mountain
Their One Love
In the Sunlight
The Beast
The Girl of the Night
The Light in the Window
In the Valley
The "Round-Up"
The Man from the West
The Man in the Chair
The Other Man
The Tie That Binds
Applied Romance
Trail of the Lonesome Pine
The Turning of the Road
An Unseen Enemy
The Valley of the Shadow
When Reuben Came to Town
Where Love Dwells
Where the Road Divided
The Wild Woolly West
The Great Lone Land
The Girl from the East
On the Night Stage
The Girl of the Golden West
The Straight Road
A Yankee from the West
Your Baby and Mine
A Romance of Old California
The Eagle's Mate
After the Storm
All Mixed Up
And He Came Back
At the Transfer Corner
The Awakening Hour
The Baby
Back to Broadway
Back to the Farm
Back to the Primitive
Behind the Screen
The Better Way
Between One and Two
Billie's Baby
Billy's Love Making
The Bond of Love
Both Sides of Life
Broncho Billy and the Settler's Daughter
The Busy Bell Boy
By a Strange Road
Cactus Jake, Heat Breaker
Broncho Billy's True Love
A False Shadow
Con, the Car Conductor
Dawn
The Girl at His Side
The Hand That Rocks the Cradle
A Cowboy Pastime
Her Husband
The Hills of Peace
His Guiding Spirit
The Hour and the Man
In the Glare of the Lights
His Soul Mate
In the Sunset Country
It Happened while He Fished

(List Continued on Second Page Following)

HERE ARE THE FEBRUARY WINNERS

CONTEST NO. 1

First Prize, \$10.00, John T. Marshall, R. F. D. 3, Trenton, N. J.

Second Prize, \$5.00, William H. Campbell, Barnesville, Ohio.

Third Prize, \$3.00, Walter Kaplie, 2400 Custom Ave., Fordham, N. Y.

Fourth Prize, \$2.00, Miss M. Munkholm, 2294 Priscilla St., St. Paul, Minn.

Ten One-Dollar Prizes to—Mrs. Clarence Kyle, 203 N. Washington St., Athens, Ohio; Matt. Saylor, London, Ky.; Miss Elva Peckham, 821 Albany St., Utica, N. Y.; James A. Miles, 2336 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Indiana; Mrs. J. A. Reed, R. F. D. 1, Sinking

Springs, Pa.; Mabel Fritts, R. F. D. 11, Dallas, Texas; Elizabeth Kelly, 537 Seventeenth Ave., Seattle, Wash.; W. R. Nelson, 328 E. Commercial St., Springfield, Mo.; Leo C. Jones, 71 Public Square, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; Mrs. M. F. Hauchin, Metropolis, Illinois.

THE CORRECT FEBRUARY TITLES

1. "The Million Dollar Mystery."
2. "Soldiers of Misfortune."
3. "Over Night."
4. "The Edge of Night."
5. "The Turning of the Road."
6. "On Dangerous Paths."
7. "The Little Blonde in Black."
8. "The Last House."

FOURTEEN CASH PRIZES

FOR the correct or nearest correct answers to these pictures. The awards are cash, without any string whatever to them. This is the third of a series of novel feature contests to interest and benefit our readers at absolutely no cost to them—the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE way. The awards are all for this month's contest.



1



2



3



4

THE PRIZES

- 1st Prize, \$10.00.
- 2nd Prize, \$5.00.
- 3rd Prize, \$3.00.
- 4th Prize, \$2.00.
- Ten Prizes, \$1.00 each.

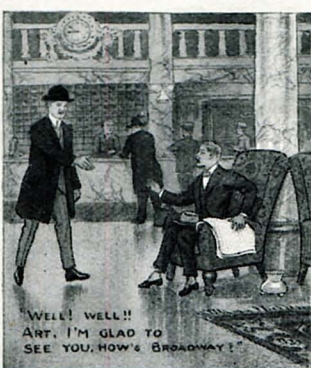
Each scene represents the *name* of a popular photoplay which will be found in the list on the opposite page and the page following. These illustrations are not of scenes from the plays, but are of the *titles*. In the case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded to the senders of the answers involved.



5



6



7



8

Directions

Write plainly below each picture the *title* which you think it best represents. Place your own name and complete address on the margin at the bottom of this page. Cut the leaf out and mail it to "Title Contest," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. Or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper. Number your answers to correspond with the numbers of the pictures. We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions. All answers must be mailed before April first. Awards for this list will be published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for this contest each month.

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

(See preceding page for explanation.)

LIST OF TITLES CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE PRECEDING

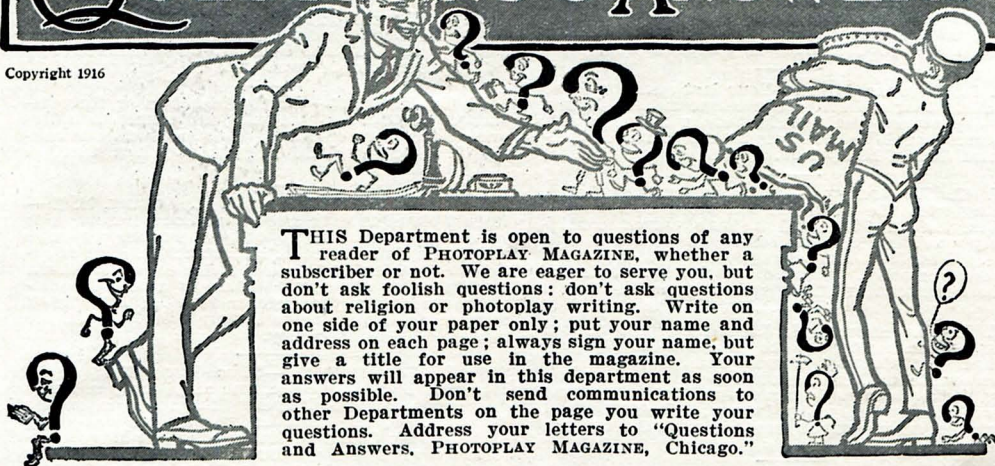
THE Wrong Prescription
A Woman of Nerve
The Witching Hour
The Kid's Nap
Man from the East
Real Thing in Cowboys
His Wife
She Married for Love
The Man in the Chair
The Stage-Coach Driver and the Girl
Their Interest in Common
The Wilderness Mail
When Wife Sleeps
What a Blind Man Saw
The Watertank Plot
Volunteer Fireman
Venomous Tongues
The Usual Way
An Unknown Monster
The Typhoon
The Torrent
Three of a Kind
The Prodigal Husband
The Lure of the Sawdust
The Highbinders
The Face on the Ceiling
The Butterfly Bug
The Test of a Man
Target of Destiny
Sympathy Sal
Strathmore
The Squaw
The Skinfint
The Second Shot
The Scales of Justice
The Ruse
A Rival Pitcher
The Wrong Birds
The Woman Hater
Wished on Mabel
When We Were Twenty-One
The Wharf Rats
Wasted Years
Voices in the Dark
The Vengeance of Gold
Uriel Acosta
An Unexpected Romance
Two Up a Tree
Tony the Wop
Three Musketeers
The Primitive Call
The Lure of the Mask
The Hidden Trail
The Face Most Fair
The Butterfly
Tess of the Storm Country
The Tardy Cannon Ball
The Swinging Doors
The Strangers' Chord
A Sprig of Shamrock
Six Months to Live
The Second Beginning
The Saving Grace
Wrong All Around
The Woman from Warrens
The Wireless Voice
When War Threatened
West Wind
The Upward Way
Under Two Flags
Two Orphans
Tony
The Three Gamblers
The Pride of the Force
The Lucky Shot
The Hidden Message
The \$50,000 Jewel Theft
The Burned Hand
The Terror of the Mountains
Tap! Tap! Tap!
Sweet Land of Liberty
The Stranger
The Spook Raisers
The Sisters
Sea Wolf
The Saving Flame
A Run for His Money
Ring Around Rosey
The Wrong Address
Woman Behind the Man
Winsome but Wise
When Villains Meet

We Should Worry for Auntie
Was She Right in Forgiving?
Vivisectionist
Vendetta in a Hospital
Up in the Air
Under the Table
Two Little Vagabonds
The Toll of Youth
Three Brothers
The Power of the Angelus
The Love Thief
The Hidden City
The Exposure
The Buried Treasure
The Tenor
The Tango Flat
Sweet and Low
The Stranger in the Valley
The Spoilers
Sis
Sealing
Saved by Telephone
The Runaway Wife
Ring and the Man
Won in a Closet
The Winning Wash
When Thieves Fall Out
The Wells of Paradise
Was She a Vampire?
Up in a Balloon
Under the Fiddler's Elm
The Vision in the Window
Vendetta
Two Little Rangers
The Toll of the Sea
Thou Shalt Not Lie
The Political Feud
The Lost Treasure
The Heart of Cerise
The Eleventh Dimension
The Broken Toy
The Ten O'Clock Boat
The Tango Craze
Susie's Suitors
Stranger in Camp
A Spoiled Life
Sins of the Father
Sealed Orders
Saved by Her Horse
The Runaway Freight
The Right to Live
The World Upstairs
Wolves of the Underworld
The Winning of Denise
Then They Were Co-Eds
Welcome to Bohemia
Was It Her Duty?
The Virginian
A Varied Secret
Two Hungry Tramps
To the Death
Up from the Depths
Under Suspicion
Those Love Pangs
The Poet of the Peaks
The Lost Receipt
The Healers
The Elephant Circus
The Broken Lullaby
Ten Nights in a Bar-Room
Tangled Threads
Susie's New Shoes
The Strange Disappearance
The Spirit and the Clay
Simp and the Sophomores
The Sea Ghost
Satan McAllister's Heir
The Runaway Boxcar
Right Off the Reel
The World's Oldest Living Things
The Wolf
The Winning Hand
When the Wheels of Justice
Clogged
Weighed in the Balance
The War of the Wild
The Village Smithy
Vanity Fair
Unwinding It
Under Southern Skies
The Two-Cent Mystery
To Redeem an Oath
Acquitted

Those Happy Days
The Plumber
The Lonesome Heart
The Headliners
The Eagle
The Broken Barrier
Temper
Tangled Tangoists
The Surrender
Straight and Narrow Path
The Spirit of Giving
Silver Loving Cup
The Sea Brat
Santa Claus
The Runaway Freight
World's Fair at San Francisco
The Wolf's Prey
Winning Back
Then the Tide Came
The Wedding Present
The War o' Dreams
Village School Days
A Bad Man and Others
Nearly a Lady
Across the Way
Above the Abyss
A Marriage of Convenience
At the Edge of Things
A Red Man's Heart
The Million Dollar Mystery
At the End of a Perfect Day
The Night
Ben-Hur
The Edge of Night
Booming Trixie
Into the Dark
Caught in the Act
When the Light Came In
The Colleen Bawn
Daughter of Kings
The Coward
A Disciple of Plato
Marriage of Kitty
The Face at the Window
Call of Yesterday
The Fixer
The City
Getting Rid of Algy
The Gold in the Crock
Commanding Officer
Her Birthday Present
Madame Butterfly
His Last Fight
Guarding Old Glory
In Search of the Castaways
Second in Command
The Kangaroo
Brother Officers
King and the Man
Stonewall Jackson's Way
Love, Snow and Ice
A Spy for a Day
The Missing Man
The Spy
Morning Paper
After the Storm
Old Curiosity Shop
In the Valley
Perils of Pauline
Into the Foothills
A Bag of Gold
In the Hills Beyond
Adam's Ancestors
In the Southern Hills
Against Heavy Odds
An Idyll of the Hills
In the Heart of the Hills
An American Citizen
A Relic of Old Japan
Ben Bolt
In the Open
In the Twilight
Beppo
The Bondwoman
The City of Darkness
Caught with the Goods
A Peach and a Pair
A False Beauty
The Comet
The Daughters of Men
A Girl and Two Boys
Faces in the Night
Fleur de Lys

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Copyright 1916



THIS Department is open to questions of any reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, whether a subscriber or not. We are eager to serve you, but don't ask foolish questions: don't ask questions about religion or photoplay writing. Write on one side of your paper only; put your name and address on each page; always sign your name, but give a title for use in the magazine. Your answers will appear in this department as soon as possible. Don't send communications to other Departments on the page you write your questions. Address your letters to "Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago."

H. S., BOISE, IDA.—"Does the hero choose his heroine, or the heroine her hero, or are both chosen by the director?" The hero and the heroine ought to do their own choosing, to make this story fit the film sentiment, but they are always ruled by the invisible destiny that controls the studio. There ought to be a film some time, entitled "Sold Down the River, or They Stole His Leading Lady." We are unable to supply any number of PHOTOPLAY having an interview with Chester Barnett.

E. W. B., NEW YORK CITY.—Irving Cummings was born in New York City and played on the stage in numerous productions prior to joining the American films. He appeared in some of the companies which played "The Man of the Hour" and "The Great Divide" in the "legitimate." Probably his best known work is in "The Diamond from the Sky." Valeska Suratt is about five feet seven inches in height. Fannie Ward of the Lasky films is the Fannie Ward of the stage, who played so successfully in "Madam President," and in numerous other hits in New York and London. She was born in St. Louis in 1875 and made her debut in New York City in 1890.

J. R. B., DETROIT.—Yale Boss, for five or six years Edison's boy actor, has returned to school for the present and is not playing with any company. He is living in New York city, however, and may be addressed at his home, 2675 Decatur Avenue, where he requests that all mail for him be sent. He was born in Utica, Oct. 18, 1899.

S. E. B., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Crane Wilbur is with Horsley in Los Angeles, and you should see his pictures wherever the Mutual movies are shown. "I have no favorite among the actresses; there are so many heart-breakers—but what chance will a man have after the Beauty and Brains Contest adds eleven more to the list?"

L. J., BEVERLY, MASS., and M. L. J., FOND DU LAC, WIS.—Crane Wilbur is at the Horsley studio and you might write him there. In "Madame Butterfly," Famous Players probably thought that *Cho-Cho-San's* death in a pool would please playgoers better than the hara-kari of the stage. Superficially the film ending is more in keeping with her gentle character, but the hara-kari death is more nearly in sympathy with her resolute idea of duty as expressed in the story, for you must remember she is Japanese and schooled in their ideals.

E. M., ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—Pauline Frederick plays in "The Eternal City," "Zaza," "Bella Donna," "Sold," "Lydia Gilmore," and "The Spider," all for Famous Players. "Polly Frederick" was the title of an interview with her in the October issue (copies of which we are still able to supply), and if you have the February, 1915, number you will find some interesting pictures of her in it. We have no more February, 1915, copies on hand. She probably did not have time to write you and send you a photograph as well, so just sent the picture.

A. E. B., MONTREAL.—Anita Stewart's first role of any importance in films was in "The Wood Violet," a Vitagraph of November, 1912, and prior to her film work she had never been on the stage. "Why doesn't Mary Fuller have any interesting and beautiful photoplays like Marguerite Clark has been playing in?" Why not indeed—Miss Fuller was at one time the most advertised player on the screen. We are not aware that Francis X. Bushman played in a production of "Carmen" for Essanay and believe you are thinking of the Thanhouser film in which Marguerite Snow played the title role; William Russell, *the Toreador*; William Garwood, *Don Jose*; Jack Adolph, *the Officer*, and Peggy Reed, *Michaela*.

K. K. K., ST. LOUIS.—You probably refer to "Resurrection," as Blanche Walsh took the part of *Katusha Maslova* in the New York production at the Victoria in February of 1903. In the following films the leads were: "Hearts and Roses," Beverly Bayne and Darwin Karr; "The White Pearl," Marie Doro and Thomas Holding; "The Witch of Salem Town," Mary Fuller and Matt Moore; "Lily of Poverty Flat," Beatriz Micheleina and Frederick Lewis; "Fanchon the Cricket," Mary Pickford and Jack Standing.

H. L., ROXBURY, MASS.—The "usual" length of time required in the filming of a five reel play is four or five weeks. Many of the big features take months for their production, whereas others, in which the studio sets are used almost exclusively and the company one which has worked together under the director for some time, require much less time. It depends upon so many things—weather, players, light, etc., that there is a great variation in the time necessary for completing a film. Marjorie Daw was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, in 1902 and she has played in a number of pictures, though in minor parts until her recent appearance in Lasky films. She was the younger sister in "The Chorus Lady," with Cleo Ridgely.

E. M. OTTUMWA, IA.—Norma Talmadge began her screen career with Vitagraph in 1910 and played with them until 1915, being with the Fine Arts studio at present. Constance, her sister, however, did not commence screen work until April of 1914 and she too has changed from Vitagraph to Griffith's dramatic legions. Both the Talmadge sisters have brown eyes and Norma has brown hair but Constance is golden haired.

R. D. PONTIAC, MICH.—Your last question is so far ahead that we will not attempt to take it up; this department deals exclusively with plays and players. The L-Ko studio is at the corner of Sunset and Gower, Hollywood.

M. T. J., ATLANTA.—Irving Cummings began playing with the Edwin Arden stock company in Washington in 1901 and he has played continuously on the stage or before the camera ever since. His first film engagement was with the Powers company, followed by Pathe, Reliance, Pathe, American and Horsley engagements.

M. S., BLOOMFIELD, N. J., and D., ONTONAGON, MICH.—Famous Players are unable to supply photographs of Conway Tearle and therefore you should write to him personally or to one of the New York photographers; Floyd, 249 West 43d Street, can probably supply you. Jack Pickford should be addressed at the Selig studio in Los Angeles.

S. F., CINCINNATI.—We wish to refer you to the Marguerite Clark interview in the March PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE as it covers the questions you have asked. "Mice and Men" is a recent Famous Players offering with Marguerite Clark in the stellar role.

A. H. F., ZANESVILLE.—Signe Auen—let's call her by her right name instead of Seena Owen—is with the Fine Arts (Griffith) studio of Triangle. She played with Kalem for a couple of months in 1914 and then joined the Majestic-Reliance forces, the old Griffith organization, and came with them to Triangle. She played in "The Fox Woman," "The Yankee from the West," and "The Lamb," in the latter with Douglas Fairbanks. She is a Spokane girl.

E. S., HUNTSVILLE, ALA., R. K., PORT BYRON, N. Y., and P. S., AMARILLO, TEX.—You may address James Cruze at the Lasky studio. Ruth Roland is unmarried and is playing at the Balboa studio, Long Beach, California. There will undoubtedly be interviews later.

J. Y., ASHLAND, O.—In the first place the moving picture field is very crowded and the real opportunities few and mighty hard to become friendly with, but if one desires to enter moving picture work he should make personal application at one of the studios. At that time full details regarding experience, education, etc., should be given the employment manager and a trial may be forthcoming. Stock company or other stage experience is always an asset.

D. P., ST. PAUL, and E. R., WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—You refer to Robert Vaughn in "Still Waters," with Marguerite Clark, a Famous Players release. Henry Strong in "The Final Judgment," was Percy G. Standing.

I. T. S., CHICAGO, and P. E. G., HARTFORD, CONN.—We are unable to give you the date of Alan Hale's marriage to Gretchen Hartman. William Hinkle played the role of the husband; Irene Hunt was the wife, and George Beranger, the other man, in "The Stab," a Reliance of last December.

C. K. W., LODI, CALIF., and L. T., NEWARK, N. J.—James Kirkwood and not Owen Moore played opposite Mary Pickford in "Behind the Scenes." Grace Cunard was born in Paris April 8, 1891. The interior scenes of the New York mansion, used in "One Million Dollars," a Metro were taken with studio sets which were built at considerable expense for this picture.

K. L.—Dorothy Bernard, of the Fox films, was married to A. H. Van Buren, an actor of the "legitimate" stage, July 5, 1909, in Washington, D. C. She has gone west with the Fox company which is now in Los Angeles.

H. T., DETROIT, and D. D., BALTIMORE.—Watch Captain Peacocke's department for information regarding the scenario market, as announcements will appear therein from time to time.

K. T., MEMPHIS.—In the last two or three issues of PHOTOPLAY you will find numerous references to players who send pictures to friends asking for them and we suggest you look through these copies.

J. T., PUEBLO, COLO., and S. H., ALBANY, N. Y.—Ruth Roland is with Balboa at Long Beach. For information regarding photoplay writing we refer you to Captain Peacocke's instructive series of articles appearing each month under the title, "Hints on Photoplay Writing." There is a model scenario contained in the October issue of PHOTOPLAY and we are still able to supply this issue at the regular 15 cents per copy.

V. E., LOS ANGELES.—"The Goose Girl" was a Marguerite Clark picture, but as you say a Lasky and not a Famous Players' film. This is, so far as we know, the only Lasky play she has done. Do we think Claire Whitney looks like Mary Pickford in "The Galley Slave?" A little, perhaps, though the resemblance is not striking.

H. M. L., SEATTLE.—Harold Lockwood's birthday is April 12th, the year 1887. What his plans for the coming year include we do not know, but there will be news about him soon.

G. M. A., UTICA, MICH.—For goodness' sake don't raise such a rumpus! Here is your Cunard-Ford interview printed right in this issue, with pictures and everything. And we will bet you are reading the Answer Department first, at that!

B., EWING, IND.—See the answer to L. E., NIAGARA FALLS, regarding opportunities with film companies. Ruth Roland, Jackie Saunders and Henry King are with the Balboa studio at Long Beach, California. Write and see!

K. C.—What is your address?

C. B., WINNIPEG.—Florence LaBadie has brown hair and blue eyes and is five feet five inches tall. Her sister in "The Price of Her Silence" (Thanhouser), was Mignon Anderson, the chauffeur was Harris Gordon and the artist was Thomas Curran. This was produced in New Rochelle at the Thanhouser studio. Yellow gives better results in pictures than white because of the tendency of white to cloud or fog the film due to the chemical properties of light. Yellow is softer and is less dazzling to the camera-eye.

F. K., TORONTO.—The scenario for "Idols of Clay," a Universal film, was written by Robert Leonard and he directed the play as well. The little girl next door was Ella Hall and Uncle Joe was Marc Robbins. No, Ella Hall is not married.

M. R., GRAND FORKS, N. DAK.—Films and filmmakers are just one mystery after another. We have no sooner laid Francis X. Bushman's amethyst ring to rest than lo, and behold! Creighton Hale appears with a very suspicious ring on his finger and the whole audience is immediately upset all over again. What in the world is the Answer Man to do, we are asking you!

L. A., PORT CHESTER, N. Y.—*Esther Stanley*, Lottie Pickford, was the rightful heir, as disclosed in the later episodes of "The Diamond From The Sky," and *Arthur Stanley*, Wm. Russell, was the son of the gypsy. *Esther* and *Arthur* were born on the same day and the babies were interchanged as *Esther's* father desired a son and heir and *Esther* was raised as a gypsy girl. *Esther* and *Arthur* were, therefore, actually no relation to each other.

"Never Use an Oily Polish on Any of My Furniture —



JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

OILY polishes gather and hold the dust, soiling clothing, linen, and everything with which they come in contact. Johnson's Prepared Wax gives a perfectly hard, dry, glasslike polish to which dust and dirt cannot adhere. It forms a thin, protecting coat over varnish, adding years to its life—it covers up small surface scratches and does not show finger prints.

Every family has dozens of uses for Johnson's Prepared Wax—it is just as necessary around the house as soap—keep a can always on hand for polishing your

Floors
Linoleum
Woodwork

Piano
Furniture
Leather Goods

Shoes
Gun Stocks
Automobiles

Automobile Owners will find Johnson's Prepared Wax just the thing for polishing body, hood and fenders. It preserves the varnish and protects it from the weather—it sheds water and does not gather dust—It makes a "wash" last twice as long.



We shall be glad to send you gratis a copy of our beautiful new 25c color book "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture." It is full of valuable ideas on home beautifying. No library complete without it.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"
Racine, Wis.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.

PP4

I enclose 10c for a trial can of Johnson's Prepared Wax, sufficient for polishing several pieces of furniture, a small floor, or an automobile. Also send book on home beautifying free.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY & STATE.....

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 105)

Nathan. To me, Bickel and Watson on the stage are equal uproars. In the movies, Mr. Watson passes Mr. Bickel as though the latter were roped to a post.

Kleine's "Musty Suffer" series pretends to nothing but the incitement of the carnival guffaw and the careless chortle, but it incites well. Probably no beauty ever lay in Mr. Watson's dreadful countenance—he may have frightened his nurse to death as a baby—and certainly he is an affrit at present. Yet the sweet smile with which he looked into his executioner's face as he was being measured for the billy so soon to be applied to his ivory head not only murdered my melancholy, but buried its body. Harry Watson's is a new style of clean though coarse farce. I have never seen him objectionable.

"FATTY and Mabel Adrift" was the month's best Keystone. It was ingenious, it was acrobatic to a degree, it was sensational, it was clean, and it was always funny. Through it ran the prevalent Keystone notion of burlesque, glorified to the thirty-third degree by Al St. John, Signorina Normand and the well-known Monsieur Arbuckle.

Undermining your enemy's house and floating him, his wife and all their chattels out to sea is a new notion for the professors of revenge. Try it some time.

I presume you've seen this picture. Did you notice the coy way in which Mabel's bed floated around through the house to pay a comforting visit to Roscoe's bed, the morning after the voyage began?

UNIVERSAL, truly, has done some hard hammering at the gates of art in the past thirty days.

Now comes Henry Otto with "Undine," at once astoundingly daring and morally clean; fuller of legs than any Ziegfeld festival—and passed by the Censors.

Otto's treatment is natural, simple and unaffected. As the picture begins to unwind we have a little girl upon her papa's lap, listening to her father's recital, from an illustrated child's book, of the "Undine" fairy tale by Pierre de la Motte Fouquet. As he continues the reading fades into reality. As the story progresses the baby plays herself into the picture, and eventually commands her father into char-

acter, and her mother, too. At the end, as the volume closes, she is asleep, and is borne gently to her little bed. So ends the child's evening, and the photoplay.

The legend of the forest of Unda; the love of Undine for the huntsman; the birth of her baby, her death, and the expiation of the mother's sin through the child's pure love—a child now grown to womanhood—do not need recounting.

Ida Schnall as Undine does some wonderful diving and other aquatic performances, and if the Unda beach, with its score of nude and sturdy-legged damsels, can be located and charted it means wholesale male desertion of Palm Beach and all other strands. Douglas Gerrard, who has been noted as an important member of the Pavlova cast, is to be found here also, and Baby Kiernan is adorable as the wee cause of all this tale-telling.

"D'ARTAGNAN" was one of the bit-interest of disappointments to me. Orrin Johnson alone was a Dumas figure. His magnificent fencing, the tiny circles of his thrusts and parries, his brilliant *demisert* disarming of his clumsy opponents, marked him as one of the few real screen swordsmen. Johnson, too, bore the romance, the mystery, of the immortal "Three Musketeers."

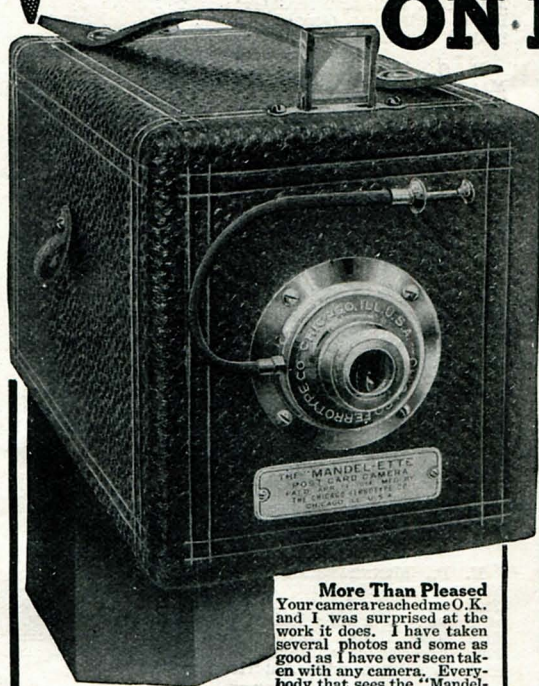
But for the rest—alas!

FOX'S most notable Theda Bara picture recently is "The Serpent," a Russian melodrama of some imaginative power, in which Bara portrays a peasant girl who dreams herself coveted, possessed and cast off by a Grand Duke. There is splendid realism in the coming of the Grand Duke to the peasant's hut, his contemptuous treatment of the fawning and brutal serf who greets him, his idolization of his military son, and in the self-education of the outraged and ejected daughter of the peasant. The characteristic "vamp" finish is brought about by the peasant girl's (now of London, if you please) visit to the German-Russian lines, where she nurses the wounded scion of royalty back to health, marries him, and in the house of her betrayer coolly faces father and son—despoiler and husband—to the tune of general murder and suicide. The crimson

(Continued on page 158)

No Money In Advance

This Marvelous CAMERA ON FREE TRIAL



More Than Pleased
Your camera reached me O.K. and I was surprised at the work it does. I have taken several photos and some as good as I have ever seen taken with any camera. Everybody that sees the "Mandel-ette" says it is fine and I am more than pleased with it.
VERNIE BOYLE,
Northome, Minn.

Beats All Things Yet
The "Mandel-ette" received and opened in 20 minutes I took a splendid picture of my wife, fully developed and ready to look at. My, this beats all things yet.

T. J. HOUTS, Pastor,
Methodist Episcopal Church,
South, Welch, West Va.

Takes Pictures On Dark Day
I am perfectly delighted with the "Mandel-ette." I have had very good success never before to have handled a camera at all. I can say it will do all you claim. I have taken a picture which shows a Mt. more than 4,000 feet away and on a very dark day.
JAS. H. HUBBARD,
Penhook, Va.

Anyone Can Use Them
Received the "Mandel-ette" and supplies Saturday evening. Sunday morning we began to take pictures and had very good luck. It is sure simple enough. Anyone can use them. We couldn't get along without ours.

MRS. R. U. IDDINGS,
Mapleton, Ia.

Amazed At Minute Camera

I am enclosing pictures taken with my "Mandel-ette" to show you gentlemen what I am making. Nobody taught me but your instructions. I am making pictures with great pleasure and my friends are amazed at your very high grade minute camera.

C. SATURM,
Santa Ana, Alaska

No Experience Required

Plain instructions and everything complete with outfit so you can begin taking pictures the moment it arrives. We guarantee that even a child can operate it. Mail coupon now. No risk or obligation to keep camera.

Chicago Ferrottype Co., Desk 241 Ferrottype Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois

Only 10,000 of these marvelous instantaneous picture-taking and making cameras to be sent out absolutely on approval without a penny in advance just to prove that it is the most wonderful invention—the camera sensation of the age. So you must send for it quick! Just think of it—the new Mandel-ette

Takes and Makes Finished Pictures INSTANTLY!

You press the button, drop card in developer and in one minute take out a perfect, finished post card photo $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in size. Camera is about $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5 \times 7$ inches. Loads in daylight 16 to 50 post-cards at one time.

No Films—No Plates—No Dark Room

Not a bit of the muss and bother of the ordinary kodak or camera. It is instantaneous photography! Universal focus lens produces sharp pictures at all distances. Pictures develop and print automatically. Can't overdevelop. Results positively amazing.

We Trust You

No difference who you are, where you live or what your age, we will send you the complete "Mandel-ette" outfit absolutely on approval and give you 10 days to test it. But when you see what elegant pictures it takes—so quick, so easy, with no trouble at all—if you wish to keep it you simply send us \$1.00 per month until our special price of only \$5.00 is paid.

Easy Payments—No References

No red tape of anykind. Monthly payments so small you'll not notice them. Simply fill out and mail coupon today. Send no money. No references required. Lots of fun—big profits.

Chicago Ferrottype Co.,
Desk 241 Ferrottype Building,
Chicago, Illinois

Send me at once one complete model Mandel-ette Camera outfit including supply of postcards and instructions. I agree to examine and test it thoroughly and if satisfied keep it and pay you \$1.00 a month until your special price of \$5.00 is paid. Otherwise I will return it at the end of 10 days.

Name.....

Address

Town.....State.....



How Dad Broke Up the Corner Gang

Carom or Pocket Billiards played at home gives boys a manly way to let loose their 40-horse energy. *It keeps them off the street!*

In homes that have the "Baby Grand," the parents write us it's *solved* the boy problem.

Why don't you learn to be a robust boy or girl again? One Brunswick Home Table brings 33 royal games—and each one *makes grown-ups feel a year younger!*

BRUNSWICK

"Baby Grand"

"Grand," "Convertible" and "Quick Demountable"

Home Billiard Tables

This family of Brunswick Tables lead the world because they are scientifically built.

Fast, ever-level billiard beds, famous Monarch cushions—life, speed and accuracy! *Sizes and styles to fit all homes, regardless of room.*

\$27 Up—Pay 10c a Day

"Grand" and "Baby Grand" Brunswicks are made of genuine San Domingo mahogany.

"Quick Demountable" Brunswicks can be set up anywhere in a jiffy and easily taken down after play.

"Convertible" Brunswicks are handsome library and dining tables that give you grown-up carom and pocket billiards, too.

30-Day Trial—Balls, Etc., FREE

High-Class Playing Outfit included without extra cost—Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, Expert Book of 33 Games, etc.

Color photos, low prices, easy terms and home trial offer all shown in our handsome book—"Billiards—The Home Magnet." It's **FREE!** Send this Free Coupon TODAY—

This Brings Billiard Book Free

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 32W 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send free postpaid your color-photo book

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

and tell about your home trial offer.

Name

Address

(523)

C. N. B., WASHINGTON.—Frank Keenan and Charlie Ray were the old colonel and his son in "The Coward" (Ince-Triangle), the mother was Gertrude Claire and the son's sweetheart, Margaret Gibson. Polly Moran is the *Widow Wallop* with Eddie Foy in "The Favorite Fool." Gene Gauntier has gone to Sweden for an extended visit. Bara is pronounced with a short "a." Anita Stewart, who is now playing with Richard Turner at the Vitagraph studio, was never on the stage prior to joining Vitagraph, and Vitagraph, too, was her first film company. We are sorry but we cannot answer your question regarding "The Dust of Egypt," a Vitagraph Story, as we did not happen to see this film. In "The Fatal Card," by Famous Players, Hazel Dawn is the girl, John Mason is *George Forrester* (later *Marrable*) and David Powell is *Gerald Austin*. W. J. Ferguson played the character heavy, *Jim Dixon*.

B. G., NEW YORK CITY, and F. M., MALDEN, MASS.—In the "Kreutzer Sonata," Nance O'Neil was the elder sister and Theda Bara the younger, adopted sister. William E. Shay, Henry Bergman, Stuart Holmes, Maud Turner Gordon, John Daly Murphy and Anne Sutherland were also in the cast.

I. P., MILFORD, MASS.—The chief clerk, who was finally proved guilty of the murder in "The Dead Man's Keys" (Thanhouser), was Ernest Howard, the accused clerk was Bert Delaney and the old locksmith was Riley Chamberlain. In "Always In The Way," *Dorothy North* was Mary Miles Minter, though the four year old *Dorothy* was Ethemary Oakland; *Alan Stillwell* was Harold Meltzer. Owen Moore and Mary Pickford are with Triangle and Famous Players respectively.

K. E. D., SO. RIVER, N. J.—Cleo Madison was seen in "The Power of Fascination," a Universal release of December, in which Thomas Chatterton and Jack Holt played the parts of the American and the Mexican. Lillian Lorraine and William Courtney, Jr., played the leads in "Neal of the Navy." Winifred Greenwood is with the American Film Mfg. Co. at Santa Barbara. We hesitate to say you are the first questioner from South River, because someone will probably take us to task for forgetting him, but so far as we know you are number one.

F. P., MINNEAPOLIS.—Evidently the Universal players are foremost among your favorites as Universal City is the address for all except two of those you name: Lois Weber, Phillips Smalley, Ella Hall, Laura Oakley, Cleo Madison, Francis Ford and Grace Cunard. Anna Little and Jack Richardson are with American at Santa Barbara.

J. P., LACONIA, N. H.—"Jane Eyre" is the name of a recent Biograph film in which Franklin Ritchie and Louise Vale played leading parts. Louise Vale, Travers Vale and Ritchie have gone to the western studios of Universal and should be addressed there. There were thirty chapters in "The Diamond From The Sky," twenty-three in the "Million Dollar Mystery," and twenty-two in "Zudora," or the "Twenty Million Dollar Mystery." We always are glad to receive letters expressing appreciation, for it is very gratifying to know PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is pleasing its readers.

M. R. K., PHILADELPHIA.—The Pickford-Moore picture on page 36 of the January issue is from an old print that was tucked away in the personal scrap-book of one of the members of the Imp company. We have no other copies and are therefore unable to supply you with a print.

M. A., FALCONER, N. Y.—You refer to "The Girl and the Special" (not "The Railroad Special"), which is a Helen Gibson railroad picture produced by Kalem and not a Helen Holmes play. Yes, Kalem is still producing their "Hazards of Helen" but Helen Holmes is no longer playing with them, she is now with Mutual.

E. L., NEW YORK CITY.—No, the Warren Scott Moore referred to on page 113 of the January issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is not related to the Tom-Owen-Matt Moore brothers. He may be a Moore brother but he's not a brother of the noted three.

(Continued on page 156)



CORRECT

for early spring wear

Two models that will dress your foot in faultless style
—with comfort such as you have never known before.

Model No. 435. The "Glacier"—Fashion favors high top kid laced boots in general, this one in particular. Made in black, white, grey, bronze, champagne, and ivory shades.

Model No. 433. The "Mayflower"—a pump of the newest mode, all charming lines and curves, and a smart buckle to "set it off." Shown here in dull kid; beautiful, too, in patent or white.

Prices: Low Shoes, \$3.50, \$4 and \$5; High Shoes, \$4, \$4.50 and \$5. A few styles, \$6 to \$10. Each the standard of value at its price. The "PL10," a stylish shoe embodying Red Cross comfort features. Low Shoes, \$3 and \$3.50. High Shoes, \$3.50, \$4 and up.

Write for unique style book. It illustrates the correct new models for every occasion and every purpose. Arranged with blank pages for shopping notes, this dainty little booklet will be a helpful companion on your shopping trips. With it we will send you the name of your nearest Red Cross dealer, or tell you how to order direct.

The Krohn-Fechheimer Co., 511-554 Dandridge St., Cincinnati, O.

"A FOOTWEAR ROMANCE," a new Essanay film—featuring Ruth Stonehouse and Bryant Washburn. Write for story of film and name of theatre showing it in your town.

Shoe shops everywhere that sell Red Cross Shoes are now displaying these and many other new Spring models in all the fashionable patterns and materials.

Go choose yours from among them! Try it on! Walk in it! Note how it "hugs the foot"—yet how it adapts itself instantly to every movement. The special Red Cross "bends with your foot" process makes every step easy, graceful, wholly comfortable.



Look for this
trade mark
on the sole.

Red Cross Shoe

"Bends with your foot"
Trade Mark



A Film Newspaper in the Making

(Continued from page 47)

The machinery of getting out the paper is intensely interesting. As soon as the staff man "shoots" the story he ships it by express to headquarters, telegraphing the editor how many feet of negative he is sending, the subject, and the train upon which it will arrive. The usual length of a subject is between fifty and seventy-five feet, but stories of greater interest will run as long as 200 feet.

When the negative is received from the scene of action the editor and his assistants look it over and edit it, making the necessary cuts and writing the sub-titles. The newspaper editor has one advantage over the film editor: he can rewrite and embellish the story turned in by the reporter. The film editor must take what he gets. He can subtract from, but cannot add to, a story. Therefore, he must rely on the intelligence, news sense and initiative of the

camera reporter. In addition to these qualities the cameraman must be alert and ever willing to "take a chance," with his expensive camera or his life. With many of these daring news gatherers the safety of the camera comes first.

In the Selig Tribune plant a force of 75 employees is kept busy. The printing from the negatives, which might be designated as "going to press," is an important and expensive function. The assembling, with the insertion of captions and titles, comes next, and then the completed reels are packed and shipped by fast express to the four points of the compass.

In gathering spontaneous news such as accidents, fires and shipwrecks, the camera staff man depends upon some newspaper in his city to "tip" him when the story "breaks," and in this manner his early arrival on the scene of action is assured.

Limited space precludes the narrating at this time of many interesting tales of the camera news hunter; but they are tales of hardship rather than humor.

Mary Fuller wears **BURSON** FASHIONED HOSE

Made in Art Silk
Mercerized, Lisle
and Cotton.

Prices
75c
50c
35c
25c



The most comfortable hose active women can wear

A smooth, snug fit at all times; in all positions—but no rough, lumpy seams to irritate or chafe the feet.

Burson Hose are shaped without seams thereby giving the most desired features in hosiery—style and comfort.

Patented knitting machines shape these stockings to the exact form of foot, ankle and calf by adding stitches to widen and reducing the number to narrow. For example, there are one-third more rows of stitches at the top of a regular size Burson stocking than at the ankle. That's why the shape is proof against wear or washing—why the fit lasts as long as the stocking.

If your dealer will not supply you, write us. Booklet sent free upon request.

64 Park Street **BURSON KNITTING COMPANY** Rockford, Illinois

BUTTER-KIST

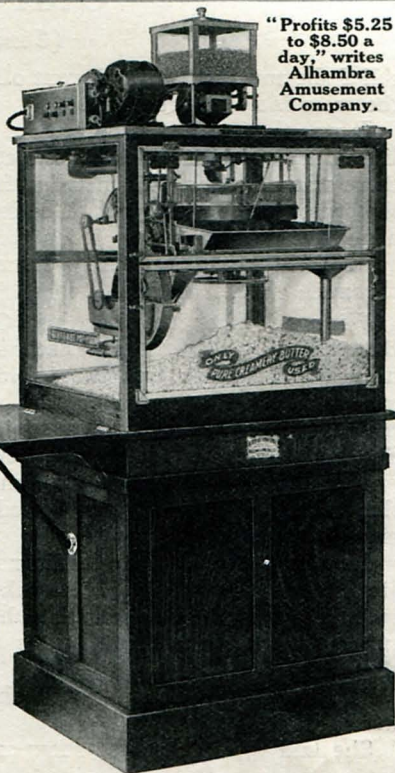
**The Crackling White Pop Corn with the Toasty Flavor
And the Only Machine That Makes It**

People wonder how we can spend fortunes to advertise pop corn. The reason is this:

Butter-Kist Pop Corn is unlike any you ever tasted. That's because it's *all* popped and *evenly* buttered with *pure creamery butter*, then super-heated to a *tantalizing crisp!* Folks can't resist its *coaxing fragrance*. The matchless *toasty flavor* makes thousands *walk blocks to buy Butter-Kist*.

Do you wonder the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine is winning new trade and record sales for **large and small** stores, theatres, etc., all over America?

Folks who try a 5-cent bag of Butter-Kist will take home a big 10-cent carton and let the whole family enjoy its *toasty flavor!*



"Profits \$5.25 to \$8.50 a day," writes Alhambra Amusement Company.

Business Men! Write for Sales Records and Terms

Motion put the money in the motion picture business, and the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine acts the same way in making people *stop, look and buy!* It will win in your business, *whether large or small*. Get the signed evidence from men in *your own line* who are making from \$300 to \$3000 extra *profits* yearly, according to location.

A Small Payment

starts this machine winning you sales and

new customers. Balance soon paid out of Butter-Kist earnings.

Runs Itself

Only move a chair and you have room. Occupies but 26x32 inches of floor space—*yields five times as much profit per square foot as anything known to trade*. Earning capacity 70c to \$4.00 per hour. Fitted for the finest surroundings.

Get Our Book FREE!

Our handsome photo-book, "The Little Gold Mine," gives full details and **proof of profits**. It's FREE. Send the coupon at once. *You lose cold cash every day you delay.*

Manager Sharding, of Georgia Motion Picture Theatre, writes: "Net profits are \$63 to \$70 a week."

"Sales \$360.45 for one month from Butter-Kist machine in our lobby," writes Lerner & Rhodes.

Druggist Frank H. Wingate, Nashua, N. H., writes: "Took in \$107 the first week. Profit \$70."

Where It PAYS to Pop Butter-Kist

This machine is for men *already* in business, who want to make large, extra profits with very small expense.

In Picture Play Houses

it brings big extra receipts and increased attendance. It is piling up earnings for

**Drug Stores, Cigar Stores, Fruit Stores
Confectionery Stores, Grocery Stores
5-and-10-Cent Stores, News Stands
Lunch Rooms, Billiard Parlors, Stations
Hotels, Resorts, Fairs, Department Stores**

IT WILL PAY IN YOUR BUSINESS

**HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
502 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Ind.**



Dealer's Coupon
Mail This Today
for a Bigger
Business!

**Holcomb
& Hoke Mfg.
Company**
502 Van Buren Street
Indianapolis, Ind.

Send free, postpaid,
your photo-book—
"The Little Gold Mine"
that tells all about the
Butter-Kist Pop Corn
Machine, easy terms, figures
that prove profits.

Name

Business

Address

Star of the North

(Continued from page 137)

relief she turned aside and went off among the trees into the unknown.

It was the last flicker before the end. A little farther, and as far as she could see there was no mark. Even twigs frozen in the crust were buried now. The earth was a new white page upon which the furred wild folk would prevently inscribe the chronicle of their doings.

With all other bearings lost Gertrude thought of the sun and scanned the heavens. So thick was the falling snow and so heavy the gray clouds above, that the cold light offered no point of intensity. She could not find the sun. Bewildered but resolute, afraid now to stop and think, she fought on, strangely comforted by the mere fact of motion.

How long she walked she did not know. But at last the old horrible weakness assailed her, and she stopped beneath a great spruce whose feathered arms offered shelter.

"I guess I'd better eat," she said, numbly.

She laid the rifle on the snow and com-

menced to unpack the things. A dead tree limb rusty red in color protruding from the snow near by furnished kindling, and after constructing a little heap she felt for her match box in the coat pocket where she always carried it. Instead she found a little jewel case which she had brought all the way from Stellar Camp, and then remembered that she had put the matches in the nest of tin stewing utensils.

With a sudden sensation of physical illness she dumped the contents of the pack out on the snow. The utensils were not there. She had discarded them that morning in the cave.

A dull certainty of defeat crept over her. She was beyond panic now. But the unconquerable will to live urged her to go on and on to the bitter end. She had no chance, she knew, but she could not sit down and wait. The Stranger that she felt close by must overtake her as she walked.

She tried to eat the remnants of the food she had cooked but it was frozen as

(Continued on page 157)

7 Cents a Day Buys This Standard Visible Oliver Typewriter



Sensational Reduction

Our enormous purchasing power, tremendous output and the simplicity of our methods make this truly remarkable saving to you possible. Such an offer needs no high-priced salesmen; no collectors. We are willing to let the typewriter do the talking and sell itself. We know from experience that a satisfied customer will pay. The simple coupon tells the story. Sign it and we will ship you one of the splendid machines—perfect in every detail. If it is not what you expected, if it fails to please you in any way, if you are not satisfied that it is the greatest bargain you were ever offered, get your money back. Read the coupon.

Much Less Than Half Price FREE Trial—10 Year Guarantee

This is positively the best typewriter offer ever made. The typewriter is the genuine Model No. 5 Standard Visible Oliver, with complete and brand new equipment. Perfect machines only. Not shop worn, not damaged, inferior in no way. Back Spacer, Tabulator, Disappearing Indicator, not a feature lacking. Equal in quality in every respect to the \$100 article.

This amazing offer is not on some ancient style of blind typewriter, but on the wonderful Model 5 Oliver, the kind thousands of the world's best business firms are using today.

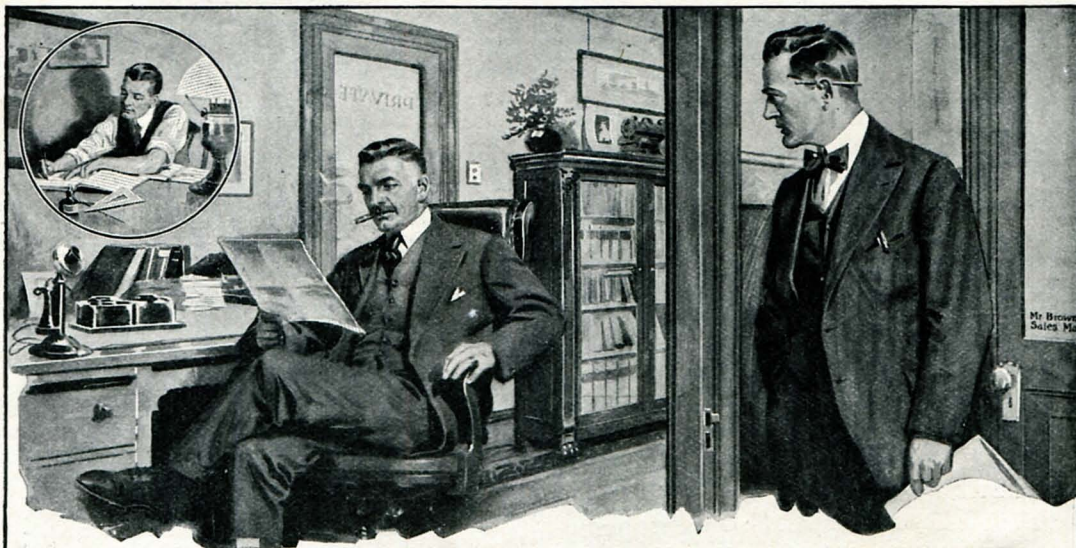
Trial Order Coupon

UNITED STATES TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
Dept. 346, All-Light Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send me by express a No. 5 Oliver Typewriter on approval. I will leave \$3.80 with the express agent when I get the machine, the same to be returned to me in full if I return the typewriter within 10 days. If I keep it, the \$3.80 will apply on the purchase price of \$39.80, and I will pay the balance of \$36 in 18 consecutive monthly payments of \$2 each, commencing 1 month from delivery, title to the typewriter to remain in you until it is totally paid for. (342)

Name..... Address.....

Two References.....



"Pretty soft for him"

OF course, it's pretty soft for the man who has made good. But, if you look behind for the real cause of his success, you'll find that luck played **no** part whatever—**TRAINING** did it. Yes, **TRAINING** secured through spare-time study. **TRAINING** is the **big** difference between you and the man who holds down the sort of job you'd like to have. Don't worry because others get ahead. Train yourself with the help of the International Correspondence Schools for the job you have in mind and you can do as well or even better.

Tens of thousands of men, at one time no better off than you, **now** hold good jobs as the direct result of I. C. S. training. Last year more than five thousand took the trouble to write to the I. C. S. reporting advancement to better positions and bigger pay. These men had the fighting spirit—they simply wouldn't stay down.

Get that spirit yourself. You're a man capable of doing bigger things. Make up your mind to do them. But get started. Every minute gained brings your success so much nearer. Mark and mail this coupon now.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6455, Scranton, Pa.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Box 6455, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

- | | |
|---|--|
| ☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | ☐ ADVERTISING MAN |
| ☐ Electric Lighting | ☐ Window Trimmer |
| ☐ Electric Car Running | ☐ Show Card Writer |
| ☐ Electric Wiring | ☐ Outdoor Sign Painter |
| ☐ Telephone Expert | ☐ ILLUSTRATOR |
| ☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER | ☐ DESIGNER |
| ☐ Mechanical Draftsman | ☐ BOOKKEEPER |
| ☐ Machine Shop Practice | ☐ Stenographer and Typist |
| ☐ Gas Engineer | ☐ Cert. Public Accountant |
| ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER | ☐ Railway Accountant |
| ☐ Surveying and Mapping | ☐ Commercial Law |
| ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER | ☐ GOOD ENGLISH |
| ☐ Metallurgist or Prospector | ☐ Teacher |
| ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER | ☐ Common School Subjects |
| ☐ Marine Engineer | ☐ CIVIL SERVICE |
| ☐ ARCHITECT | ☐ Railway Mail Clerk |
| ☐ Contractor and Builder | ☐ AGRICULTURE |
| ☐ Architectural Draftsman | ☐ POULTRY RAISING |
| ☐ Concrete Builder | ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt. |
| ☐ Structural Engineer | ☐ Navigator |
| ☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING | ☐ Chemist |
| ☐ Sheet Metal Worker | ☐ AUTO RUNNING |
| ☐ SALESMANSHIP | ☐ Auto Repairing |
| | ☐ Spanish |
| | ☐ German |
| | ☐ French |
| | ☐ Italian |

Name _____
Occupation _____
& Employer _____
Street _____
and No. _____
City _____ State _____



ROSCOE ARBUCKLE of
The Keystone Comedies
is particularly enthusiastic
about the **PARIS GARTERS**
that are made with the 200%
stretch Ridgeweave elastic.
He finds that this new elastic
feels so very comfortable he
forgets he's wearing garters.

Mr. Arbuckle wears No. 1565, Silk,
at 50c per pair. No. 1520, Lisle,
retails at 25c. Look for the name on
the back of the shield when you buy.

A. Stein & Co.

Makers

Chicago

New York



**PARIS
GARTERS**

No metal
can touch you

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES ALL PRICES

Look at these bargains! Typewriters Rebuilt in
our own Factories and guaranteed for one year.

Remingtons \$15 to \$65. Smiths \$18 to \$50
Underwoods \$25 to \$65. Royals \$30 to \$65
L. C. Smiths \$28 to \$60. Oliverts \$23 to \$45
Brand new No. 2 Smith Premiers \$45

We have others, of course. Send for catalog describ-
ing them. Branch offices in principal cities.



**AMERICAN WRITING
MACHINE COMPANY**
(Incorporated)
345 Broadway
NEW YORK

SEND FOR A CATALOG



C. W. B., NEWARK, N. J.—Charlie Chaplin is both the comical gentleman downstairs and the shaggy individual in the gallery, in "A Night at the Show." Your friend is correct but don't let him tell you he recognized the upstairs Chaplin as the disguise would have baffled Sherlock himself.

A. L.—Robert Harron was the younger *Stone-*
man son in "The Birth of a Nation," one of the
two boys who visited the *Camerons* at Piedmont
and who later was killed in battle. In "The Lily
and the Rose," the Lily was Lillian Gish and the
Rose, Roszika Dolly, one of the two Dolly sisters.
The Lily's first lover is Elmer Clifton but the man
she marries is Wilfred Lucas, who afterwards
kills himself. Yes, Robert Harron plays in "The
Missing Link," with Norma Talmadge.

L. S. A., QUINCY, MASS.—We do not think you
will find Creighton Hale has changed to Famous
Players. He played the part of *Reuben Whitcomb*
in "The Old Homestead," a Famous release, di-
rected by James Kirkwood, but he is scheduled for
a number of forthcoming Pathe's. Louise Huff
takes the role of *Ruth Straton* in "The Old Home-
stead." The settings are those of the Denman
Thompson homestead at Swanzy, New Hamp-
shire, which adds to the interest of the play.

A. A. S., WASHINGTON, D. C.—The story of "Mr.
Grex of Monte Carlo," a Lasky film featuring
Theodore Roberts, has never appeared in PHOTO-
PLAY MAGAZINE nor has there been a recent inter-
view with Carlyle Blackwell, who was also in this
film.

A. M., TOLEDO.—You will see Fatty Arbuckle
and Mabel Normand in current Keystone releases
and Mack Sennett, Charley Murray, "Ambrose,"
"Walrus," Al St. John, Minta Durfee and Cecile
Arnold are doing their share to drive away the
gloom.

W. E. S., OTTAWA, ONT.—You are quite right.
Mary, Lottie and Jack Pickford were born at
Toronto and not Montreal as was inadvertently
stated in the answer to F. H., Lethbridge, Alta.

I. S. A., LEBANON, O.—Helen Ware was born in
San Francisco, October 15, 1879, and educated in
that city and in New York. Her first stage ap-
pearance was with Maude Adams, as an extra in
"The Little Minister," at the Criterion, in New
York in 1899-1900. She was first starred as
Madge Summers in "The Deserters," at the Hud-
son in New York in September of 1910, creating
this role. She also created the role of *Ethel*
Toscani in Broadhurst productions of "The Price,"
at the Hudson in November of 1911, and that of
Marie Louise Le Val, in the Elmer Harris play
"Trial Marriage," also at the Hudson in October,
1912.

M. H. E., RICHMOND, VA., and M. A. T., KAN-
KAKEE, ILL.—You have the names mixed; the char-
acter was *Miles Rand* in "Judge Not," or "The
Woman of Mona Diggings," and the player was
Harry Carey, who may be reached at Universal
City. The questions regarding Margaret Thomp-
son are answered elsewhere herein.

L. K., CLARKESVILLE, TEX., T. V. C., CASEY, IA.,
and C. D., MILWAUKEE.—The last syllable of
"Cunard," is accented. The wife in "The Maid of
the Wild," a Balboa, was Marguerite Nichols; the
man, Gordon Sackville. You will find pictures and
interviews of several of the players you mention
in the next few issues.

E. P. D., ABILENE, KAN.—William Desmond of
the Ince-Triangle stock company was born in Ire-
land and came to America when just about a year
old. He was raised in New York City and went
to school there, but very early began his stage
career, playing in a road production of "Quo
Vadis?" After several years he joined the Grand
Theatre stock in Los Angeles and then became a
member of the Burbank stock company of the same
city, where he continued for six years as leading
man. In 1912 he was selected for the lead in
Morosco's "Bird of Paradise," and played in this
for nearly two years. He is five feet eleven inches
tall, has dark hair and dark blue eyes.

(Continued on page 161)

Star of the North

(Continued from page 154)

hard as bits of iron. Nevertheless she put them in the bag and stood up. She looked for her rifle but could not find it. The snow had covered it during the hour of her stay. "What does it matter?" she thought. "That wouldn't save me," and stumbled off among the trees.

She was past sensation now in body and mind. She scarcely knew that she moved; her limbs obeyed some behest of her dying will, but treacherously. Sometimes she ran into trees before she could turn aside and twice she stumbled and fell prone over stumps.

Slowly and more slowly she walked under the pressure of her growing weakness, swaying, with eyes half closed. Then her snow-shoes crossed and she fell and did not get up.

SHE returned to consciousness with a blissful sensation of hearing celestial music. Then as her brain cleared she identified it as the tinkle of little bells, and its true significance gradually dawned upon her. Dogs and a sledge! June's rescue party from Fort McLeod at last!

She tried to raise herself but could only roll over. She summoned her strength to shriek, but only gave a little feeble cry like that of a new-born infant. And all the time the bells were coming nearer, the steady tinkle-tinkle-tinkle of dogs at the trot. On they came, very loud now. They would run over her if—

"Good God, what's this! Whoa, boys!"

The tinkling stopped, and there was a scuffling sound of snow-shoes. Then a drawling voice:

"Hold on! Get out of line there a minute, will you, and give me a shot?"

In answer came the first voice, high-pitched, tense:

"If you touch that camera, Perkins, by God I'll break you in two!"

Then came a little sound of concern and pity, and Gertrude knew that the speaker had bent over her. The next instant she looked up into the face of her husband.

(To be continued)

For Sore Muscles Sprains, Cuts, Bruises

here is an antiseptic germicide liniment—one that is healing, cooling, and soothing. Absorbine, Jr., is more than a germicide, more than a liniment—it is *both*. It means prompt relief from aches and pains; keeps little cuts and bruises from becoming more serious. It is especially good for children's hurts because it is so harmless and safe to use—made of pure herbs and contains no acids or minerals.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

is needed daily in and about the home—for the numerous little hurts that come through work in the kitchen and about the house, the stable, the garage, and the grounds. Use and prescribe Absorbine, Jr., wherever a high-grade liniment or germicide is indicated.

To reduce inflammatory conditions—sprains, wrenches, painful, swollen veins or glands.

To reduce bursal enlargements and infiltrations. Absorbine, Jr., is a discutient and resolvent.

To allay pain anywhere—its anodyne effect is prompt and permanent.

To spray the throat if sore or infected—a 10% or 20% solution of Absorbine, Jr., is healing and soothing and will destroy bacteria. To heal cuts, bruises, sores and ulcers.

Absorbine, Jr., is concentrated, requiring only a few drops at an application.

Absorbine, Jr., \$1.00 a bottle at most druggists or postpaid.

ALiberal Trial Bottle will be sent postpaid to your address upon receipt of 10c in stamps. Send for trial bottle or procure regular size from your druggist today.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
366 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.



Learn Electricity

Earn \$2,500 To \$4,000 a Year Your CHANCE has come! Your chance for big money. Your chance to do the kind of work you'll be proud of. Your chance to go into business for yourself. Think of it! You can now qualify AT HOME for that most wonderful of all fields open to the ambitious man—the great field of ELECTRICITY!



A. W. Wicks, E. E.

Formerly with the General Electric Co.; former General Manager of company manufacturing Jenney Electric Motors; also formerly with Fairbanks, Morse & Co.; now Consulting Engineer and Director of the Wicks Electrical Institute.

Learn at Home

What if you don't know a thing about electricity? I'll make the whole matter so simple for you that you can't help but learn. You don't have to buy a lot of books or equipment. I've solved this question of teaching electricity. And I'll show you that I have by giving you 20 of my personal lessons **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. Almost from the very first instructions you will have the knowledge and skill to do practical electrical work—earn good money—more than pay for your instruction as you go along.

Be An Electrician

I will train you until you consider yourself competent regardless of the time it takes. I not only show you how to do expert electrical work but show you how to estimate on jobs so you can take contracts at big profits. That's what it means to be trained by a man of my practical experience in every phase of electricity. Take advantage of my big free 20 personal lessons offer. I make the cost so small and the payments so easy for you that you won't miss the money.

MEN WANTED

Wherever you go there's always urgent demand for expert electricians at big pay. The watchword of the age is, "DO IT ELECTRICALLY." Electricity advances so fast that there's a big shortage of competent electricians.

20 LESSONS FREE

That's the sensational offer I am making to a few more ambitious men. I make it for two reasons. 1st—To show you how easy my instructions are to master. 2nd—To secure quick action on the part of a few more prospective students. This offer means that you get 20 complete personal lessons **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. But you must act quick. The offer closes in 23 days. So send the coupon or postcard at once. Don't delay. I'll send you full particulars. Do so TODAY.

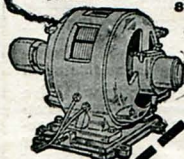
A. W. Wicks, E. E., Director,
Wicks Electrical Institute

81 W. Randolph St.,
Dept. 114
Chicago,
Ill.

Send This Coupon
A. W. WICKS, E. E.,
Director,

WICKS ELECTRICAL INSTITUTE

81 W. Randolph St., Dep. 114 Chicago
Without obligation on me whatever, please send me full description of your personal instructions in Electricity and particulars of your special offer of 20 of your lessons free.



Name.....

Address.....

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 148)

tint of this finale is dispelled by the awakening of the dreaming lass to her gross surroundings and her country love.

The most unusual thing about this picture is the director's attempted realism in his display of the Russian peasant's gross existence. A dirty pig though he is, this Slav is much more acceptable than the tawdry cartoons of "peasantry" which pass muster in the average picture.

Is Bara deliberately or unconsciously imitating Valeska Surratt? The Surratt mark here is unmistakable, and, happily, very effective.

LAST month I had occasion to commend the splendid Selig-Tribune, the only one of the new news-pictorials I had seen. This commendation is now extended, in great heartiness, to the Hearst-Vitagraph sheet, an especially effective feature of which is the Tom Powers' animate cartoon.

"THE Five Faults of Flo," a Than-houser play, is original in idea and has the exquisite Flo LaBadie as its chief interpreter, but it is so clumsily carried out, so badly staged and so inefficiently directed that its punch is nil.

THE best output of a busy, doubtless profitable but rather inconspicuous artistic month for The Famous Players was John Barrymore's highly entertaining stellar implement, "Nearly a King." Marguerite Clarke did Clarkishly well with the ancient "Mice and Men," and "My Lady Inco" served Hazel Dawn and Bob Cain acceptably. Pauline Frederick emoted in a modern French melodrama, "The Spider."

WHY waste words in verbal explosions over such trash as "Man and His Soul," a Bushman-Bayne hilarity recently foisted on the public? Here is as pretty and capable a girl as there is in picture-dom, a high-priced man and a really big production wasted on this absurd "piece." Caption from scene in actor's business office, as the silk-hatted Francis Sex enters, morningly, among the hands: "Rise when I enter!" Who is really to blame for this improving bromide? Oh, for another "Pennington's Choice!"

Send for Trial Cake

Marguerite
Snow



Uses
Sempre
Giovine
Daily

Marguerite Snow—Starring in "Metro" Pictures—is considered one of the most beautiful girls on the screen. To guard her precious beauty, she uses every day

Sempre Giovine

Pronounced Sem-pray Jo-ye-nay
Meaning "Always Young"

A unique Pink Cake. Keeps the skin soft and smooth and the complexion clear. Convenient and economical to use. A trial will convince you. Can be obtained at all Drug and Department Stores.

Or send 1 cent for 7-day trial cake today.

Marietta Stanley Co.
Dept. 1461
Grand Rapids,
Mich.

The Pink
Complexion Cake

DIAMONDS — ON — CREDIT

330 \$75 383 \$50
362 \$75 403 \$50 529 \$50
532 \$100

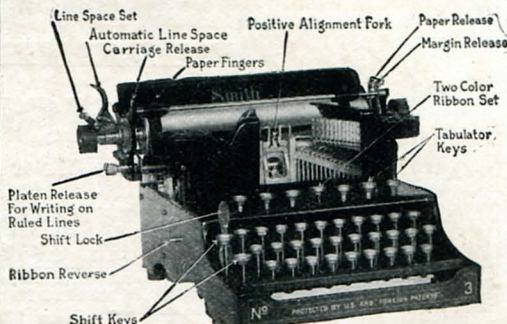
Eight Months to Pay Beautiful Diamond Sent on Approval—No Money Down.

No obligation; pay as you can. Order any diamond from our catalogue; when received, if not absolutely satisfactory, return it. Otherwise keep it and pay 20% of the price, and only 10% per month thereafter. Ten per cent discount for all cash. A binding guarantee as to quality with each diamond. Exchangeable at any time at an increase of 7½% MORE THAN YOU PAID.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE
DELUXE 42 Contains over one thousand photographs of rings, pins, diamonds, and other precious stones.

L. W. SWEET & CO., INC.
2 and 4 Maiden Lane, New York City

Typewriter Sensation



Greatest Typewriter Bargain Ever Offered

Only \$2.00 a month until the bargain price of \$29.60 is paid and the machine is yours. This startling offer has astounded the typewriter world. Absolutely the greatest typewriter bargain ever offered. For a short time only I offer a limited number of these standard

VISIBLE WRITING Model No. 3

typewriters at this exceptional price. **Perfect machines, not damaged or shop worn.** Complete outfit, cover, tools, instructions, etc. Machine of standard size, but light weight and portable, keyboard of standard arrangement, writing the full 84 characters, two color ribbon, tabulator, back spacer, writes on ruled lines; in fact, every late style feature and modern operating convenience, at less than a third of the regular price, and each letter visible as printed and all previous writing completely visible at all times.

FREE Trial You Take NO RISK

My brand new Model No. 3 offer—for but \$29.60—and only \$2.00 per month.

I won't let you buy this typewriter before you see it. I want you to be absolutely convinced that this is the greatest typewriter bargain ever offered. If you have the slightest use for a typewriter you should accept this amazing offer. **You cannot equal this wonderful value anywhere.** When the typewriter arrives deposit with the express agent \$5.60 and take the machine for five days' trial. If you are convinced that it is the best typewriter you ever saw, keep it and send me \$2.00 a month until my bargain price is paid. If you don't want it, return to the express agent, receive your \$5.60 and he returns the machine to me. I will pay the return express charges. **This machine is guaranteed just as if you paid \$100.00 for it.**

Only 100 TYPEWRITERS At This Price

There is no time to lose. Fill in the coupon and mail it today—sure. The typewriter will be shipped promptly. There is no red tape—no solicitors—no collectors—no chattel mortgage. It is simply understood that I retain title to the machine until the full \$29.60 is paid. You cannot lose. **It is the greatest typewriter opportunity you will ever have.**

Tear Out—Mail Today
H. A. SMITH, 851—231 N. Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Ship me your Model No. 3, F.O.B. Chicago, as described in this advertisement. I will pay you the \$24.00 balance of the SPECIAL \$29.60 purchase price at the rate of \$2.00 a month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for. It is understood that I have five days in which to examine and try the typewriter. If I choose not to keep it I will carefully repack it and return it to the express agent. It is understood that you give the standard guarantee for one year.

Name.....
Address.....



ELGIN OR ANY STANDARD MAKE

JUST OUT!

**The Most Interesting Catalog
In America.**

**WATCHES, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Guns, Bicycles, Sterling and
1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware,
Cut Glass, Silver and Gold Nov-
elties, Leather Goods, Sewing
Machines and Musical Instruments—**

**Easy Payments
At Rock-Bottom Prices**

A new catalog that saves you money on every item. Write for it now. Every page teems with Quality and Bargain Prices, every page bears its own story of human interest. Printed

in four colors, a million of them goes to all parts of the country. A postal NOW, will bring yours by return mail.

17, 19 and 21 JEWEL!

We have the very watch you have been waiting for. High-grade, thin Model Elgins at a **saving of a third to a half** with such liberal terms thrown in for **good measure** that you'll never miss the money. So no matter whether you are rich or poor, it's all the same to us. Our little payments make your credit good and the volume of our business in all parts of the country, combined with big factory contracts, enables us to do better by you than any other watch or diamond house in the world.

\$3 Chain Free

Watches this year. We have to do it to protect our factory contracts. That's more than 4,000 watches a month, nearly 200 a day, but we will do it. Yet, do you know what this means to you? It means the Newest Models, the finest Elgins, at **cut prices—\$12.75 to \$26.50**. It means that we have gone to rock-bottom to give you **Watch Bargains** and throw in the astoundingly Easy Terms of only.....

\$2 a Month!

Now Ready

**New Models, Exclusive Designs,
Richly Enameled, Original En-
gravings, Just out.**

In our new Catalog only, will you find the Beautiful New Model "Classic," the new "Universal," the new "California," the new "Diamonette," the new "Sunshine," the new "Double Circle,"—all marvelously beautiful. And when you see the cases themselves, you'll agree that no illustration or printed page, can adequately convey the full splendor of these magnificent models. They are gorgeous in design and execution. They convey to the eye that degree of joy and satisfaction, made possible only by their richness of quality, gold enamels and the artist's touch. They have no lines that you would re-

move. They lack none that you would add. They instantly command your unstinted admiration. They carry their own evidence of superb quality and in the rigid gold assay test, stand in a class by themselves.

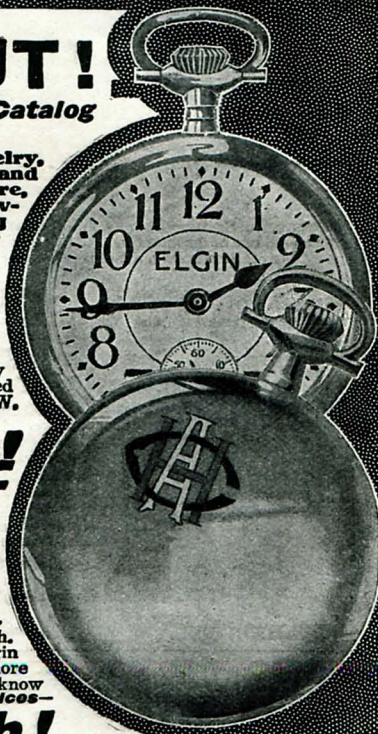
Send No Money

But write today. Send your name and address for the most interesting Catalog in America. A catalog with a thousand illustrations. A book that tells all about the Easy Way—the Harris-Goar Way. It shows you and everybody how to own a fine Watch, a Diamond, a Suit or Overcoat, a Bicycle, Camera, a Sewing Machine or Musical Instruments, all Rock-Bottom Prices without missing the money.

You pay no interest—we ask no security—no red tape. We don't need the money and all we ask is just common, everyday honesty among men, and our wholesale prices save you nearly half. Send your name and address today.

HARRIS-GOAR CO. Dept. 1868 KANSAS CITY, Mo.

The House That Sells More Elgin Watches Than Any Other Firm in the World.



Own Your Business—Make Two Profits



Let Ten-Pinnet, "world's greatest bowling game," make for you the big profits it's now making for other operators. In addition, enjoy local salesman's commissions. Game is new, fascinating, automatic. No pinboys,—just someone to take in money. Alleys 38 to 50 feet long, quickly installed in any room or tent. Everybody plays! Valuable premiums for bowlers—we furnish coupons. Small investment starts you in any town, summer resort or park. Write today for catalog and prices.



The Ten-Pinnet Company, 54 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

R. S., DALLAS, TEX.—Marguerite Clark receives letters from friends at the Famous Players' office in New York; Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne at Metro's New York office; Theda Bara at Fox's Los Angeles studio; Grace Cunard, Universal City; Crane Wilbur, at the Horsley studio in Los Angeles, and Anita Stewart at the Brooklyn office of Vitagraph.

B. H. S., ST. PAUL.—"Considering that your permission is granted, I shall proceed to trouble you." You believe in preparedness, so it's no trouble at all. "Is Henry B. Walthall married?" Yes, indeed. The only "Birth of a Nation" music which you can purchase is "A Perfect Song," which was played during the scene when the Little Colonel proposes to Elsie Stoneman. Lyon & Healy, Chicago, will supply you at 30 cents per copy. We do not know whether Mr. Walthall answers letters from friends, but you may easily determine this for yourself by writing him at the Chicago office of Essanay.

M. E. H., YONKERS, N. Y.—Pathe's "The House of Fear" features Arnold Daly and he is supported by Jeanne Eagles and Sheldon Lewis. Sheldon Lewis is also seen in "The Iron Claw" with Pearl White and Creighton Hale, and in "The King's Game," with Pearl White and George Probert. Mr. Lewis is the husband of Virginia Pearson, who has recently joined the Fox organization.

F. Y., CORVALLIS, ORE.—Gloria Fonda is with Universal at Universal City. If you and she went to high school together for a couple of years, you ought to know better than we whether she will send you a photograph. What do you think about it?

E. J., NASHVILLE.—Yes, it is necessary to get permission from the author or holder of the copyright on a story or book before making a scenario from it. The copyright laws of America were enacted under Article 1, Section 8, of the Constitution, which provide in part that Congress shall have power to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors the exclusive right to their respective writings. An author or copyright owner has a property right in a story during the life of the copyright which must be respected.

A. H., ROSWELL, N. M.—Turn to the Directory for film company office and studio addresses.

G. D., GLENOLDEN, PA.—Ethel Clayton of the Lubin company, recently seen in "The Great Divide," is five feet five inches in height and has golden hair and grey eyes. She has a brother, Donald Clayton, who is an actor of the "legitimate" stage.

D. F., MONTREAL.—"Damaged Goods" was produced at the western American studio over a year ago by Richard Bennett and his company, Bennett playing the role of *George Dupont*. Mrs. Dupont was Olive Milton; the *Girl of the Streets*, Adrienne Morrison; *Henrietta Locke*, Olive Templeton, and the *Senator*, John Stepping.

L. M., CLARINDA, IA.—Mary Pickford and James Kirkwood played the leads as *Anemone Breckenridge* and *Lancer Mome* in "The Eagle's Mate," and Ida Waterman, Robert Broderick, Helen Gilmore and Russell Bassett, the latter as the *Rev. Hotchkiss*, were also in the cast.

J. W. J., AKRON, O.—Yes, William H. Crane played the title role in "David Harum." Kate Meeks being *Aunt Polly*; May Allison, *Mary Blake*; Harold Lockwood, *John Lenox*; Hal Clarendon, *Chet Timson*, and Guy Nichols, *Deacon Perkins*. William H. Crane is one of the old guard, linking the days of Booth and Jefferson and Irving with the present, as he is still playing on the stage. He was born in Leicester, Mass., in 1845.

E. M. B., WYALNSING, PA.—Virginia Pearson is probably the actress you have in mind, as she played the role of the *Vampire* in "A Fool There Was," with Hilliard, on tour in 1910-12, and undoubtedly was playing the night you attended. She is now with the Fox films.

(Continued on page 166)

—add to
your natural
beauty those
rare charms
given by Mari-
nello Powder—the
warm pinkness of a fresh rose, a
velvet-like softness and exquisite
fragrance. Use

**MARINELLO
POWDER**

always to enhance
your complexion and
protect your skin
against the mischief
of weather.

"A Tint for Every Complexion"

Send 2-Cent Stamp
for Miniature Box.

**MARINELLO
COMPANY**

Dept. L
Mallers Bldg., Chicago

Not Gray Hairs but tired Eyes
Make us look older than
we are. Old age and
Dull eyes-tell-tale

**Don't
tell
your
age!**

After the Movies go home and
Murine Your Eyes, Two drops will rest
refresh and cleanse. *Have it Handy.*

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Send Book of the Eye upon Request.

DIAMONDS

ON CREDIT—\$2.50 A MONTH
TERMS AS LOW AS



Ladies' Loftis Belcher Ring
Designed to make Diamond appear larger than it is.

Great Reduction in Credit Terms and Prices
Think of it! A high grade, guaranteed, genuine diamond, perfect in cut and full of fiery brilliancy, set in solid gold or platinum mounting for only \$2.50 a month—8 cents a day.



The Loftis 7-Diamond Cluster Ring
Contains 7 Diamonds set so that the cluster has the appearance of a beautiful Solitaire Diamond that costs 3 or 4 times as much.

Send for 116-page Jewelry Catalog containing over 2000 beautiful illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, etc. Make a selection either for yourself or as a gift for a friend or loved one. We will send the article for your examination, all charges prepaid by us. You assume no risk; you are under no obligation.

You Don't Pay a Cent until you see and examine the article. If perfectly satisfied pay one-fifth of the purchase price and the balance in eight equal monthly payments. If not entirely satisfied, return at our expense. Whether you buy or not, get Our CATALOG. It is an education in Diamond and Jewelry values and easy credit buying. Send for catalog today—before you forget. **IT IS FREE.**

LOFTIS BROS. & CO., The National Credit Jewelers
Dept. M502, 100 to 108 N. State Street, Chicago, Illinois
(Established 1858) Stores in: Chicago Pittsburgh St. Louis Omaha



Get a U. S. Government Job \$75 to \$150 a Month

Rapid advancement to higher Government Positions.
No "Layoffs" because of STRIKES, WARS, FINANCIAL FLURRIES or THE WHIMS OF SOME PETTY BOSS.
THE POSITION IS YOURS FOR LIFE.
Country residents and city residents stand the same chance for immediate appointment.
Common sense education sufficient.
Political influence NOT REQUIRED.

We Will Coach 25 Candidates Free of Charge
Write immediately for full list of many positions now obtainable. A free copy of our valuable copyrighted book, "GOVERNMENT POSITIONS AND HOW TO GET THEM," and to consideration for FREE COACHING for the Civil Service Examination here checked.

FREE COACHING COUPON

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. J97, Rochester, N. Y.

This coupon, properly filled out, entitles the sender to free sample examination questions, full list of positions now obtainable, a free copy of our valuable copyrighted book, "GOVERNMENT POSITIONS AND HOW TO GET THEM," and to consideration for FREE COACHING for the Civil Service Examination here checked.

...Railway Mail Clerk (\$900 to \$1800)	...Customs Positions (\$600 to \$1500)
...Postoffice Clerk (\$800 to \$1200)	...Internal Revenue (\$700 to \$1800)
...Postoffice Carrier (\$800 to \$1200)	...Stenographer (\$800 to \$1500)
...Rural Mail Carrier (\$600 to \$1200)	...Panama Canal Clerk (\$1200 to \$1800)

Name.....
Address.....
Use this before you lose it. Write plainly.

The Movie Broadway

(Continued from page 64)

campaign of billboard and window advertising. The lithograph came back into its own—into greater demand than it had ever known before. Every new picture meant an order of lithographs, "three-sheets" and "stands" running into the thousands. Joseph Tooker purchased a gross of new waistcoats, and Mr. Moore warbled like a canary. They were themselves again—and in automobiles.

When Klaw and Erlanger built the New Amsterdam Theatre, designated "The House Beautiful," the architect designed for A. L. Erlanger's use the most luxurious private office New York theatricals had ever known. No more convincing evidence of the commercial advancement of the theatre was required than a comparison of the magnificently upholstered, oak-trimmed office of the executive head of the Syndicate with the dirty, ill-kept dingy rooms in which managers had carried on their business twenty-five years previously. David Belasco, Charles Frohman, Charles Dillingham and other theatrical producers, following Klaw and Erlanger's example, allotted themselves more beautifully appointed work rooms, and George W. Lederer went them all one better with a suite in blue and gold.

Shacks, mere shacks, seem those habitations of the stage producer, now that the movie men have begun to keep house. Handsome drawing room effects and reception parlors in mahogany and plate glass stretch across entire floors of huge office buildings, and are occupied exclusively by the men who are profiting by the moving picture epidemic. In any one of the larger exchanges there may be found more offices and a greater number of clerks and assistants than in the combined theatrical enterprises. The probability is that Belasco and Dillingham couldn't find their way about in the Mutual's headquarters.

Indeed, the complexion of the Rialto has changed. The movie actor has usurped the choice corners, the choice restaurant tables and the ladies' glances. Would you have further proof? Yesterday Francis Bushman, his director tells me, received two hundred "mash" notes; John Drew didn't get any.

This Little Girl Was Born a Cripple

Helen Martin was born with a very badly deformed club foot. She came to the McLain Sanitarium after having been operated upon and wearing a plaster cast without satisfactory results. The upper picture shows her condition at that time. Her mother says:

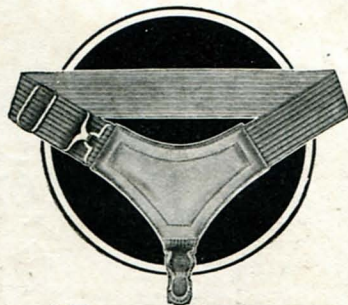
"Helen's foot is now straight and strong. She doesn't limp, and you see by her picture how happy she now is—and so am I. I will always recommend your Institution and answer any letters about what you did for Helen."

MRS. B. MARTIN,
Westboro, Wis.

Write Mrs. Martin and ask questions.

This thoroughly equipped private sanitarium is devoted exclusively to treating children and young adults afflicted with Club Feet, Spinal Diseases and Curvature, Infantile Paralysis, Hip Disease, Bow Legs, Wry Neck, etc. Hundreds of cases successfully treated every year. Write for our book, "Deformities and Paralysis"—also "Book of References"—both free. Owing to our more than 30 years' experience, our advice should be valuable.

THE McLAIN
ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM
804 Aubert Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.



Boston Garter

Vibram Grip

The maximum of worth is found in the "Boston"

Silk 50c Lisle 25c

GEORGE FROST CO. BOSTON



With That New Frock

YOU WILL NEED

DELATONE

SO LONG AS FASHION DECREES sleeveless gowns and sheer fabrics for sleeves the woman of refinement requires Delatone for the removal of hair from under the arms.

Delatone is an old and well known scientific preparation for the quick, safe and certain

removal of hairy growths—no matter how thick or stubborn.

Removes Objectionable Hair From Face, Neck or Arms

You make a paste by mixing a little Delatone and water; then spread on the hairy surface. After two or three minutes, rub off the paste and the hairs will be gone.

Expert beauty specialists recommend Delatone as a most satisfactory depilatory powder. After application, the skin is clean, firm and hairless—as smooth as a baby's.

Druggists sell Delatone, or an original one-ounce jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of One Dollar by

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL COMPANY, 339 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. C.Y., Chicago, Ill.



80 to 100 Words a Minute Guaranteed!

Learn at Home — 10 Easy Lessons

A wonderful new method of acquiring skill on the typewriter has been discovered. Almost over night it has revolutionized the whole typewriting situation.

Already thousands of stenographers and other typewriter users who never exceeded thirty to forty words a minute, are writing 80 to 100 words with half the effort and with infinitely greater accuracy than they ever could before, and they're earning salaries increased in proportion.

Nothing Else Like It

Don't confuse this new way in typewriting with any system of the past. There has never been anything like it before. It is as different from the old touch systems as day is from night. Special *Gymnastic Finger-Training Exercises* bring results in days that ordinary methods will not produce in months. It is the greatest step in typewriting since the typewriter itself was invented—already its success has become nation-wide.

Doubles and Trebles Salaries

Among the thousands of operators who have taken up this system are hundreds of graduates of business colleges and special typewriting courses—many were so-called touch writers—yet there has not been a single one who hasn't doubled or trebled his or her speed and accuracy, and the salaries have been increased from \$8 to \$15 a week (their former salaries) to \$25, \$30 and even \$40 weekly. And the new way is *amazingly easy* for anyone—there are only 10 lessons and they can be quickly learned at home.

Valuable Book Free

We cannot describe here the secret principle of this new method. But we have prepared a book which tells all about it in complete detail, which is *free* to those interested if 4c in stamps is sent to cover packing, mailing, etc. It is a big 48-page book, brimful of eye-opening ideas and valuable information. It explains how this unique new method will quickly make your fingers *strong and dexterous*, bring them under *perfect control*, make them *extremely rapid* in their movements—how in a few short weeks you can transform your typewriting and make it *easy, accurate and amazingly speedy*—all this and much more is told in detail. No instruction book ever written, no matter what its cost, ever told so plainly the real WHY and HOW of expert typewriting.

If you are ambitious to get ahead—if you want to make your work easier—if you want to put more money in your pay envelope—get this book at once. It will be a revelation to you as to the *speed and salary* that is possible to typists. Mail the coupon or a postal today—*Now*.

USE THIS FOR BIGGER PAY

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL OF TYPEWRITING, 7504 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

Please send me your Free Book about the New Way in Typewriting. I enclose 4c in stamps to cover packing, mailing, etc. This incurs no obligation whatever on my part.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (*) indicates proper office to send manuscripts; (s) indicates a studio; at times all three may be at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago (s); Santa Barbara, Calif. (*) (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PROD. Co., Long Beach, Calif. (*) (s).

BIOGRAPH COMPANY, 807 East 175th St., New York City, (*) (s); Georgia and Girard, Los Angeles (s); players east June to December.

BOSWORTH, INC., 222 West 42d St., New York City; 211 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles (*) (s).

CALIFORNIA M. P. C., San Rafael, Calif. (*) (s).

THOS. A. EDISON, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City (*) (s); Orange, N. J. (Adv. and publicity.)

EQUITABLE MOTION PICTURES CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York City. (*) Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago (*) (s); Niles, Calif. (*) (s); 651 Fairview St., Los Angeles (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM Co., 507 Fifth Ave., New York City (*). 128 West 56th St., New York City (s).

FOX FILM CORPORATION, 130 West 46th St., New York City (*) (s); Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GAUMONT COMPANY, 110 West 40th St., New York City (*) (s); Flushing, N. Y. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

DAVID HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles (*) (s).

KALEM COMPANY, 235 West 23d St., New York City (*) (s); 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s); 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Calif. (s); Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s); Glendale, Calif. (s).

GEORGE KLEINE, 805 E. 175th St., N. Y. City (*).

LASKY FEATURE PLAY Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (*) (s).

LUBIN MFG. Co., 20th and Indiana, Philadelphia (*) (s); Broad and Glenwood, Philadelphia (s); Coronado, Calif. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1465 Broadway, New York City (*). (All manuscripts for the following studios go to Metro's Broadway address.) Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 West 61st St., New York City (s); Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Quality Pictures Corp., Metro office; Federal Feature Film Corp., Rocky Glen, Penna.

OLIVER MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY Co., 222 West 42d St., New York City; 201 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles. (*) (s).

MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION, 71 West 23d St., New York City.

PALLAS PICTURES, 220 West 42d St., New York City; 205 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles (*) (s).

PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION, 110 West 40th St., New York City.

PATHE FRERES, Jersey City, N. J. (*) (s).

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 West 45th St., New York City (*) (s).

SELIG POLYSCOPE Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago (*) (s); Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles (s).

SIGNAL FILM CORP., Los Angeles, Calif. (*) (s).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (*) (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

TRIANGLE FILM CORPORATION, 71 West 23d St., New York City; Fine Arts Studio (Griffith) 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. (*) (s); Keystone Studio (Sennett) 1712 Allessandro St., Los Angeles (*) (s); Inceville Studio (Ince), Santa Monica, Calif. (*) (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City; 573 Eleventh Ave., New York City (*) (s); Universal City, Calif. (*) (s); Coystville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, East 15th and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (*) (s); Hollywood, Calif. (*) (s); Bayside, Long Island, N. Y. (s).

V-L-S-E, Inc., 1600 Broadway, New York City.

WHARTON, Inc., Ithaca, N. Y. (*) (s).

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York City (*) (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

Casts of Stories from Photo-plays in This Issue

THE STEPPING STONE (Scenario by C. Gardner Sullivan) Ince-Triangle

Elihu Knowlton	Frank Keenan
Mary Beresford	Mary Boland
Albert Beresford	Robert McKim
Flora Alden	Margaret Thompson
James Prescott	J. J. Dowling
Horatio Wells	F. Barney Sherry
Fielding	Frederick Vroom

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD (Scenario by Margaret Turnbull from the novel by Mary Johnson)

Lasky

Lady Jocelyn Leigh	Mae Murray
Captain Ralph Percy	Wallace Reid
Lord Carnal	Tom Forman
Nicolo	Raymond Hatton
Jeremy Sparrow	William Bradbury
George Yeardeley	James Neill
Lord Buckingham	Robert Gray
King James I	Lucien Littlefield
Patience Worth	Camille Astor
Red Gil	Robert Fleming

HER GOD

(From the novel by H. R. Durant)
Equitable

Maria	Gail Kane
Morton Dean	Mahlon Hamilton
Sancho	Edward F. Rossman
Phyllis	Courtney Collins
Her Mother	Marie Dantes
Chica	Gladys Earlicott

Look For This Drug Store



Only a druggist with an established reputation for honesty, integrity and fair dealing is permitted to handle the SAN *TOX Line of Toilet Articles and Household Preparations.

SanTox
The Public Service Line

Before any SAN *TOX Druggist placed SAN *TOX on his shelves he was required to rigidly investigate the entire line of more than 125 items and by so doing thoroughly satisfy himself that each one will substantiate his personal guarantee. You will know the one "best" drug store in your locality by the sign on the window. Go there for all your toilet requisites and household preparations. The SAN *TOX Druggist will cheerfully refund the price of any SAN *TOX item which does not satisfy you in every particular.

THE DEPREE CHEMICAL CO.

CHICAGO

ILLINOIS



SAVE 60% on Phonograph \$1 Records 3 double-disc



Full-length, high-quality records; six carefully chosen selections from the world's most popular music.

"A PERFECT DAY," by Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

"OH, PROMISE ME," by Reginald de Koven.

Both sung by Henry Burr.

"BLAZE AWAY," and

"UNDER THE DOUBLE EAGLE,"

Two smashing, stirring marches.

"RAGGING THE SCALE," season's most popular fox trot.

"TESORO MIA," a waltz from Spain.

Two ideal dance numbers.

Do not confuse these records with a cheap product. We guarantee their quality with our money back offer. They are seven inches in diameter, play about as long as the standard ten inch records, (because our process allows us to put the grooves very close together) and equal them in quality. They will play on the Edison, Pathe and other machines, without an attachment, and on the Victor and Columbia with an attachment, which we will send you free. Give us the name of your machine when ordering. We will also send a list of other records.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If, after you have played these records, you are not satisfied with them, mail them back to us and we will refund your money.

MUTUAL RECORD CO., 29 East 22nd Street, NEW YORK

THE BURDEN OF ADDRESSING

Removed, and the invaluable advantage of direct and regular communication with patrons, theatres, agents, customers or prospects, by circular or filled-in letter, brought within reach of PHOTOPLAY producer and supply distributor, on small as well as large mailing lists, by this little \$45.00 automatic hand addressor.

On any list of 10,000 names or less it serves every purpose of addressing and filling-in with as perfect ribbon-print type-written address as any \$150.00 motor addressing machine on the market, at ONE-TENTH COST & TIME of pen or typewriter.



Montague Mailing Machinery Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn., and 538 So. Clark Street, Chicago

Pioneers in hand and ribbon-print Addressing Machines, and makers of hand, foot and motor Addressors for every purpose and size list from one hundred to one million names.

There Is Beauty In Every Jar

However beautiful you may be, you cannot afford to neglect your skin. However plain you may be, you should not miss the possibilities for beauty and skin health in the regular use of

Ingram's
Milkweed Cream
50c and \$1.00
At Drug Stores



**Preserves Good Complexions—
Improves Bad Complexions**

Its use overcomes skin disorders and sallowness, as well as undue redness, sunburn and freckles.

Send us 6c in stamps, to cover cost of mailing and packing, and get free sample of the above. Also Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, Zedenta Tooth Powder and Perfume.

Frederick F. Ingram Company

Established 1885

Windsor, Canada 102 Tenth St., Detroit, U.S.A.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder

is Powdered Perfection for the Complexion.
Four shades: pink, white, flesh and brunette.
Price, 50c at drug stores or by mail, postpaid.

Oh, You Skinny!

Why stay **thin** as a rail? You don't have to! And you don't have to go through life with a chest that the tailor gives you; with arms of childish strength; with legs you can hardly stand on. And what about that stomach that flinches every time you try a square meal? Are you a **pill-feeder**?

Do you expect Health and Strength in tablet form — through pills, potions and other exploited piffle?

You can't do it; it can't be done.

The only way to be well is to build up your body — all of it — through nature's methods — not by pampering the stomach. It is not **safe** that is making you a failure; it's that poor, emaciated body of yours; your half-sickness shows plain in your face and the world loves healthy people. So be **healthy — strong — vital**. That's **living**. Don't think too long; send 4 cents in stamps to cover mailing of my book, **"INTELLIGENCE IN PHYSICAL AND HEALTH CULTURE,"** written by the **strongest physical culture instructor in the world.**

LIONEL STRONGFORT
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT
Dept. B46 Havana, Cuba

H. H. S., INDIANAPOLIS.—Robert Walker, formerly of Kalem, is now with Edison at the New York City studio. Walker, who is twenty-seven years of age, is a nephew of Robert Hilliard and played in "The Balkan Princess" and "The Pink Lady," in musical comedy and later in "A Fool There Was." His moving picture career began with the Sid Olcott company, followed by a Kalem engagement and now Edison. He was married early in 1915 to Mrs. Cora J. Linton, at Mayport, near Jacksonville, Fla., where Mr. Walker was playing at the time.

N. J. K., BROOKLYN, and J. C. E., GREENWICH, R. I.—The Victor studio which produces films for Universal is located at 553 West 43d Street, New York City. Yes, Wallie Reid is *Don José* in the Farrar "Carmen," produced by Lasky.

G. R. Y., LORDSBURG, CALIF.—"Do manufacturers use old films in the making of shrapnel?" In the last few months munition makers have found that the celluloid in films can be utilized very profitably in making nitroglycerin and other explosives, and inasmuch as there is an explosive charge in each shrapnel shell, it may be broadly stated that old films are being used to make shrapnel. Rifle bullets will henceforth be marked "Comedy," and the biggest shells "Tragedy."

N. W. B., BROOKLYN.—Kathlyn Williams has been playing right along with the Selig company, and the latest big picture in which she appears is "The Ne'er Do Well," the film version of Rex Beach's novel of the same name. She appears in a great many of the shorter films produced by the Selig company.

C. E. W., COLDWATER, MICH., and C. S. K., ORIENT, O.—You will find Theda Bara's address given above. John, Lionel and Ethel Barrymore are brothers and sister, their father being the late Maurice Barrymore and their mother Georgio Drew Barrymore. All three are well known upon the American and English stage. Cleo Ridgely is with Lasky at Hollywood.

J. V. L., EVANSVILLE, IND., and L. W., TORONTO.—Mabel Normand is in the east at the present time and should be addressed at the Triangle office in New York City. Anna Little of the American company was born at Sisson, California, February 7, 1894, which makes her just a trifle over twenty-two. She began her theatrical career in 1907 with the Ferris Hartman Comic Opera Company and in 1911 joined the New York Motion Picture Corporation. She has dark brown eyes and brown hair. Herbert Rawlinson was born in Brighton, England, in 1885, and began his film career with Selig in 1911. He has brown hair and blue eyes. You will undoubtedly hear from her later, if you have not already received a reply.

O. M. E., LEAMINGTON, UTAH.—"The idea of our Answer Man having a bald head and whiskers! To my notion he is the only person living who has both dimples and brains." (Just to demonstrate again that we have absolutely nothing up our sleeves!)

Write for the Wholesale Price

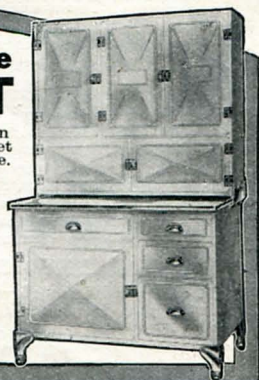
Get This All Metal, Snowy White KITCHEN KABINET

direct from Kalamazoo factory. Unlike any other kitchen cabinet—sanitary, easy to keep clean as a china bowl; sweet smelling; cannot warp; easy sliding doors; good for lifetime use.

Write today for offer on **Free Trial, Cash or Credit**. Now is the time—save work when housecleaning. We pay freight—ship within 24 hours—30 days' trial, 360 days' approval test, \$100,000 guaranty.

FREE 8-piece crystal set, white glass rolling pin, patented bread board with each cabinet. Write today for prices and beautiful art catalog No. 24.

KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich. We also make gas ranges, furnaces and 500 styles of stoves and ranges. We have four catalogs—state which you want.



"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
Trade Mark Registered

EVANS ART Pianos and Players FACTORY TO YOU

\$125



and up can be saved by my plan of selling direct from my factory to you. I can save you from \$125 to \$250 on an **Evans Artist Model Piano or Player**.

Freight Paid The easiest kind of terms, weekly, monthly, quarterly or yearly payments to suit your convenience. All middlemen, jobbers, dealers and agents profits cut out. These are some of the reasons why I can sell the **Evans Artist Model Pianos** for such little money. Let me send you the other reasons.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

If you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back without any cost to you—you are the sole judge to decide.

Music Lessons Without Cost

We will give a two years' course of piano instruction free. Ask about our insurance plan.

STORY & CLARK PIANO CO.

F. O. EVANS, Gen. Mgr., Dept. D-8, CHICAGO



Every Married Couple
and all who contemplate marriage
SHOULD OWN
this complete informative book

"The Science of a New Life"

By JOHN COWAN, M. D.

Unfolds the secrets of married happiness, so often revealed too late! It contains 29 chapters including: Marriage and Its Advantages. Age at Which to Marry. Law of Choice. Love Analysed. Qualities One Should Avoid in Choosing. Anatomy of Conception. Contraception. Children. Genius. Conception. TWILIGHT SLEEP. Nursing. Sterility. How a Happy Married Life is Secured. Special Edition, Price \$2. postpaid. Descriptive circular giving full and complete table of contents mailed FREE.

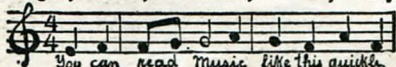
Reproduction. Amateniveness. TWILIGHT SLEEP. Nursing. Sterility. How a Happy Married Life is Secured. Special Edition, Price \$2. postpaid. Descriptive circular giving full and complete table of contents mailed FREE.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 170 Rose Street NEW YORK CITY

MUSIC TAUGHT In Your Home FREE

By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America—Established 1895

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Etc.



Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for **Free** booklet which explains everything in full.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 86 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

BANNERS

YALE

BUILD UP
a selling agency.
Sell our pennants in your club, school or college. Generous discounts for quantities. Catalogue Free.

ARTHUR MFG. CO., Box K, LOWVILLE, N. Y.



"Your figure can be as perfect as mine,"

says

Annette Kellermann

Do you realize how much your grace and beauty will be enhanced if your form is symmetrical? Wouldn't you grasp an opportunity to attain a perfect figure and vigorous health? It's all quite possible, and *without the use of drugs or apparatus*, if you'll follow my methods. **Just fifteen minutes each day in the privacy of your own room is sufficient.** I've accomplished this for so many other refined women that I know I can do it for you.

Miss Cleo Mayfield,

whose charming personality has made her a popular favorite throughout the country, has just written:



Dear Miss Kellermann:

I want to let you know that I am delighted with the results I have obtained from your wonderful system. It has given me the grace and poise so essential in stage work.

I feel that I must tell you that part of my present success is due to your well arranged course of exercises.

Cordially yours,

Cleo Mayfield.

My new booklet, **"The Body Beautiful,"** is fully illustrated with photographs of myself, explaining my system. Just send a two cent stamp and it will be mailed to you **FREE**, to-day.

You owe it to yourself at least to investigate

ANNETTE KELLERMANN

Suite 407P 12 West 31st St., N. Y. C.

GUARANTEED
O K

YOU will find in these pages opportunities for profit, education and amusement. The Publishers will refund your money if you do not find every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine exactly as represented.

GUARANTEED
O K

25c Trial Bottle for 20c



The fragrance of thousands of blossoms in a vial 2 inches high. Extremely lasting. For a limited time send 20c, silver or stamps, for trial bottle exact size of picture of

"MON AMOUR"

The Sweetheart of Perfumes

The latest odors are Mon Amour and Garden Queen. Get a bottle of each—other odors in the Flower Drops line are Lily of the Valley, Violet, Rose, Crabapple, all \$1.00 an ounce at druggists or by mail—trial bottle 25c. Money back if not pleased. Send \$1.00 for Souvenir box—6 different odors, 25c bottles. Flower Drops is the most exquisite perfume ever produced.

PAUL RIEGER, 105 First Street, San Francisco



TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

Prices \$15.00 up. **SOLD or RENTED ANYWHERE** at 1/2 to 1/2 MANUFACTURERS' PRICES, allowing RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for Catalog 153.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.



WOULD YOU

show this standard high grade 42 key fully visible typewriter to your friends and let them see wherein it excels any other \$100 typewriter, if by doing this and rendering other small assistance, you could easily have one to keep as your own? Then by post card or letter to us simply say, "Mail Particulars."

GIVEN YOU

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. A 252, Chicago, Ill.



JUST OUT AND READY FOR DELIVERY

Filmland Favorites

Contains the photographs, (very latest poses) and biographies of all the big stars, including Pickford, Blackwell, Kerrigan, Bushman, Chaplin, Joyce, Sweet, the Gish girls and scores of others. Remember, leading players only. Each photo is a rich sepia halftone and personally autographed by the player. It's a great collection of the world's most famous photoplays. The front and back covers of "FILMLAND FAVORITES" are made up of nearly 100 players and is a beautiful and artistic creation in itself. Price, for a short time only, 25c.

Filmland Favorites Co., Security Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.



LEARN TO DRAW

Illustrators—Cartoonists—Designers

are in demand. Many of our pupils obtain paying positions before completing the course. Personal instruction by artist of thirty years' experience. Correspondence and Local School. Copy this sketch and send to us for free criticism, and 6 cents in stamps for illustrated book.

Artist's outfit **FREE** to enrolled students

Washington School of Art
973 F St., N. W. Washington, D. C.



BE A BANKER

Splendid opportunities. Pleasant work, short hours, all holidays off, yearly vacation with pay, good salary. Learn at home. Diploma in six months. Catalog free. Edgar G. Alcorn, Pres. American School of Banking, 457 E. State St., Columbus, Ohio



FRIENDSHIP LINK RING

Sterling Silver or Rolled Gold. Beaded or Plain Designs, 3 Initials ENGRAVED **FREE**, to introduce our Bracelet Links. Send 18 cents and size today.
FRIENDSHIP JEWELRY CO.
33 Chambers St., Dept. 339, New York

ONLY

18c

Short-Story Writing



Dr. Esenwein

A COURSE of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for years editor of Lippincott's.

One student writes: "Before completing the lessons, received over \$1000 for manuscripts sold to Woman's Home Companion, Pictorial Review, McCall's and other leading magazines."

Also courses in Play Writing, Writing for Vaudeville, Photoplay Writing, Versification and Poetics, Journalism. In all, over One Hundred Courses, under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell and other leading colleges.

250-Page Catalog Free. Please Address

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 95, Springfield, Mass.

FILM FAVORITES

OF YOUR OWN CHOICE

Send the names of Eighteen and twenty-five cents or a dollar for a hundred in splendid poses on postcards. 8 poses of Mary Pickford, 2 of Marguerite Clark, 2 of Chaplin, 3 of Theda Bara, a new picture of Lillian Lore, Hazel Dawn and Olga Petrova, an autographed picture of Jack W. Kerrigan, and many new feature stars.

Also actual photos, size 8x10 at 50c each

500 LIST SENT WITH ALL ORDERS

OR FREE ON REQUEST

THE FILM PORTRAIT CO., 127A 1st Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.



3 1/3c a Day

now buys a dazzling Lachnite Gem. Their brilliance is eternal—they stand fire and acid tests and cut glass like diamonds. Cost but one-third as much. Set in solid gold. The newest designs. Sold on Free Trial. See our new jewelry book.

Write for Big Jewelry Book Your name and address is enough. No obligations whatever. Write today—now.

HAROLD LACHMAN COMPANY
112 N. Michigan Avenue, Dept. 9464, Chicago, Ill.



\$2.00 and you get this **Superb Cornet**
An astounding offer. This Triple Silver Plated Lyric Cornet will be sent to you for only \$2.00. The balance at the rate of only 10c a day. Free trial before you decide to buy.

WURLITZER FREE Band Catalog!

Send your name and address and get our big 250-page Band Catalog. Buy direct from the manufacturer. Rock-bottom prices on all kinds of instruments—easy payments. Generous allowance for old instruments. We supply the U. S. Gov't. Write today for Free Band Catalog.

THE WURLITZER CO., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dept. 1464, Chicago, Illinois

Free Carrying Case—with this Superb Triple Silver Plated Lyric Cornet, genuine leather. Write today.

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS

\$10.00 to \$100.00 paid for each play accepted. Constant Demand. Devote all or spare time. Start at once. NO CORRESPONDENCE COURSE.

DETAILS FREE
Atlas Publishing Co., 724 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

Learn to PAINT SIGNS and SHOW CARDS

I'll teach you personally by mail. 17 years' successful teaching. Big field for men and women. You can **EARN \$18.00 to \$45.00 A WEEK** Weaver (Canada) says, "Your course increased my salary 50 per cent." Write for full particulars. See what's in it for you.

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
Chas. J. Strong, Founder Dept. 3104, Detroit, Mich.



GUARANTEED**OK**

YOU will find in these pages opportunities for profit, education and amusement. The Publishers will refund your money if you do not find every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine exactly as represented.

GUARANTEED**OK****Just What You Have Been Looking For****AUTOGRAPHED PILLOW TOPS OF MOVING PICTURE STARS**

Made on old gold satin, 18x18 inches, 35c each. Beautiful 11x14 Hand Colored Pictures 25c each. Genuine Photo-Gelatin Prints, 5x4 7 1/2, two for a dime, or six for a quarter. Silver Platinoid Photo Frames, 6x8, 60c each.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR THIS MONTH
One each of the four articles listed above, \$1.25 worth for \$1.00 (cash or money order). You may have a different player with each article.



G. M. Anderson
Helen Badgley
King Baggot
Theda Bara
Beverly Bayne
Carlyle Blackwell
John Bunny
Francis X. Bushman
Marguerite Clark
Maurice Costello

Your Choice of the Following Stars

Howard Estabrook
Mary Fuller
Ethel Grandin
Arthur Johnson
Alice Joyce
Jack Kerrigan
Florence LaBadie
Mabel Norman
Norma Phillips

Mary Pickford
Marguerite Snow
Anita Stewart
Blanche Sweet
Emmy Wehlen
Pearl White
Crane Wilbur
Earle Williams
Clara Kimball Young

R. K. STANBURY, Dept. D, Flatiron Bldg., New York City
Send two-cent stamp for folder.

**WHITE VALLEY GEMS Look and Wear like Diamonds**

Are being worn by the wealthiest people everywhere. Stand acid and fire diamond test. So hard they scratch a file and cut glass. Brilliancy guaranteed twenty-five years.

Will send you these wonderful gems in any style, 14 K, solid gold, regular diamond mountings —by express—charges prepaid, so you can see and wear them before you buy them. Write for big illustrated catalog and Free Trial Offer

WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 813 Wulsin Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana

SCENARIO WRITERS ATTENTION!

OUR OFFER IS TO FURNISH STATIONERY CORRECTLY PRINTED, YET CHEAPER THAN YOU BUY THE PAPER and envelopes. We furnish 25 sheets of bond paper 8 1/2 x 11 inches with your name and address printed in corner in neat professional style; 25 No. 11 tough manila envelopes with your return card in corner, also 25 No. 10 envelopes for enclosures with your name and address, all for 60 cts. prepaid. Samples sent for 2c stamp.

GEO. E. RAWSON, P. O. BOX 579, KANSAS CITY, MO.

**Grasp This Opportunity**

For a Limited Time Only, beautiful large 11x14 Hand Colored Photographs from a selection of over 200 Movie Stars. Suitable for framing —make splendid room decorations.

Send 25c Stamps or Coin

WYANOAK PUBLISHING CO., Inc.
146 West 52nd Street NEW YORK

**ADVERTISE**

20 words in 100 monthlies, \$1; 100 weeklies, \$2.50; 20 Sunday papers, \$5. In all \$8. Bank references.

COPE AGENCY
821 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

COPYRIGHT YOUR IDEAS FOR SCENARIOS

Our new plan explains how to legally protect your stories and ideas from theft. Avoid further risk. Write us for particulars.

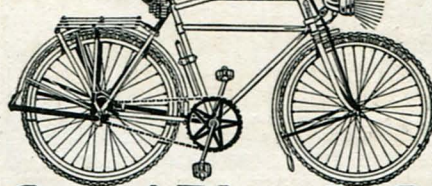
THE McLEAN COMPANY, 402-6th St., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Save Half Your Electric Bills

Special Arc generator operates from your engine, or motor. Furnishes direct current exactly right for arc. No waste in resistance. No noise as with A. C. Easy payments. Price \$95.



HOBART BROTHERS, Box 8, Troy, Ohio

The 1916**←ARROW→****Electric Light**

Motorcycle type frame, saddle, handlebars, pedals, mud-guard, stand and luggage carrier. Fisk Thorn-Proof Non-Skid tires. New Coaster Brake, tool kit and tire pump. Other new features. Write today—now.

Great Bicycle Offer

Write for catalog. Wonderful 1916 Arrow—new motorcycle type—shipped no money down. Pay small amount each month while you ride. Write for our special, rock-bottom offer while it lasts. Write Today Biggest bicycle value ever built. Read above the many new features. Write for free catalog now.

Arrow Cycle Co., Dept. 1464, 19th St. & California Av., Chicago

Electrical BOOK FREE

Learn how you can become an Electrical Engineer and earn \$150 to \$250 monthly. No experience necessary. We easily train you in your spare time to enter this fascinating work. Demand for electrical experts exceeds the supply—decide to fit yourself for one of these well-paid jobs. 56-page book, which tells you how to do it, sent FREE.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. 5769, Drexel Ave. and 58th Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

TRICO The Smooth Gritty Soap

A great discovery, a real toilet Soap, in paste form, made from pure vegetable oils, packed in tubes. It easily removes grease paint without the aid of cold cream and makes automobile grease and dirt disappear like magic. Will not injure the skin. Handy on the washstand, the only sanitary soap to carry in your grip or Auto. Try it, then you won't be without it for three times the price. A large tube sent prepaid on receipt of 50 cents. Address

Triangle Chemical Co., Dept. 1, 85 Detroit St., Milwaukee, Wis.

**I will send my 25c Book Strong Arms**

for 10c in stamps or coin

Illustrated with twenty full-page half-tone cuts showing exercises that will quickly develop, beautify and gain great strength in your shoulders, arms and hands, without any apparatus.

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER
203 Barker Building, 110 W. 42nd St., NEW YORK

For
**MEN,
WOMEN
and
CHILDREN**

LEARN RAG TIME

Let me teach you Rag-Time Piano Playing by Mail. You learn easily—in just a few lessons, at home. My system is so simple you'll play a real ragtime piece at your 5th lesson. Whether you can play now, or not, I'll teach you to play anything in happy ragtime. "Money Back Guarantee." Write at once for special low terms and testimonials.

AXEL CHRISTENSEN, "Czar of Ragtime,"
Room 14 526 So. Western Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**LANGUAGES**

German—French—English—Italian—Spanish

or any other language learned quickly and easily by the Cortina Method at home with Disk Cortina-Records. Write for free booklet today; easy payment plan.

CORTINA ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES

1716 Mecca Bldg., 1600 Broadway,
Corner 48th Street, New York

Quickly Learned AT HOME by the Original Phonographic Method

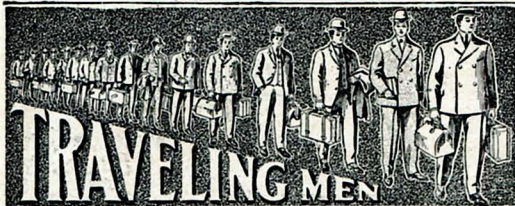


CORTINA-PHONE

GUARANTEED
OK

YOU will find in these pages opportunities for profit, education and amusement. The Publishers will refund your money if you do not find every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine exactly as represented.

GUARANTEED
OK



EARN \$2,000 TO \$10,000 A YEAR!
We will teach you to be a high grade salesman, in eight weeks at home and assure you definite proposition from a large number of reliable firms who offer our students opportunities to earn Big Pay while they are learning. No former experience required. Write today for particulars, list of hundreds of good openings and testimonials from hundreds of our students now earning \$100 to \$500 a month. Address nearest Office.
Dept. 528 **NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSN.**
Chicago New York San Francisco

CYCLE FACTORY TO RIDER
1916 Model
Saves you big money. Buy direct and save \$10 to \$20 on a bicycle. **RANGER BICYCLES** now come in 94 styles, colors and sizes. Greatly improved; prices reduced. Other reliable models, \$11.95 up. **WE DELIVER FREE to you on approval and 30 days trial and riding test.** Our big **FREE** catalog shows everything new in bicycles and sundries. Write for it. **TIRES**, lamps, wheels, parts and supplies at **half usual prices.** Do not buy a bicycle, tires or sundries until you write and learn our wonderful new offers, low prices and liberal terms. A postal brings everything. Write now.
MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. H-118 CHICAGO

PATENT YOUR IDEAS \$9,000 offered
for certain inventions. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Manufacturers constantly writing us for patents we have obtained. Patents advertised for sale at our expense.
CHANDLER & CHANDLER, Patent Attorneys
Established 20 years.
1048 F. Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Wouldn't you like to know all about the photo players

you have just seen on the screen? The 200 page Studio Directory of Motion Picture News gives the complete biography of every photo player with their picture. Tear out this advertisement and send with 25c to Motion Picture News, 729-7th Ave., New York, and you will receive this directory by return mail.



New Catalog
Reduced Price

for big new catalog with reduced prices. Postpaid free.
Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 82, Statesville, N. C.

Free Trial

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHESTS

Your choice of 100 styles of the famous Piedmont genuine Southern Red Cedar Chests. **15 days' free trial.** We pay the freight. A Piedmont protects furs, woollens and plumes from moths, mice, dust and damp. Distinctively beautiful. Finest gift to any woman. **Write today with reduced prices. Postpaid free.**
Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 82, Statesville, N. C.

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the **MORLEY PHONE.** I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."
"The **MORLEY PHONE** for the **DEAF**"

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 789, Ferry Bldg., Phila.

PLAY THE PICTURES!

24,000 picture-theatres in the U. S. pay big salaries (\$15.00 up, weekly) for appropriate movie-music. If you play piano ordinarily well I can equip you for such a position. My copyrighted book "**PLAYING THE PICTURES**" gives complete instructions, information and advice about this pleasant work and tells how to secure a position. Sent postpaid upon receipt of \$1.00. Money back if not satisfied.
WM. R. WEAVER, 704-7th Street, BOONE, IOWA

Print Your Own Cards, Handbills,

Programs, Tickets, Circulars, Etc. With an Excelsior Press. Increases your receipts, cuts your expenses. Easy to use, printed rules sent. Boy can do good work. Small outfit, pays for itself in a short time. Will last for years. Write factory **TODAY** for catalog of presses, type, outfit, samples. It will pay you.
THE PRESS CO., Dept. 3 MERIDEN, CONN.

DRAWING

Learn by mail in your own home. Newspaper, Magazine and Commercial Illustrating, Cartooning, Water Color and Oil Painting. Learn Drawing or Painting for profit and pleasure. We can develop your talent. This school has taught thousands. Free Scholarship Award—special limited offer. Your name and address brings you full explanation and our handsome illustrated Art Annual by return mail. Don't delay. Write today.
FINE ARTS INSTITUTE, Studio 394, OMAHA, NEBR.

Writers of Fiction and Photoplays

A New Volume of **THE AUTHORS' HAND BOOK SERIES** is Now Ready! "**The Universal Plot Catalog**" by Henry Albert Phillips. The Elements of Plot Material and Construction, Combined with a Complete Index and a Progressive Category in which the Source, Life and End of All Dramatic Conflicts are Classified. A **PRACTICAL TREATISE** for Writers of Fiction, Photoplays and Drama; Editors, Teachers and Librarians. **PRICE, Postpaid, \$1.20.**
OTHER VOLUMES: "The Plot of the Short Story," \$1.20; "Art in Short Story Narration," \$1.20; "The Photodrama," \$2.10. All 4 Volumes, \$5.00. "Photoplay" or "Story Markets" 10c each. 600 Books of Interest to Writers sent FREE.
STANHOPE-DOIDGE CO., Dept. 3-H, LARCHMONT, N. Y.



Posterette Photographs, 100 for \$1

WE REPRODUCE in one sheet one hundred photographs, about one inch in size, from the photograph you send us—all for \$1

Send these to your friends—use them for stickers on your personal correspondence; better than a monogram; the **Posterette** fashion is spreading over the country like wildfire. 100 photographs of yourself from your own favorite portrait, in an artistic frame design, on one sheet; cut them like coupons. Send photograph with your address and \$1.00 and we will return, prepaid, 100 **Posterette** Photographs and also the original, packed securely.



PEARL LEMONDE STUDIO, 207 Publicity Building, 1127-29 Pine Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Pete "Props"

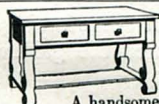
(Continued from page 73)

sitting dere waiting for de oder party to make a move. De nut director being nootral had about as much chance as Belgium. Day bot say it is his fault. Dis is fruit to me. I lays on me back underneat a tree, rolls me a cigarette and cheers dem on to battle.

De director takes a squint at de sun and den tries to square it wid Harold. Nuttin doing. Den he takes a nudder squint at de sun which is darn near ready to pearch on his pet rock and goes over wid a flag of truce to Lizzie. By dis time, Lizzie is all cluttered up wid tears and asking everybody why did she ever leave her happy home in Sout Bend to come out here to be insulted by a hick actor. Nobody knew. I came in wid a guess dat it was because dere was no hick actors in Sout Bend to insult her, but dat wasn't de right answer and she got madder dan ever. What does a fool woman want to ask a riddle for and den get sore if you don't guess it?

Yes sir, I'm coming! 'Scuse me. I got to go put some wood in dat fire place for de nut director. Will be back in a minute.

(Next disaster in the May issue)



A handsome library table, opening into a comfortable, sanitary bed.



Table-Bed A TABLE by DAY -a BED by NIGHT

Springs, mattress and bedding fold up automatically into the drawer space; perfect ventilation. Write for FREE Booklet, "The Table that Went to Bed" illustrating the many beautiful designs. Give your dealer's name

United Table-Bed Company, 3698 Morgan St. Chicago

One Man and This Machine WILL EARN \$50 to \$100 DAILY PROFIT

Makes Popcorn Crispettes. Earnings profits \$1500 in one month making Crispettes in store window. Palmer sold \$630 worth on Labor Day; Kunkle's sales over \$7000 in less than year. One machine—a small investment and a location starts you. You learn in a day. Turn out batch after batch. Sell at 5c a package and clear about 4c profit.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK NOW!

It tells the whole story—how to succeed, gives experience of others, etc. It's worth reading. If you're looking for a money making business write today. Send post card or letter.

W. Z. LONG COMPANY

1187 HIGH ST.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



TIFNITE GEMS

Brilliant as Diamonds

A Tifnite Gem and a diamond are as near alike as two peas. Nothing else in the world so near a diamond in looks, brilliancy and every diamond test. Tifnite Gems cut glass like diamonds, won't flit, won't melt. Guaranteed to last forever. Not one particle of glass in them. To quickly introduce them to 10,000 men and women, we make a test never before heard of. We have made up four exquisite items, latest style designs, guaranteed solid gold mountings and each set with a genuine Tifnite Perfect Diamond Cut Gem. We will send you

YOUR CHOICE FREE

Without Deposit. Send no money whatever. Just state which item you prefer—Ring, Pin or La Valliere—and we will send it to you promptly. If ring, send string showing size around your finger. State lady's or gent's. If you think it's worth all we ask, simply send us \$1.25 within 10 days after arrival and pay the balance \$2.00 per month, until these Special Limited Bargain Offers are paid in full, otherwise return to us. Send no reference—no money—simply your request. You be the judge of this wonderful gem. These pictures show the mountings and rock-bottom prices. Send for yours today—now—while supply lasts.

THE TIFNITE GEM CO.,
1015 Jackson Blvd., Dept. 12 Chicago

LA VALLIERE—Solid Gold, 15 in. Chain, one-half carat Tifnite Gem, black onyx mounting, \$14.25. Nothing down, \$2 Per Mo.

Ladies' Ring
Tiffany Mounting
Solid Gold. One
Carat Tifnite Gem
\$11.25 Nothing
Down, \$2 Per
Month

Gent's Ring
Claw Mounting
Solid Gold. One
Carat Tifnite Gem
\$12.25 Nothing
Down, \$2 Per
Month

Learn Music At Home!

Piano, Organ, Violin, Cornet, Guitar, Banjo
Mandolin, Harp, Cello, Sight Singing
EASY LESSONS FREE!



No longer need the ability to play be shut out of your life. Just write us a postal today for our new Free Book, fresh from the printer. Let us tell you how you can easily, quickly, thoroughly learn to play your favorite musical instrument by note in your own home, without a teacher, by our New Improved Home Study Method, without paying a cent for lessons! Different, easier than private teacher way—no tiresome, dry exercises—no inconvenience. No trick music, no "numbers," yet simple, wonderful, amazingly easy even for a mere child.

200,000 Pupils!

Since 1898 we have successfully taught over 200,000 people from seven to seventy, in all parts of the world. Hundreds write: "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity. My 11-year old boy has not had the least trouble to learn."

Wonderful New Book Free!

We want to have one pupil in each locality at once to help advertise our wonderful easy system of teaching music. For a limited time, we therefore offer our marvelous lessons free. Only charge is for postage and sheet music which averages 12½¢ weekly. Beginners or advanced pupils. We have hundreds of pupils right here in New York, the musical centre of America, who prefer our Home Study method in place of best private teacher. Get all the proof, facts, letters from pupils, amazing free offer and fascinating New Book just issued, all free! Write postal today. Address, U. S. School of Music, Box 144A, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



DIAMONDS- AND WATCHES ON CREDIT

GREAT DIAMOND SALE

The most astounding sale of perfect cut diamonds ever offered.

TERMS LOW AS \$1.50 PER MONTH

This is your opportunity to get that long wanted diamond at a bargain. This is an extraordinary saving.

SPECIAL \$39.50 GENUINE DIAMOND RING

A wonderful value \$4.50 per month. A written guarantee with every purchase you make from **ALFRED WARE.**

SENSATIONAL ELGIN WATCH SALE.

\$12.50 Elgin Watch 17 Ruby Jewels \$25 year guaranteed double gold strata case.

Factory tested and adjusted.

Payments \$2.00 Per Month.

30 Days Trial

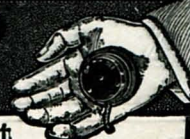
No Money Down Express Paid

Any watch you want on easy payments. Be sure to send for our 36 page catalogue. Over 2000 suggestions, Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds. This book describes our big bargains in all lines. All sold on Easy Payments and Free Trial. Send for it this minute. A postal will bring it.

ALFRED WARE COMPANY, Dept. 532 St. Louis, Mo.

Big Free Catalog

Deaf?



The day of imperfect hearing is past. Science rivals nature in the marvelous new 1916 Mears Ear Phone, "Intensitone" model—the world's greatest hearing device. It transmits sound without blur. Write today for our 15 days' free trial offer.

Perfect Aid to Hearing

The Mears is the only scientific instrument for the deaf. It miraculously covers 95 degrees of sound, every range of tone of the human ear.

Write for Free Book Our free book is a highly valuable treatise on deafness. Write for it today—learn all about our 15 days' free trial offer and low direct laboratory price. (It convenient to New York call for demonstration.)

MEARS EAR PHONE CO., Inc.
Desk 1954, 45 W. 34th St., New York

Be a Doctor of CHIROPRACTIC

FOUR INTRODUCTORY LESSONS

These books take you completely through this wonderful science of spinal adjustment. Read like fiction, yet absolutely true. 30,000,000 Americans support Chiropractic. Thousands being cured of long standing diseases by it. Resident and Home Study Courses.



BIG OPPORTUNITY FOR AMBITIOUS MEN AND WOMEN

Profession not crowded. Large demand for practitioners—\$2000 to \$5000 yearly. Small expense. Easy payments. We fit you for all State Board Requirements.

FREE Elbert Hubbard's Book "The New Science." Mail postal now and get all 5 books **FREE**. Do it today.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF CHIROPRACTIC
Dept. 8-4, 421-427 So. Ashland Blvd., Chicago



Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and show a new 1916 model "RANGER" bicycle. Write for our liberal terms.

DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 days' trial. Send for big free catalog and particulars of most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms.

FACTORY CLEARING SALE—a limited number of old models of various makes, \$7 to \$12. A few good second-hand wheels \$3 to \$5. Write if you want a bargain. Tires, lamps, wheels, sundries and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. Write us before buying.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. H-118 CHICAGO

To Have and to Hold

(Continued from page 58)

Straight then we swarmed the ladder to the quarter deck where only my Lord Carnal and the helmsman were. The former saw us and shouted the alarm, but we had gained a moment and were ready. I took my stand at the top of the ladder and as the pirates rushed I beat them back. Meanwhile Sparrow had sent my dapper lord reeling with a buffet, spitted the helmsman, and thrown him overboard. The next instant the wheel was his, and spinning in his hands.

The next wave lifted us and threw us forward. A crash came, and the fore and main masts snapped off and carried away all our gear.

Now indeed was I sore beset. Then Sparrow joined me. Yet we two alone were unequal to the struggle, and we were making our last stand against the taffrail when the cry arose:

"The boats! They are coming in the boats!"

And in truth the merchantman, seeing our plight, had come about and lowered her pinnacles filled with armed men. At the sight the pirates wavered, and then broke. The next moment they were fighting madly to lower our own boats and get away, for they had all earned the gallows a dozen times over.

Then it was, when victory seemed within our grasp, that my Lord Carnal had his revenge. I heard a bellow of warning from Sparrow, and turned to see Carnal upon me pistol in hand. I felt a pang as if something had rent me asunder, and the world spun in a blaze of flame. But even as I fell I heard a scream and felt the arms of my beloved about me. I awoke to the sound of many voices and a great pain in my shoulder. As I lay there and the leech dressed my wound, I learned what had taken place. The men about me were of "The George" (for that was the merchantman's name), and chief of them was Sir Francis Wyatt, the newly appointed Governor of Virginia. The pirates had got clean away, and only Carnal, Sparrow, Lady Jocelyn and myself remained of all our company, except the dead. But the King's favorite had not yet finished his work.

"Sir Francis," said he, when I had been

got to my feet, "I deliver into your hands this captain of the pirates,"—he pointed to me.—"Let him be hanged at once."

But the Governor, a stout man and rubicund, after looking at him queerly for a moment, gave no command. Instead he drew from his strong box a parchment sealed with the Great Seal of the King, and gave it him. And as my Lord Carnal read, he whitened and seemed to shrink within himself.

"Then all is lost," he said, calmly, handing back the parchment.

The next instant, even as the others rushed upon him, my lord had placed a vial to his lips and drunk swiftly. He staggered and fell, and so puissant was the stuff that in five minutes he lay dead.

Next the King's letter was shown to me, and as I read (my beloved looking over my shoulder), I marveled at what had come to pass even as I stood like a dolt, stupid with joy. For there by royal decree was permission given for the joining in marriage of Captain Ralph Percy and Lady Jocelyn Leigh. And below was order given for the arrest of my Lord Carnal on charges of treason.

"But who did this?" I stammered. How comes it that His Majesty—?"

"It was the Governor whom I am come to relieve," said Sir Francis, "your good friend at Jamestown. He sent a letter to the King regarding your case by the same ship that took Carnal's. Meantime, in London, the favorite had fallen, and the King, hearing such good report of you—"

He did not need to finish; I saw it all now and thanked God very humbly. * * *

Presently we were taken in the small boats back to "The George." And at last as I sat wearied and spent, watching the green shores of the new land I loved drawing nearer, my beloved crept to me there, and trembling, laid her cheek against mine.

"We drank of the same cup in the days of adversity," she said softly, "and we drink of the same cup now and forever. Wilt have the unworthy wife you took upon Jamestown Green?"

And my arm crept about her shoulders, and as our thirsting lips met, I knew that until death itself, she was mine to have and to hold.

Mammoth Jubilee Book Free

Picturing 5152 Home Things

Make your own Credit Terms—1 to 3 years' time
SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN CO., 947 W. 35th St., Chicago

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

GENUINE DIAMONDS

BLUE WHITE PERFECT CUT

\$88

PER CARAT

Small Sizes as low as \$6.25

By direct importing from the European cutters to you—by nation-wide selling at smallest profits, we have smashed down the price for Genuine Blue White Perfect Cut Diamonds to only \$88 per Carat; small sizes as low as \$6.25! Same quality by expert comparison that the old middleman-to-jeweler method demands \$150 per carat for! Our sensational import prices actually less than jewelers can buy wholesale; lower by far than others ask for orange-white and other off-color stones!

NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Send no deposit, even. Our simple plan the safest way to buy your diamond. We actually show you the diamond and mounting. FREE EXAMINATION allowed. Absolutely no obligation to buy. Return or accept as you wish. Not one penny of expense to you; not the slightest risk at any time!

Bankable, Legal, MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

The only bankable cash refund contract in the entire diamond business. Issued in writing with every diamond we sell, permits its return direct, or through any bank in America for instant cash refund! No delay or red tape. Full price guaranteed in exchange at any time! Color, carat weight and value legally guaranteed, too.

References Rogers Park National Bank, Chicago; your own banker, any Commercial Agency, your favorite magazine Publisher,—will all certify our high standing and absolute reliability.

Expert Personal Service

By confining our business exclusively to DIAMONDS, Mr. Barnard can personally serve every Barnard customer. Years of experience have qualified him to satisfy every taste. This is a unique feature of our business you will highly appreciate.

THIS DIAMOND BOOK FREE

A real gold-titled bound book, profusely illustrated, full of facts that enable you to judge and buy diamonds intelligently and like an expert. First to show the latest 1916 styles. Comes to you FREE and of course without obligation. Mail handy coupon or write; a postal will do. Do it NOW and be sure of getting this valuable book.

Special! 1-8 C. Blue White Diamond. See full size at right. 14k. solitaire. Complete. \$8.00

Special! 1/2 C. Blue White Diamond. See full size at right. 14k. solitaire. Complete. \$17.25

Special! 3/4 C. Blue White Diamond. See full size at right. 14k. solitaire. Complete. \$42.75

Special! 1 C. Blue White Diamond. See full size at right. 14k. solitaire. Complete. \$67.13

Special! 1 1/2 C. Blue White Diamond. See full size at right. 14k. solitaire. Complete. \$71.13

Special! 2 C. Blue White Diamond. See full size at right. 14k. solitaire. Complete. \$92.50

These illustrations are 1/2 size



1 Carat \$88

3/4 C. \$64.25

1/2 C. \$40.25

3/8 C. \$29

1/4 C. \$15.50

1/8 C. \$6.25

BARNARD & CO.

Dept. 488P S. W. Cor.
Wabash & Monroe, Chicago

FREE BOOK COUPON

BARNARD & CO., Dept. 488P
S. W. Cor. Wabash & Monroe, Chicago

Without obligation on my part, please send me free and postage paid by you, DeLuxe Book of Diamonds, new 1916 edition.

Name

Address

Just Out Price 50c

The pictures in this handsome volume are similar to the ones appearing every month in the Art Section of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

All photoplay enthusiasts will welcome the opportunity to have such a wonderful collection of their screen friends in permanent form—the first book of this kind ever offered to the public.

Stars of the Photoplay

*Over One Hundred
Art Portraits
of Famous Film Favorites
with Short
Biographical Sketches*

DON'T WAIT!

Send 50c in stamps for your copy of "Stars of the Photoplay" AT ONCE. The demand is going to be huge, and though we have provided a large edition there may be delays later on in filling orders.



The selection includes many portraits from back issues which are now out of print, thus giving our readers a chance to secure several they may have missed.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

350 N. Clark Street

CHICAGO, ILL.

Marooned in London

(Continued from page 70)

A peculiarity of most London theaters is their extraordinary depths and shallowness. To get to the orchestra, you frequently have to go down two or three stories underground. This is tough on picture houses. It is difficult to get long enough range to make a big screen image.

We thought the projections were all very poor. They seemed to shake and quiver and grow dim, just as pictures used to years ago in America. One reason for this may be that so many operators have gone to the war. Most of the picture houses have a long list framed in the lobby of the men who have enlisted from the theater to go into the army. I have reason to suspect, however, that their projection machines are not as up to date as ours. Certainly the effect is not as good.

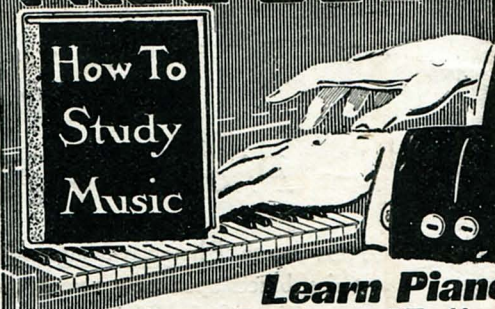
I have reserved mention of "The Birth of the Nation" to the last because it was not strictly of the movie industry. It was produced at the Scala theater with seats in the orchestra at \$2.65 each. It created a tremendous sensation. We saw it but it was tame tea compared to the American productions. The film, of course, was the same, but somehow the thrill wasn't there.

We thought it was poorly put on. The screen was too small and the incidental music was punk. An English orchestra may be a very accomplished collection of genius but it can't play "Dixie."

Nevertheless, the Londoners ate it up. We were rather surprised at their interest, but you see it brought home their own war to them and showed them what their own loved ones were suffering in the trenches in France. All the big dramatic critics of London went to see it. Their trusting confidence in the flaring figures of the press agent was child-like and pathetic. If I remember rightly there were really 500 or 600 hundred men in that battle scene. By the time it got to London, there were 18,000. The cost had jumped to a figure that looked like the combined public debt of all the nations at war. The Londoners used to tell me these figures with positive awe. And I, in turn, felt awe and reverence in the presence of their trustful innocence.

On the whole, Cully and I didn't think much of the movies in London.

FREE BOOK



Learn Piano 4 Times Faster and Better!

Our interesting 64-page free book shows the keen delight with a musical instrument will bring you; and how you can obtain this training easily and thoroughly in your own home at one-quarter the usual cost. It explains the social advantages of musical accomplishment, and tells how you can greatly increase your earning power by professional playing or by giving musical instruction in your spare time. It fully describes a method of home study which brings you all the comprehensive features of the best foreign conservatories, at less than 43 cents a lesson. All music furnished free. Write for this valuable book today. It is free.

Dr. Quinn's COURSE IN PIANO or ORGAN
by the written method, has revolutionized the study of music. By the use of Dr. Quinn's remarkable device, the COLOROTONE (patented) you save three-quarters of the time and effort usually required for learning piano or organ. You play chords immediately and a complete piece, in every key, within a few lessons. The method is scientific and systematic, yet practical and simple. It is endorsed by leading musicians and heads of state conservatories. Equally effective for children or adults, beginners or experienced players. Practice in spare time, whenever convenient. Successful graduates everywhere. Diploma granted. Special reduced terms this month. Investigate without cost or obligation by writing today for free book, "How to Study Music."

QUINN CONSERVATORY, Box 650P.D., CHICAGO

LAW BOOK FREE

Read our 80-page book before enrolling for any law course. Tells how to judge claims of correspondence schools, and explains the American School's simple method of law instruction. Prepared by 56 legal authorities—23 more subjects and 30 more authors than any other correspondence law course. 13 volume Law Library, 60 Text Books, and 36 Case Books furnished every student. Send for your free book today.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. 1464, Drexel Avenue and 58th Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

STRAIGHTEN YOUR TOES BANISH THAT BUNION




ACHFELDT'S Perfection Toe Spring

Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use.

Removes the Actual Cause of the enlarged joint and bunion. Sent on approval. Money back if not as represented. Send outline of foot. Use my Improved Instep Support for weak arches. Full particulars and advice free in plain envelope.

M. ACHFELDT, Foot Specialist, Estab. 1901
Dept. X.B., 1328 Broadway (at 34th Street) NEW YORK

Pay as You Wish



We'll send you a genuine Lachnite for you to wear for 10 full days. If you can tell it from a real diamond send it back at our expense. Costs but 1-30th as much. If you decide to keep it pay only a few cents a month. Write for catalogue.

Genuine Lachnite Gems

keep their dazzling fire forever. Set in solid gold. Cut by world renowned diamond cutters. Will stand fire and acid tests. All kinds of jewelry at astounding low prices. Easy payments. **WRITE TODAY.**

H. Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Av., Chicago, Dept. 1464

Foreword

Photoplay Magazine for May

Next month Photoplay Magazine will print four splendidly illustrated short stories, based upon new screen dramas, which it modestly proffers will be the most vivid and absorbing fictional productions of their type you have ever seen. Merely "telling the story of a motion picture" is not narration or art. This is often and cheaply done. Photoplay Magazine's short stories are not spurious second editions. They are companion pieces of the plays.

California's unprecedented floods prevented the keeping of a promise made for this issue: facts about and photographs of real locations which photodramas of the West Coast have made famous. But the well-known Pacific Sun has resumed business in all his splendor, and "Real Locations" will be a visual fact next month.

Photoplay Magazine for May will offer one of the most extraordinary stories of the year in "The Light of Europe," a stirring annal of the movie side of the great war. This account is from the pen of Karl K. Kitchen, who has just returned from a tour of all the Continental capitals, and will be illustrated by Herb Roth. The motion picture is literally—as Mr. Kitchen shows—saving the sanity of the old world in this, its greatest agony of destruction.

"Censorship Abroad" is a concise and compelling account of civic and municipal guardianship of the photoplay across the Atlantic. There are jolts herein for the provincial censors of the United States.

"This Campbell Keeps Coming" paraphrases the old Scotch song's announcement that the men of the Clan are coming. "This" Campbell is Colin, veteran director who leisurely produces a masterpiece every year or so. Calvinistically mysterious in person, Colin Campbell, creator of "The Spoilers" and "The Ne'er-Do-Well," is emotionally vivisectioned by John Aye, a new writer of penetrating brilliance. Stagg's photography.

The foregoing paragraphs merely hint at the great store of stories, articles, illustrations and varied comment in Photoplay Magazine. Personality accounts, an absorbingly interesting study of a great studio from the costume standpoint—by Lillian Howard—and every one of this periodical's renowned departments.

The publication date of May Photoplay Magazine: April 1.

Poudre Le Mohn for the Scalp

An odorless, colorless, invisible powder, solves the problem of successful treatment for dandruff, oily hair, dry and brittle hair. It removes the itch. Satisfaction or Money Refunded. Send for particulars. J. R. JONES CO., Manufacturers, No. 1 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

Why Not Be a Theatre Owner?

Theaters, For Sale or Rent—300 to 2000 Seats—Moving Pictures—Vaudeville—Stock—Have several propositions that can be handled with \$500 and up. We give box office trials—No exaggerated statements—Everything is as represented.

Write for Theatre Facts—"Free" for the asking.

T. D. HUME CO. (Otis Bldg.), 10 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Members Chicago and Cook County Real Estate Boards Telephone Franklin 2039

Start a Friendship - Maid - Link - Bracelet

We give you one LINK absolutely FREE to each bracelet. Friends give or exchange others. Links only 12c each with 3 Initials engraved FREE. Send today for one or more, stating whether Rolled Gold, Sterling Silver, beaded or plain design. With your first order for one or more Links we send FREE a beautiful black ribbon so you can start wearing your Links at once. Friendship Jewelry Co., 83 Chambers St., Dept. 513, New York

Become a Doctor of Chiropractic

Earn \$3000 to \$5000 a Year
Learn At Home

Here is your opportunity to qualify at home in your spare time to become a Doctor of Chiropractic—to enter an uncrowded profession and make a big income. No matter where you live, or what work you are now doing, if you are ambitious, you can become prosperous in the practice of this fascinating profession of



Make Money Practicing Chiropractic, the Science of Spinal Adjustment

DRUGLESS HEALING

Never before has the demand been so great for competent Doctors of Chiropractic. Every thinking person knows that the day of Drugless Healing is here, and the masses of people everywhere are eagerly welcoming Chiropractic, the science of restoring health by means of spinal adjustment, as a natural, scientific substitute for the old outgrown system of "dosing" by internal medicines.

5 LESSONS FREE

To show you quickly and convincingly what Chiropractic is, we offer you 5 Lessons of our Regular Course absolutely Free—also Eight (8) Anatomical Charts beautifully lithographed in lifelike colors that regularly sell for \$15.00.

You can become a Doctor of Chiropractic in a surprisingly short time by our practical, easy, simplified method of home instruction. All needless theory is thrown aside—our course offers the shortest, most direct route to your University Degree of D. C.—Doctor of Chiropractic. We give you, right in your own home during your spare time, just the training you must have to succeed.

Special reduced rates now! Write today for new illustrated 64 page book and remarkable Free Lessons Offer.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY, 162 N. Dearborn St., Dept. 514 Chicago, Ill.

SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE A \$2 BOOK FOR ONLY \$1

By Winfield Scott Hall, Ph.D. Noted Authority and Lecturer. PLAIN TRUTHS OF SEX LIFE that young men and young women, young wives and husbands, fathers, mothers, teachers and nurses should know. Sex facts hitherto misunderstood. Complete, 320 pages—illustrated. In plain wrapper; only \$1, postage 10 cents extra. AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., 430 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia

FORD JOKE BOOK

All the latest and best funny jokes and stories on the FORD automobile. Hundreds of them and all good ones. Also JITNEY jokes, Moving Picture, and Stage jokes. Laugh till you shake. A neat colored covered book by mail for only TEN CENTS.

PIKE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Box 63, So. Norwalk, Conn.



Plots Forever

300 Original Titles that should suggest thousands of Plots. A Magic list of Wonder Words, and the spark to your magazine of ideas. Twenty-five cents. Coin. THE PLOTMAKER, Station F, Baltimore, Md.

Beautiful Silk and Lingerie WAISTS 98c
All the new models in all colors, Jap Silks and Lingerie Waists in the latest unusual designs. Write for free catalogue. ARNOLD'S, HUNTINGTON, IND.

ROGEN X-RAY WITH THIS Little Wonder

you can apparently see THRU cloth, and even the Flesh looks Transparent. Think of the Fun you can have. By Mail, 10 Cents. ARDEE CO., Dept. 694, STAMFORD, CONN.

A great surprise for your friends Thumb Brander NEW and good Practical JOKE

You may have lots of fun with this Joker. The Brander is attached to a spring ring that fits on the thumb, scarcely noticeable; when you shake hands a slight pressure "brands". Then the fun commences; the victim seldom knows he is "branded" until his attention is called to it. It won't wash off very easily either on soap and water help fix it. Any of these choice epithets: Owl, Fool, Baby, Liar, Grouch, Chicken. Brander, Pad and Bottle of Ink, 15c (postage 2c extra), 2 for 30c, or all 6 for 75c. AGENTS WANTED. Imprint catalogs of novelties, puzzles, etc. (32 and 64 pages) furnished. Particulars for stamp. JOHNSON SMITH & CO., 705 S. Dearborn St., CHICAGO



Trade in Your Old Typewriter On the Light Running Fox

Send us the name, model and serial number of your typewriter and we will at once mail you our New Catalog and write you exchange offer on the New Fox Model No. 24, cash or time payments.

Write for New Schedule of Prices to Dealers—Prices are the lowest ever made on high grade typewriters. We have a new model, new price, and a wholly new policy under a new management. Please mention Photoplay Magazine for April.

FOX TYPEWRITER CO.

9604-9644 Front Avenue, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.





The purity of the choice materials of which it is made commends Fairy Soap for toilet and bath. It leaves a most refreshing sense of cleanness, whether used in the bath or for the hands and face.

FAIRY SOAP

For toilet and bath

produces a quick, creamy lather in hard or soft water. No finer soap has ever been made.

The oval floating cake fits the hand and wears uniformly—retaining its convenient shape down to the thinnest wafer.

THE H. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"



5¢

A wise old head on spry young feet

A man is as old as he
walks.

There's sprightly youth-
ful walking in



CAT'S PAW

CUSHION

RUBBER HEELS

An old head is a wise head
and insists on Cat's Paw
Rubber Heels—

Because the Foster Friction
Plug won't let you slip.

No holes to track mud and dirt.

They give freedom and lightness
to the body and they grip safely any
slippery street, pavement or floor.

They cost no more than the ordinary kind
—you can find them at all dealers—50
cents attached—black or tan.

Put youth on your feet. Get a pair today.

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street Boston, Mass.

*Originators and Patentees
of the Foster Friction Plug
which prevents slipping.*





Keeps Everything
in the
**Pantry
Bright-
Sanitary**

